MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
DAREDEVIL®
VOLUME 11

DAREDEVIL Nos. 108-119
& MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE No. 3
STEVE GERBER, BOB BROWN & GENE COLAN

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

VOLUME 11

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 108-119

& MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE No. 3

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INTRODUCTION
BY MARY SKRENES

I first met Steve Gerber at Marvel in 1973, shortly after he'd joined the House of Ideas. Unlike many artists and writers in their early twenties, he was not shy with women. He was an engaging conversationalist and adept raconteur. For the next 35 years, until his death, we remained close friends and sometimes collaborators.

Through our friendship, I learned the influences on his writings were many. He was a fat kid, but he used humor to fit in. He was voted "Funniest Boy" in his high school yearbook. Superman, from the George Reeves television series, was his first hero. Steve graduated from St. Louis University with a BA in Communications and was always an avid reader and follower of politics, as well as historical and current events. Together with a few friends, we'd discuss many of the things that were so essential to the formation of the views of our generation:

- The Civil Rights Movement
- The Vietnam War
- The 1970 Palestinian terrorists' hijacking of four airliners
- The outrage of Watergate
- The kidnapping and murder of the Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics
- The Yom Kippur War, Egypt's attack on Israel
- The violence in Northern Ireland
- The Weather Underground and the Symbionese Liberation Army
- And, on a positive note, Greenpeace

He was a big fan of Marshall McLuhan and believed that McLuhan's assertion that "the medium is the message" was growing alarmingly true. Television and newspapers were spiraling away from objective reporting. CNN had not yet been born, but network TV "reporting" on the slimmest rumors was growing. Steve saw it and was concerned.

My career in comics started at DC in 1970. There, after work we tended to gravitate to Irish bars where their steam tables (with the first good corned beef I ever tasted) and dollar shots led to raucous creative discussions.

At Marvel we always seemed to end up at burger and brew places. They were almost, but not quite, "fern bars." Five or six of us would push a couple of tables together, order food and mostly Cokes and the guys would compete to see who could tell the most outlandish story about creators that I had never heard of. There was a lot of exaggeration and a ton of laughter.

Some of the people who showed up, off and on, were Gerry Conway, Len Wein, Marv Wolfman, Don McGregor, Jim Starlin, Steve Englehart, Tony Isabella and, of course, Steve Gerber. Later, after Steve started editing Marvel's *Crazy Magazine*, we had many of our editorial meetings in places like that with the inclusion of Steve Skeates, Howard Chaykin, Alan Kupperberg and Lark Russell. In a group of talented, creative and witty people, Gerber always got the most laughs. (Marv got some great ones in, too.)

Early on, when Steve asked me to work with him on some projects, I told him that I didn't really want to do super heroes. I liked doing self-contained stories and mostly worked for the mystery titles and an occasional article for *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu*. Surprisingly, he told me that he didn't want to do traditional super hero books either. He gave me a stack of *Man-Thing* and some other books to read, so I'd get to know how he wrote. I read them and was immediately impressed.

First, there were enough books to show how his writing had progressed and developed. From the beginning, one could hear his distinctive voice. He always came across as "Steve" but, over time, his style really matured. Second, he was nuts. I really enjoyed his stories. And, always, there was a sense of morality.

Gerber didn't believe in revenge. When I asked what he did believe in, he said, very seriously, "Justice." He really was all about that. The few times when a little bit of "payback" creeped into some of his, ostensibly, humorous stories, I don't think he was really being a jerk. Or, at least he didn't believe he was.

He told me that the main thing that bothered him about super heroes and super villains was the enormous amount of destruction without consequences. No day-after cleanup or life-changing physical damage as part of the story. No guilt or remorse. (An exaggeration but, well….)

This was the lead up to our 1975 creation of *Omega the Unknown*. From the very beginning, we finished each other's sentences and thoughts. Despite the consternation of those who didn't "get it" at all, *Omega* garnered a following of kids who were about the protagonist James-Michael's age. (I still hear from some of them to this day.) We received heart-rending letters from fans who got their lunch money stolen every day or got bullied or were afraid of their own neighborhoods after dark. They couldn't wait until James-Michael and Omega blasted the bullies. That, of course, was not our plan, but "the medium is the message," right?

I often contributed concepts and scenes to some of Steve's books, especially *Howard the Duck*. But, then, so did a lot of people. A lot of the social life of the artists and writers back then surrounded projects and deadlines. When Gerber and I collaborated on a project, we would work around the clock. Sometimes we'd be up for thirty-six hours at a stretch.

Occasionally, we would get writer's block. One morning, about 4:00am, we were walking the streets of Manhattan, waiting for an uptown donut shop to open. I was bemoaning my writer's block. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't think of anything but the block. He said, "I just saw a movie that will take your mind off of it, *Jaws*!" I went to see it, by myself, and he was right, I didn't think about that deadline or that script at all. For more than an hour and a half I was riveted to my seat.

At DC, I had done full scripts and I had done some for Marvel. Gerbs loved the thought of that and started doing full scripts himself. Writing full script, rather than "Marvel Method" (plot first, then scripting the dialogue and captions over the finished artwork) allowed for tighter stories. Gene Colan and Jim Mooney liked it. Frank Brunner did not.

Back to Steve's BA in Communications: He had a million ideas for marketing that nobody listened to. When we ran Howard for President, we wanted press releases sent to the news and the *Today Show*. It would have been great, free publicity for Marvel. I don't remember who this stuff had to go through (not Stan) but they wouldn't hear of it. Didn't believe it would work. We advertised the Howard for President campaign in letters pages and that was that.

Note: Steve did get to use some of his marketing ideas with the KISS comic.

Now, on to the material you're about to enjoy: The first few issues that Steve wrote for this *Daredevil* collection bothered me. I didn't get why the captions and the thought balloons had to describe what was going on in the art. (I don't think I ever used a caption at DC. Of course, I wasn't doing super heroes and DC isn't Marvel by a long shot.) I also didn't get the flowery and over the top verbiage. Steve just accepted that it wasn't to my taste and explained that he rather enjoyed that style.

Steve liked to create characters and use them in other books that he scripted. He had used Nekra in *Shanna the She-Devil*; Mandrill, one of his favorite reveals, also debuted in *Shanna*. (What a great character face!)

During the time period Steve wrote these Daredevil stories, a lot of us watched the Watergate Hearings. There was already so much questioning of government because of the Vietnam War and Civil Rights Movement. Revelations about the political espionage by the Nixon reelection committee, the illegal wiretapping of thousands of citizens, and contributions given to the Republican Party in return for political favors had collapsed Americans' trust in their government. (Kind of tame stuff today with the leaks of Manning and Snowden, eh?)

Steve wove a lot of this unrest into *Daredevil*. In the Black Spectre arc, he had DD decrying government corruption:

> "The **money riot** on Wall Street, laying **bare** the **greed** at the heart of the system, eating away at the public's already-shaken **confidence** in an officialdom which seems to **thrive** on **corruption**…"
>
> "Oh, yes…the Mandrill **knows** that the **White House** is only a plaster **shell**, not power in **itself**. But he knows, too, that ours is a nation where **'image'** is often valued above **fact**…in which the **prestige** of an office can create its own **might**…and its own **right**." (page 111)

The War:

> "For **war** today is fought on the battleground of **public relations**. Whatever **blood** is spilled matters only to those from whose **bodies** it comes." (page 112)

Mandrill and Nekra were mutants, a white boy born black with fur and a mandrill's face, and a black girl born with albinism and vampire-like fangs. As children, they were loathed and feared on sight because they were, to say the least, "different." DD bemoans the discrimination they suffer. Even after the Mandrill had been defeated and DD had moved on to the next threat, Steve continues with his message:

> "The Mandrill's **hate**, his lust for **power**…were **spawned** by fear, repression, mistrust… by the **loathing** he inspired only because he was **different**." (page 123)

Then, because Gerber's characters generally have a conscience and tend toward soul suffering, Daredevil reflects:

> "But would the General have **believed** that?
>
> "Still…I should have **tried** to make him understand…But right then…I felt as if all we'd accomplished had been a **waste**. The old 'We have met the **enemy** and he is **us** routine.'" (page 123)

Daredevil then discovers that the government was experimenting with germ warfare. They succeeded in creating germ-warfare resistant soldiers, but with a destructive side-effect:

> "-- [a] formula to turn **humans** into pollution-breathing **monsters**…to let industry expand, unrestrained by **environmental** considerations." (page 149)

As Daredevil goes deeper and deeper into the plot his disgust at his government's misdeeds spills over:

> "Lately, every case I've been involved in just convinces me more and more how **sick** we are. **We** -- the people -- the society -- the whole blasted **human race!**" (page 164)

I don't know if Steve's comics sold more or less than his contemporaries, but I know that he took the medium and made it his own vehicle. He used it to point out the elements of society, politics, crime, inter-dimensionality and absurdity that bugged or enchanted him. He ventured into other writing and editing but comics remained his true love. His influence on the next generation of comic book writers—guys like Grant Morrison, Alan Moore and Frank Miller—shows that he was attracting the right kind of readers. Like Brian Eno said about the Velvet Underground, "[They] didn't sell many records, but everyone who bought one went out and started a band."

At one point, a number of writers and artists were decrying our lack of visibility and respect. The ACBA, the Academy of Comic Book Arts, became our vehicle and hosted the Shazam Awards at the Society of Illustrators. We had nominations and voted for different categories of pencils, inks, coloring, lettering and writing. As the organzation evolved, Neal Adams, a great defender of creator rights, became president and pushed for better terms between creators and publishers. Steve and I were involved, and, as I recall, Gerry Conway had his then-girlfriend's father, a lawyer, review the bylaws we had written.

ACBA fell by the wayside but, today, there are wonderful organizations recognizing the talents of comic book creators. Steve's daughter, Samantha, and I accepted Steve's Will Eisner Lifetime Achievement Award at Comic-Con International in 2010. Sami was there in 2013 when they gave him the Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing.

Two nights before he died, Steve had been moved to an intensive care unit. He finished up something that he desperately needed to email to DC but he had been moved out of the wi-fi range. The signal was just across the hall, a few feet away. He had different nurses who didn't know how essential this was to him. Finally, someone wheeled him the few feet so that he could send in his piece. I was told about this the next day when I visited him. The morning after that, I was there when he died.

I began writing this piece on September 20th, Steve's birthday. He would have been 69.

Mary Skrenes
Las Vegas, NV
2016

DAREDEVIL
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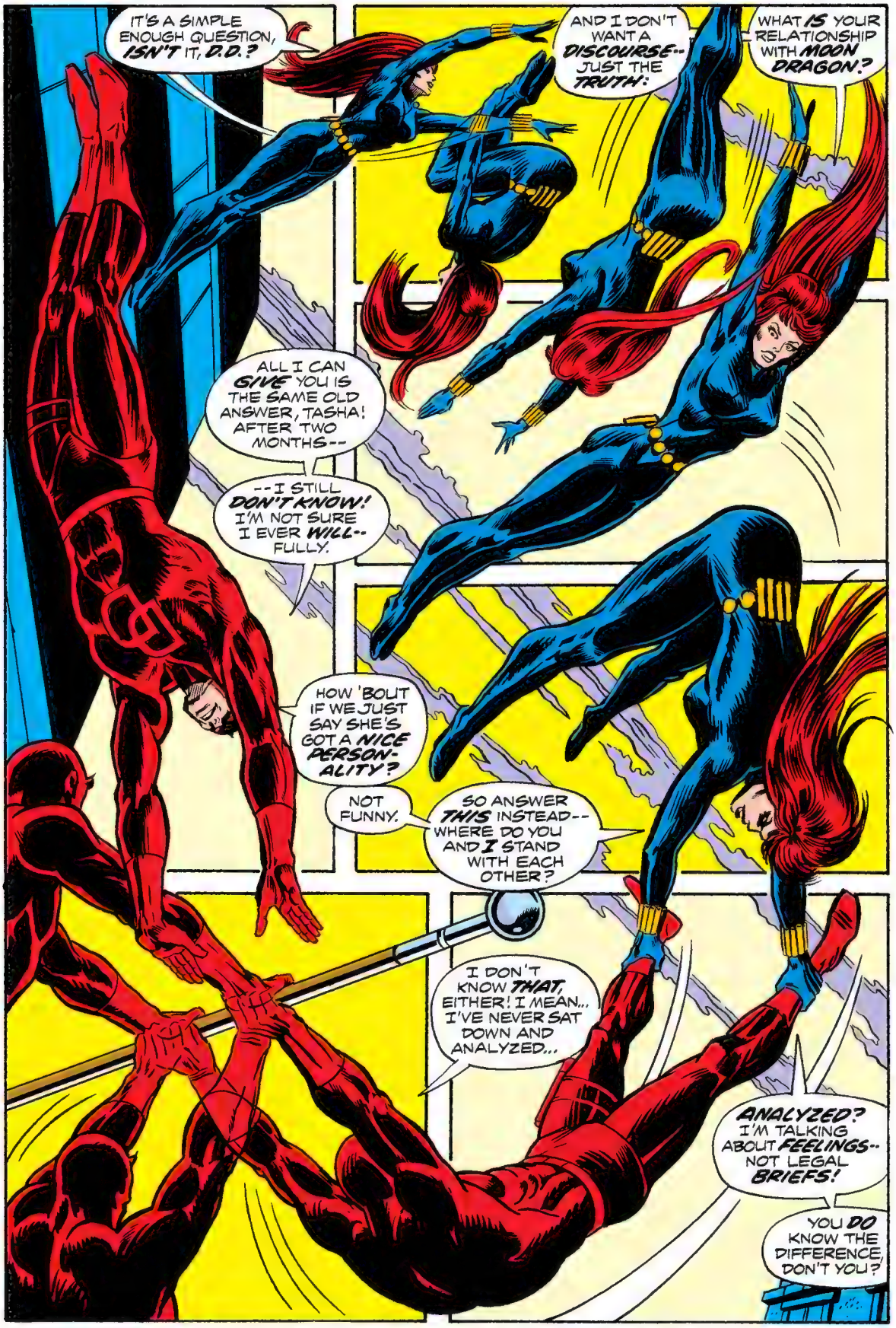
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
IN THIS ISSUE: D.D. RETURNS TO NEW YORK! BUT--IS THIS THE DEATHBED OF FOGGY NELSON!
CO-STARRING: THE DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!™
THE BEETLE STRIKES BY NIGHT!

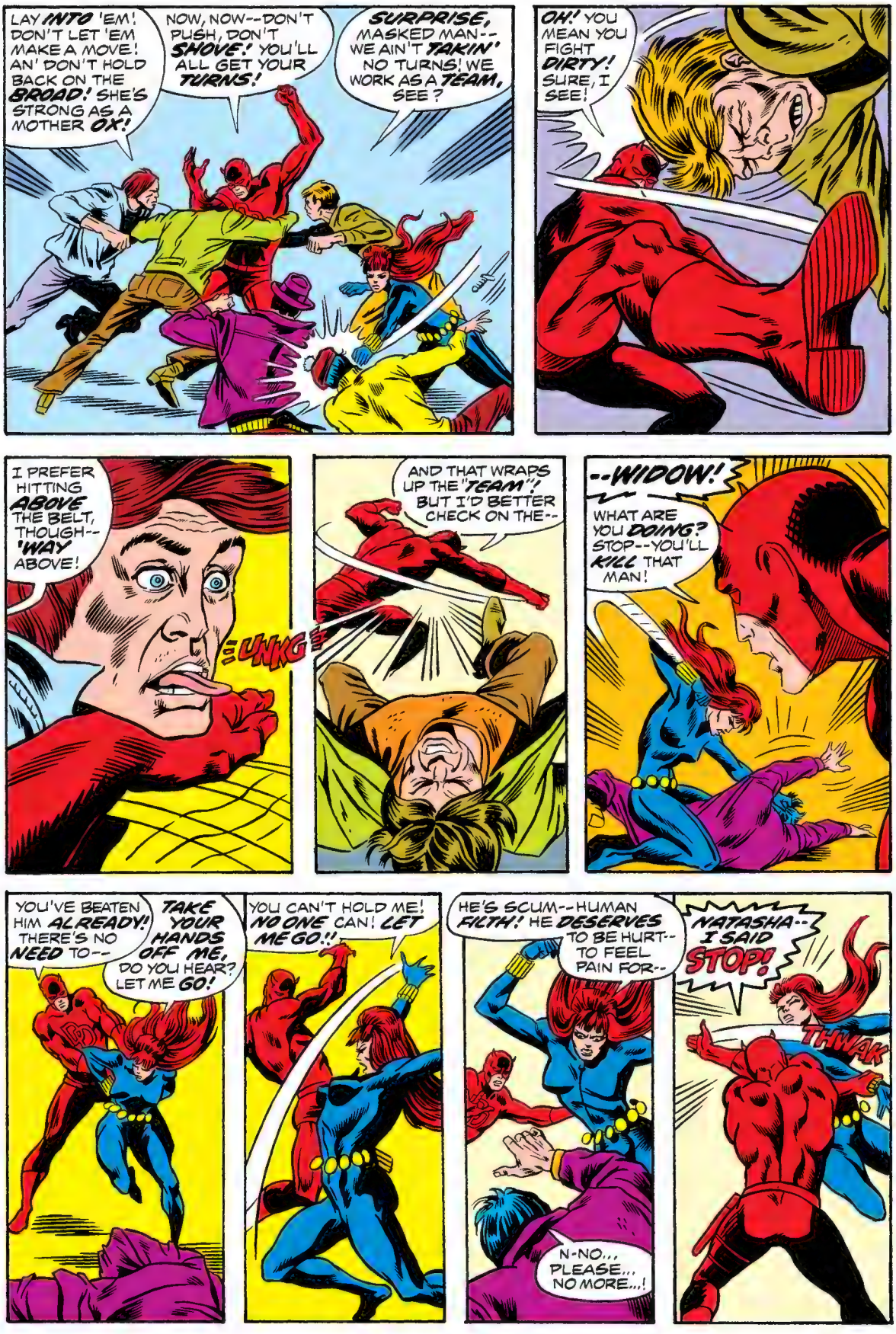
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!** ™

STEVE GERBER WRITER / BOB BROWN ARTIST / PAUL GULACY INKER / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer P. GOLDBERG, colorist / ROY THOMAS EDITOR

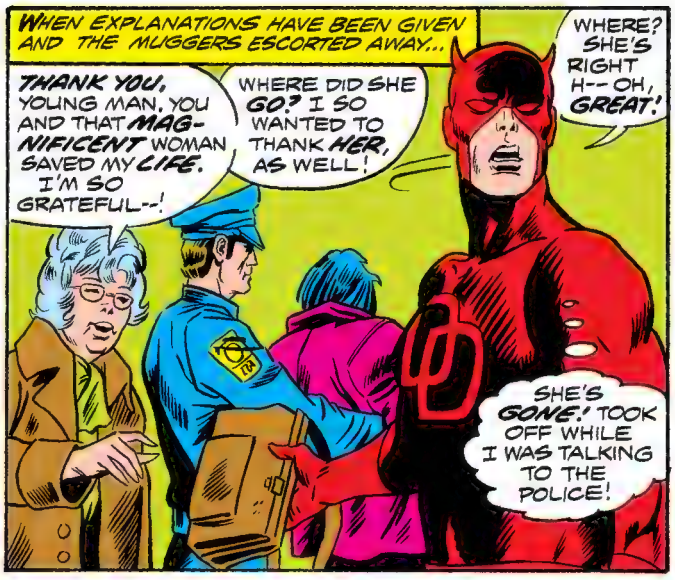
CRY... BEETLE!
'TIS THE DAY BEFORE THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THRU SAN FRANCISCO CREATURES ARE STIRRING--!
MAMA CREATURES, BUYING TIES AT MACY'S... PAPA CREATURES SCOURING THE EMPORIUM FOR PERFUMES...
...AND HERO-TYPE CREATURES LIKE DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW, SEEKING ONLY ANSWERS TO THEIR TROUBLES--!

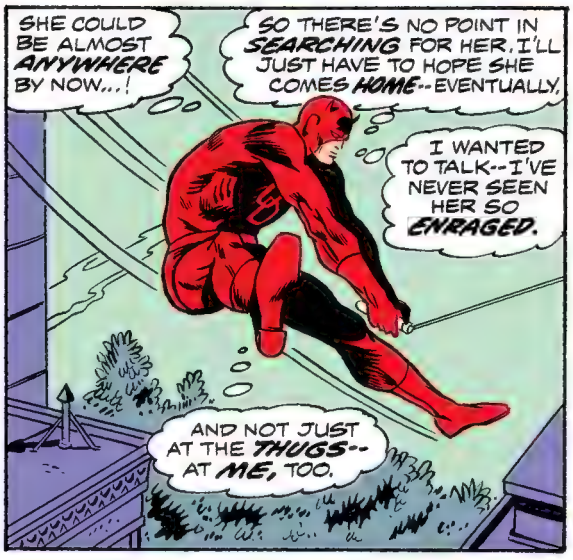

IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH QUESTION, ISN'T IT, D.D.?
AND I DON'T WANT A DISCOURSE-- JUST THE TRUTH!
WHAT IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MOON DRAGON?
ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS THE SAME OLD ANSWER, TASHA! AFTER TWO MONTHS--
--I STILL DON'T KNOW! I'M NOT SURE I EVER WILL-- FULLY.
HOW 'BOUT IF WE JUST SAY SHE'S GOT A NICE PERSON-ALITY?
NOT FUNNY.
SO ANSWER THIS INSTEAD-- WHERE DO YOU AND I STAND WITH EACH OTHER?
I DON'T KNOW THAT, EITHER! I MEAN... I'VE NEVER SAT DOWN AND ANALYZED...
ANALYZED? I'M TALKING ABOUT FEELINGS-- NOT LEGAL BRIEFS!
YOU DO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, DON'T YOU?

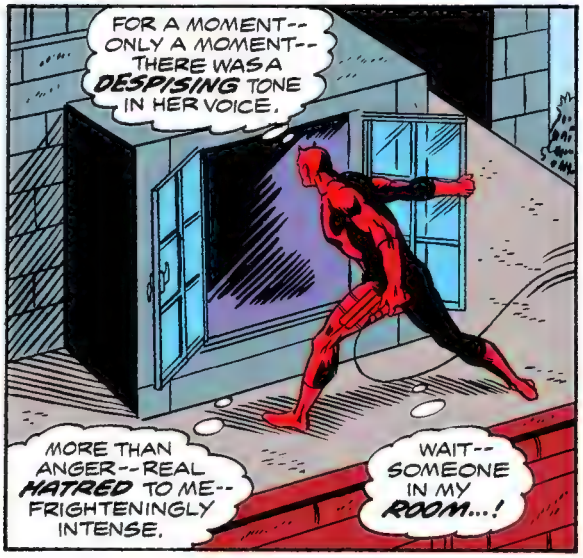
THAT'S NOT FAIR, TASHA! OF COURSE, I DO, BUT--!
:ULP: COOK AT THOSE MANIACS, WILLYA?!
THEY ALMOST SEEM TO BE FLYING, DON'T THEY, DAD?
THEN YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHICH OF US YOU... CARE FOR, RIGHT?
THEY'RE GONNA KILL THEMSELVES! YOU WATCH 'N SEE!
OR MAYBE IT'S NEITHER OF US-- OR BOTH OF US! I COULD-- OOH!
IT'S COMING FROM THE STREET-- JUST BELOW US! LET'S MOVE!
EEEEEEE
N-NO! PLEASE--I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY! DON'T HURT ME!
WELFARE DEPARTMENT
WE KNOW YOU AIN'T GOT NO CASH, GRANDMA. BUT YA JUST GOT A CHECK, DIDN'T YA?
IT AIN'T IN HER PURSE, TUG, SHE'S GOT IT ON 'ER.
OKAY, LADY-- FORK IT OVER! EITHER WE GET IT-- OR YOU DO! IT'S UP TO YOU!
WELL--?!
OH, DON'T WORRY-- YOU'RE GONNA GET IT, ALL RIGHT!


LAY INTO 'EM! DON'T LET 'EM MAKE A MOVE! AN' DON'T HOLD BACK ON THE BROAD! SHE'S STRONG AS A MOTHER OX!
NOW, NOW--DON'T PUSH, DON'T SHOVE! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURNS!
SURPRISE, MASKED MAN--WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO TURNS! WE WORK AS A TEAM, SEE?
OH! YOU MEAN YOU FIGHT DIRTY! SURE, I SEE!
I PREFER HITTING ABOVE THE BELT, THOUGH--'WAY ABOVE!
UNKG
AND THAT WRAPS UP THE "TEAM"! BUT I'D BETTER CHECK ON THE--
--WIDOW!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP--YOU'LL KILL THAT MAN!
YOU'VE BEATEN HIM ALREADY! THERE'S NO NEED TO--
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, DO YOU HEAR? LET ME GO!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME! NO ONE CAN! LET ME GO!!
HE'S SCUM--HUMAN FILTH! HE DESERVES TO BE HURT--TO FEEL PAIN FOR--
N-NO... PLEASE... NO MORE...!
NATASHA--I SAID STOP!
THWAK

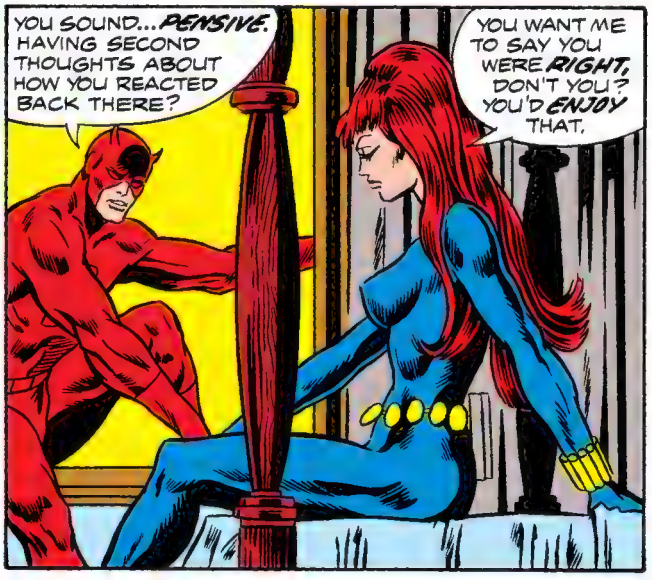
BLAST IT-- YOU BEAT THAT MAN WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE! WHY--?
WHAT GOT INTO YOU? WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM?
DON'T ANSWER, HERE COME THE COPS.


WHEN EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AND THE MUGGERS ESCORTED AWAY...
THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN. YOU AND THAT MAGNIFICENT WOMAN SAVED MY LIFE. I'M SO GRATEFUL--!
WHERE DID SHE GO? I SO WANTED TO THANK HER, AS WELL!
WHERE? SHE'S RIGHT H-- OH, GREAT!
SHE'S GONE! TOOK OFF WHILE I WAS TALKING TO THE POLICE!

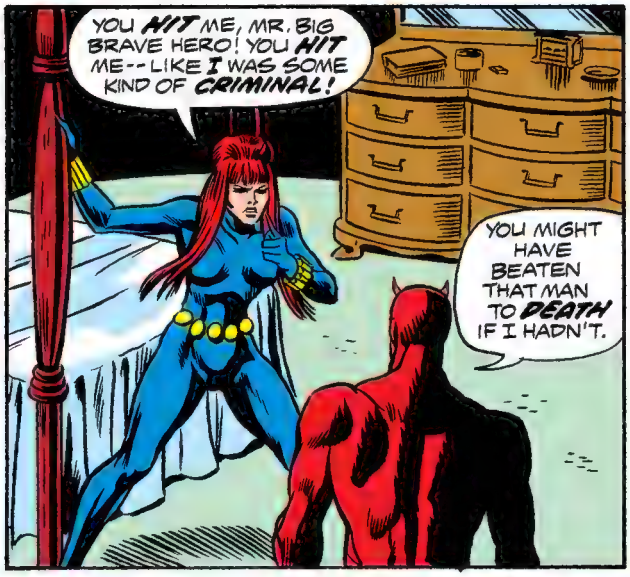

SHE COULD BE ALMOST ANYWHERE BY NOW...!
SO THERE'S NO POINT IN SEARCHING FOR HER, I'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE SHE COMES HOME--EVENTUALLY.
I WANTED TO TALK--I'VE NEVER SEEN HER SO ENRAGED.
AND NOT JUST AT THE THUGS-- AT ME, TOO.


FOR A MOMENT-- ONLY A MOMENT-- THERE WAS A DESPISING TONE IN HER VOICE.
MORE THAN ANGER-- REAL HATRED TO ME-- FRIGHTENINGLY INTENSE.
WAIT-- SOMEONE IN MY ROOM...!

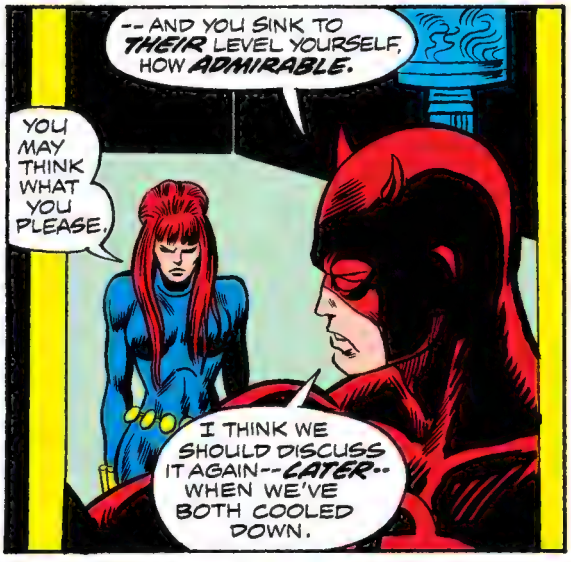
NATASHA! THANK THE LORD!
HELLO, MATT. COME IN.

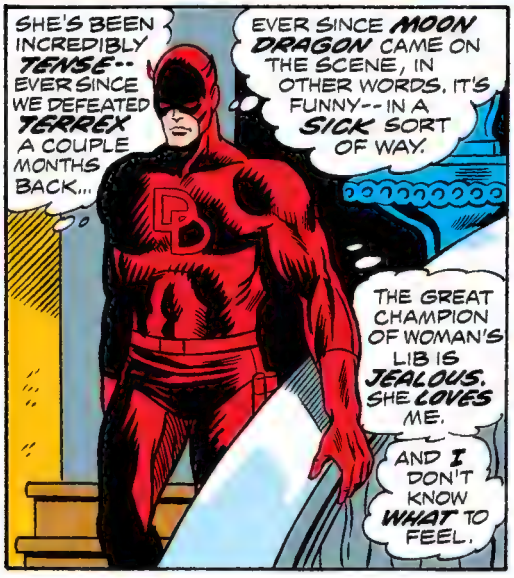

YOU SOUND... PENSIVE. HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HOW YOU REACTED BACK THERE?
YOU WANT ME TO SAY YOU WERE RIGHT, DON'T YOU? YOU'D ENJOY THAT.

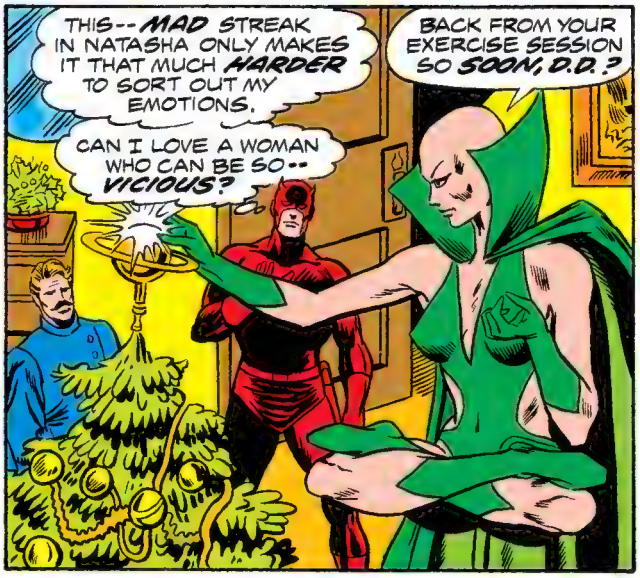
ENJOY--? TASHA, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW? HOW CAN YOU BE SO INSENSITIVE--SO THICK-HEADED?


YOU HIT ME, MR. BIG BRAVE HERO! YOU HIT ME--LIKE I WAS SOME KIND OF CRIMINAL!
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEATEN THAT MAN TO DEATH IF I HADN'T.

MAN?? YOU CALL THAT SCUM A MAN? HE DESERVED TO DIE!
HE WOULD HAVE LET HIS FRIEND KNIFE THAT OLD WOMAN!
AND NOW YOU STAND HERE DEFENDING HIM?
WELL, I'M SORRY, OLD FRIEND, BUT WHEN I SEE THAT KIND OF RAMPANT BRUTALITY, SOMETHING INSIDE ME SNAPS, AND--


--AND YOU SINK TO THEIR LEVEL YOURSELF, HOW ADMIRABLE.
YOU MAY THINK WHAT YOU PLEASE.
I THINK WE SHOULD DISCUSS IT AGAIN--LATER-- WHEN WE'VE BOTH COOLED DOWN.


SHE'S BEEN INCREDIBLY TENSE-- EVER SINCE WE DEFEATED TERREX A COUPLE MONTHS BACK...
EVER SINCE MOON DRAGON CAME ON THE SCENE, IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S FUNNY--IN A SICK SORT OF WAY.
THE GREAT CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S LIB IS JEALOUS. SHE LOVES ME.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO FEEL.


THIS--MAD STREAK IN NATASHA ONLY MAKES IT THAT MUCH HARDER TO SORT OUT MY EMOTIONS.
CAN I LOVE A WOMAN WHO CAN BE SO-- VICIOUS?
BACK FROM YOUR EXERCISE SESSION SO SOON, D.D.?

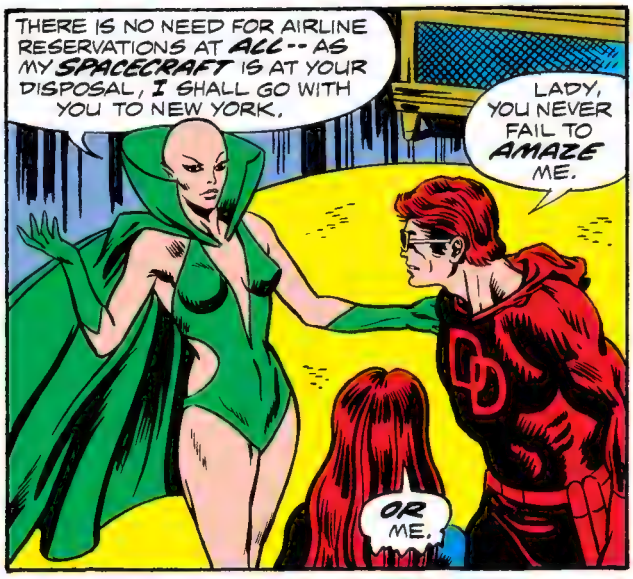
THIS IS MOON DRAGON, A CHILD OF EARTH RAISED ON A MOON OF SATURN, A PRIESTESS OF TITAN, A SCIENTIST--THE PENULTIMATE WOMAN...
...AND FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS, THE HOUSE-GUEST OF MATT (DAREDEVIL) MURDOCK AND THE BLACK WIDOW.
HAVE WE COME ALL THIS WAY--ONLY TO FIND WE'RE ALL WRONG FOR EACH OTHER...?
SOMETHING IS TROUBLING YOU. MAY I USE MY MENTAL POWERS TO SOOTHE YOUR MIND--RELAX YOU?
NO THANKS, M.O. I'LL BE OKAY. IT'S A PERSONAL THING, THAT'S ALL.
TREE'S DONE! LET'S CATCH UP ON THIS WEEK'S POLITICAL SCANDAL!
DID THEY HAVE WATERGATES ON TITAN, MOON DR--
MATT!! GET OVER HERE! LISTEN!
"LUCRETIA JONES WITH KSG-TV NEWS AT SIX.
"FROM NEW YORK THIS CHRISTMAS EVE COMES WORD THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANKLIN NELSON WAS SHOT BY AN UNKNOWN SNIPER WHO--
FOGGY!
IT CAN'T BE! HE CAN'T BE DEAD! NOT FOGGY!
"THE ASSAILANT REMAINS UNIDENTIFIED, WHILE NELSON RESTS IN CRITICAL CONDITION AT METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL."
HE'S ALIVE! THANK GOD--HE'S ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!
IVAN-- GET PLANE RESERVATIONS FOR TASHA AND ME TO NEW YORK! HURRY, MAN!
FOGGY NELSON WAS MY LAW PARTNER--AND MY CLOSEST FRIEND--FOR YEARS!
I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN NOW!

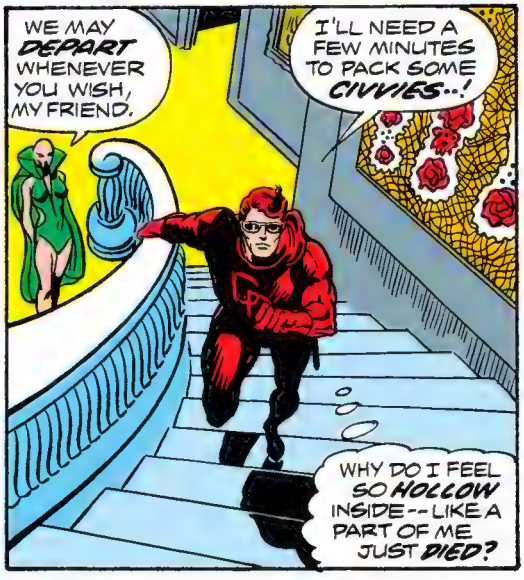
RESERVATIONS FOR ONE WILL BE SUFFICIENT, IVAN.
I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO HURT YOU AGAIN, MATT.
I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU TO NEW YORK... AND PARTICULARLY NOT TO HELP FOGGY NELSON.

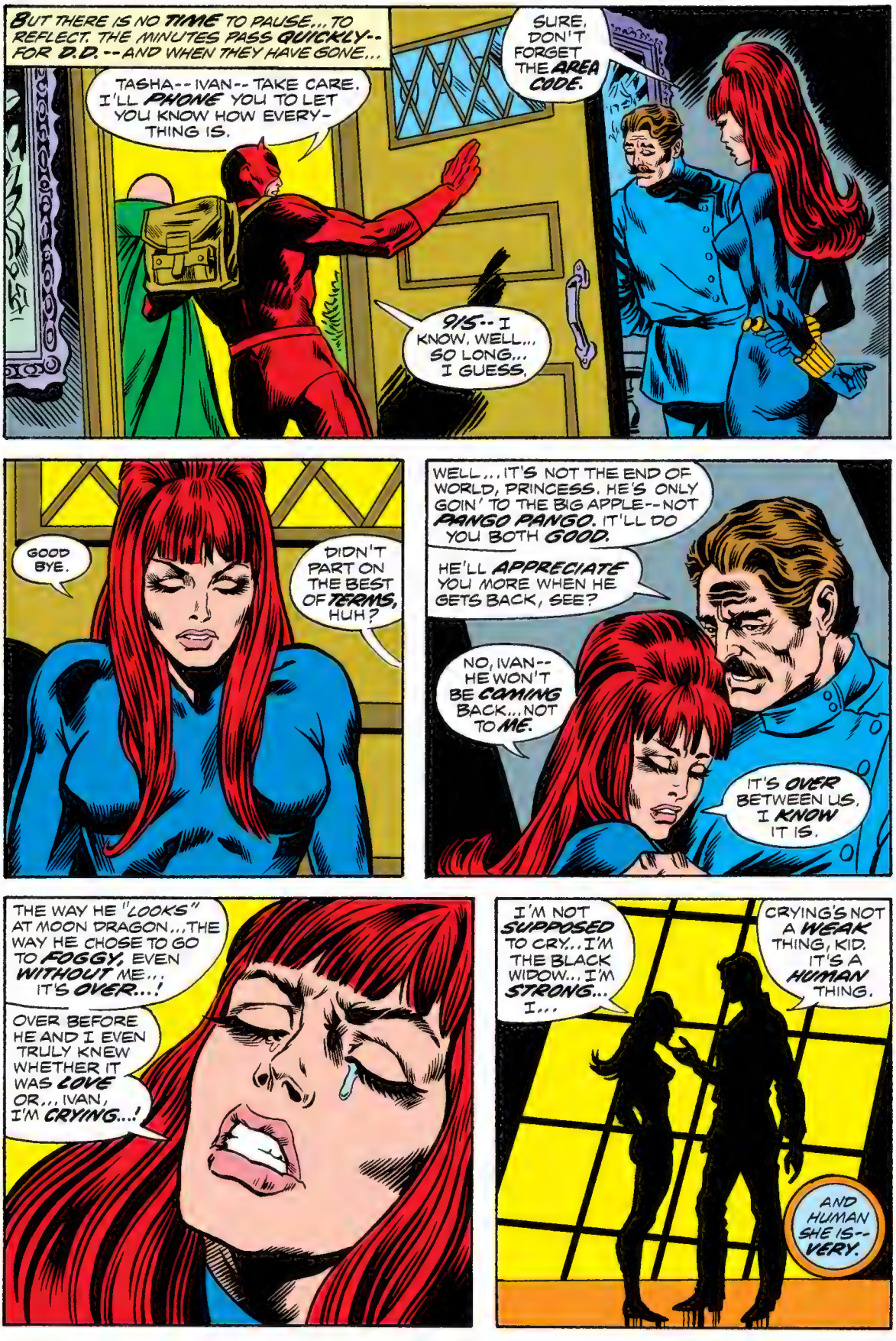
NATASHA, WHAT IS THIS?! ARE YOU SO DETERMINED TO GET BACK AT ME FOR THIS AFTERNOON THAT YOU'D IGNORE A FRIEND IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE?
I AM NOT A PETTY LITTLE FOOL, MR. MURDOCK. NOR IS FOGGY NELSON MY FRIEND.

"OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHY I LEFT NEW YORK--?
"TO ESCAPE THE REPUTATION NELSON CREATED FOR ME...
"...WHEN HE PLACED ME ON TRIAL ON A TRUMPED-UP MURDER CHARGE!"

NO, MATTHEW... I HOPE YOUR FRIEND RECOVERS. I WISH HIM NO ILL.
BUT I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN.
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, HUH...?
MAY I INTERRUPT? DAREDEVIL... MADAME NATASHA?

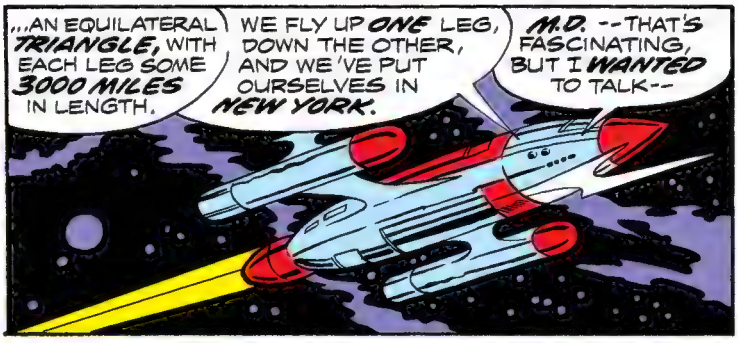

THERE IS NO NEED FOR AIRLINE RESERVATIONS AT ALL -- AS MY SPACECRAFT IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, I SHALL GO WITH YOU TO NEW YORK.
LADY, YOU NEVER FAIL TO AMAZE ME.
OR ME.

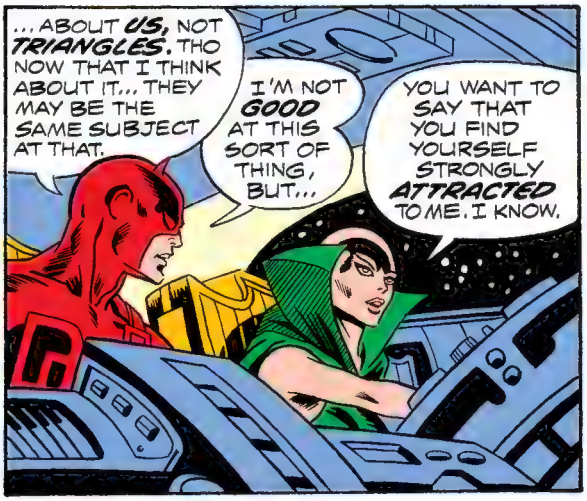

WE MAY DEPART WHENEVER YOU WISH, MY FRIEND.
I'LL NEED A FEW MINUTES TO PACK SOME CIVVIES..!
WHY DO I FEEL SO HOLLOW INSIDE -- LIKE A PART OF ME JUST DIED?

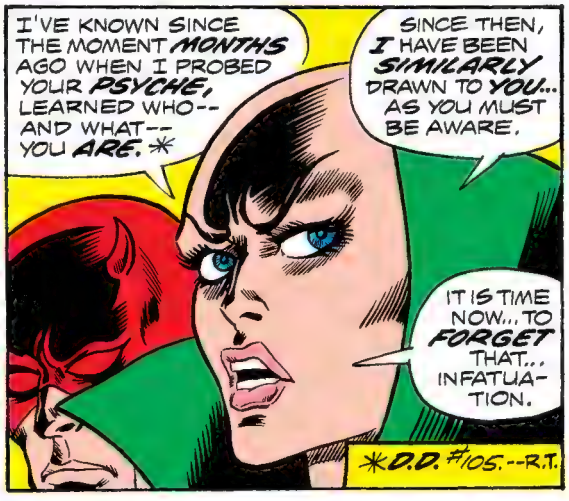

BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO PAUSE... TO REFLECT. THE MINUTES PASS QUICKLY-- FOR D.D. -- AND WHEN THEY HAVE GONE...
TASHA-- IVAN-- TAKE CARE. I'LL PHONE YOU TO LET YOU KNOW HOW EVERY-THING IS.
SURE, DON'T FORGET THE AREA CODE.
9/5-- I KNOW, WELL... SO LONG... I GUESS.
GOOD BYE.
DIDN'T PART ON THE BEST OF TERMS, HUH?
WELL... IT'S NOT THE END OF WORLD, PRINCESS. HE'S ONLY GOIN' TO THE BIG APPLE-- NOT PANGO PANGO. IT'LL DO YOU BOTH GOOD.
HE'LL APPRECIATE YOU MORE WHEN HE GETS BACK, SEE?
NO, IVAN-- HE WON'T BE COMING BACK... NOT TO ME.
IT'S OVER BETWEEN US, I KNOW IT IS.
THE WAY HE "LOOKS" AT MOON DRAGON... THE WAY HE CHOSE TO GO TO FOGGY, EVEN WITHOUT ME... IT'S OVER...!
OVER BEFORE HE AND I EVEN TRULY KNEW WHETHER IT WAS LOVE OR... IVAN, I'M CRYING...!
I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO CRY... I'M THE BLACK WIDOW... I'M STRONG... I...
CRYING'S NOT A WEAK THING, KID. IT'S A HUMAN THING.
AND HUMAN SHE IS-- VERY.

SO WAS **MOON DRAGON**--HUMAN--ONCE. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE TITAN PRIESTS TAUGHT HER **TOTAL MASTERY** OF HER MIND AND BODY... TAUGHT HER A **SCIENCE** FAR BEYOND EARTH'S SHOWED HER A **UNIVERSE** MAN MAY **NEVER** SEE.

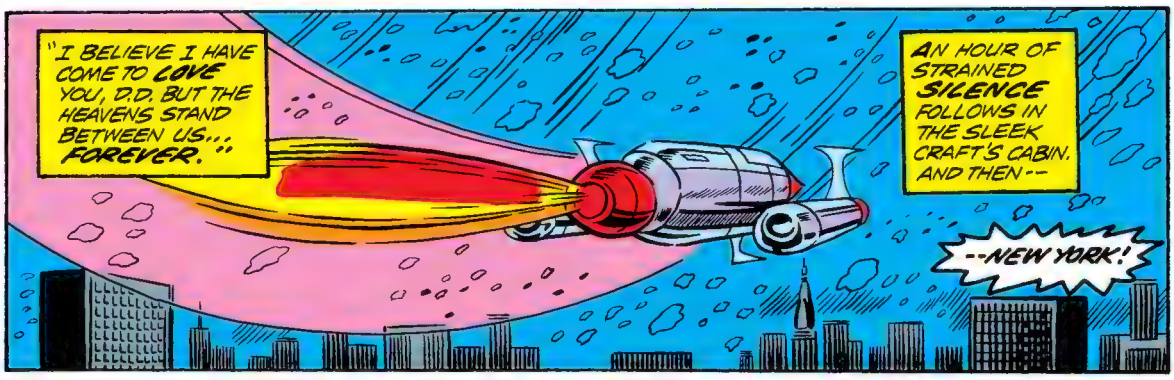
NOW, TITAN PRIESTESS AND **BLIND SUPERHERO** HURTLE UPWARD INTO SPACE, IN A CRAFT OBTAINED AT HER UNDERSEA FORTRESS OFF THE SAN FRANCISCO SHORE, ON A **COURSE** RESEMBLING...

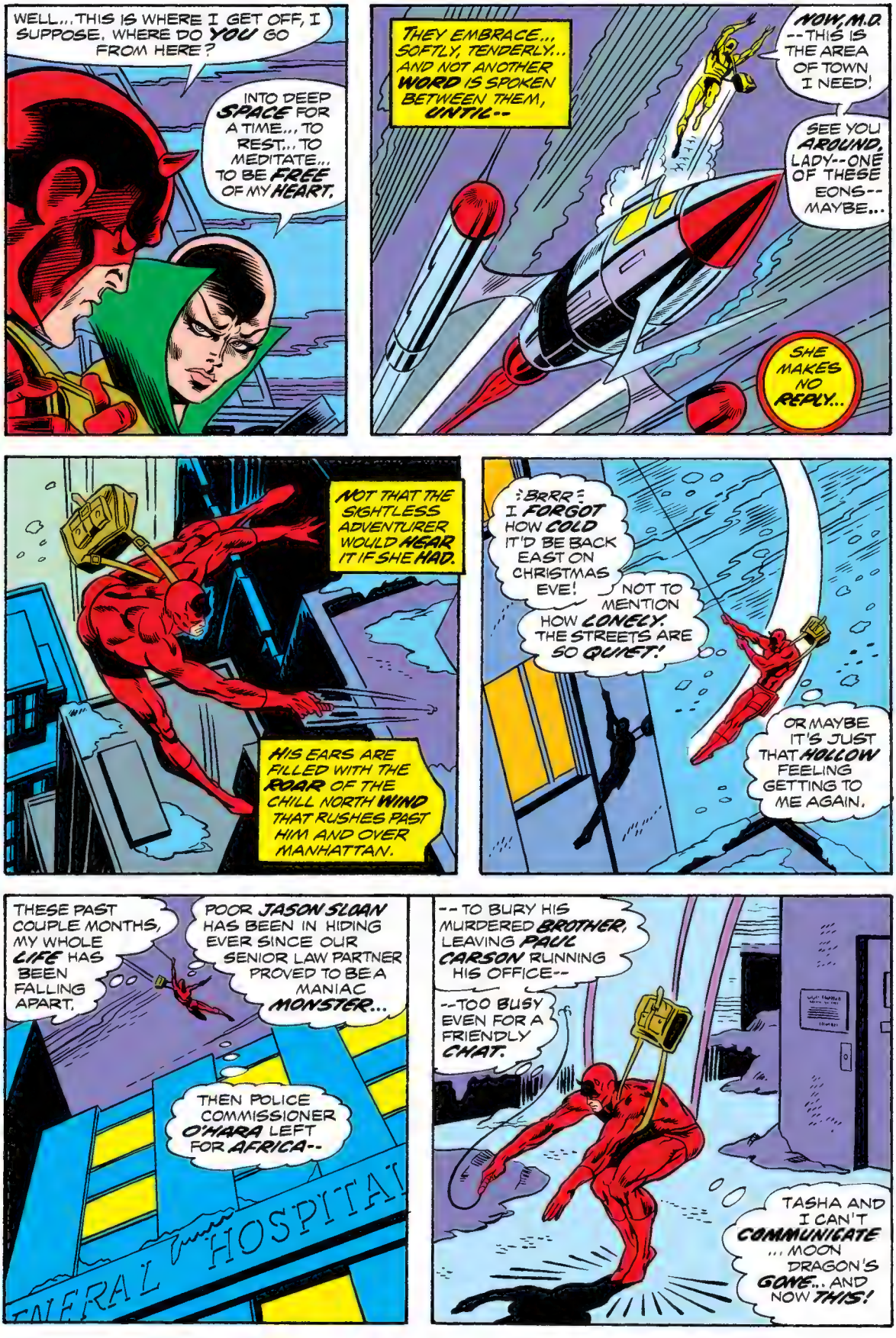

...AN EQUILATERAL **TRIANGLE,** WITH EACH LEG SOME **3000 MILES** IN LENGTH.
WE FLY UP **ONE** LEG, DOWN THE OTHER, AND WE'VE PUT OURSELVES IN **NEW YORK.**
M.D. --THAT'S FASCINATING, BUT I **WANTED** TO TALK--

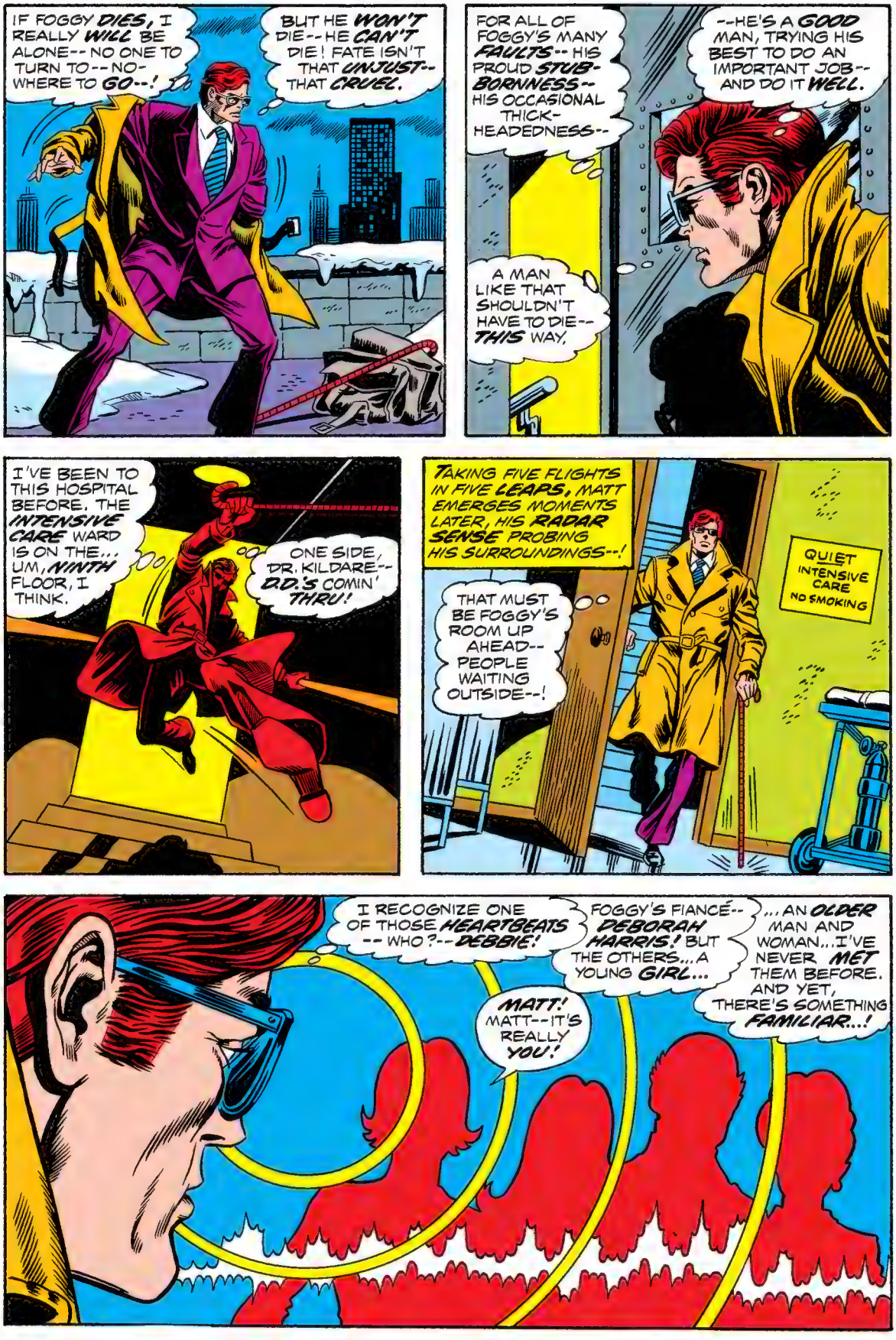

...ABOUT **US,** NOT **TRIANGLES.** THO NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... THEY MAY BE THE SAME SUBJECT AT THAT.
I'M NOT **GOOD** AT THIS SORT OF THING, BUT...
YOU WANT TO SAY THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF STRONGLY **ATTRACTED** TO ME. I KNOW.

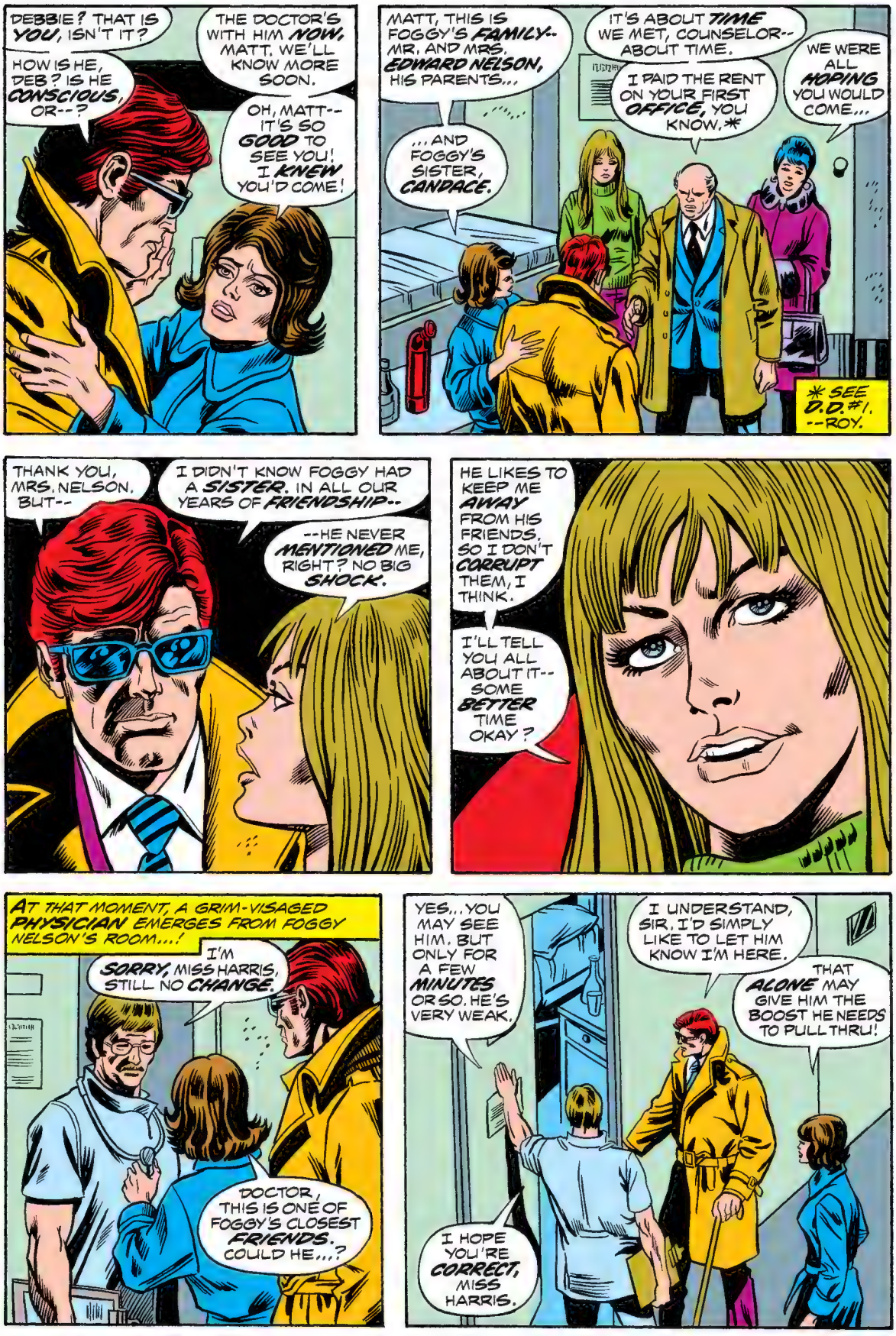

I'VE KNOWN SINCE THE MOMENT **MONTHS** AGO WHEN I PROBED YOUR **PSYCHE,** LEARNED WHO--AND WHAT--YOU **ARE.** *
SINCE THEN, **I** HAVE BEEN **SIMILARLY** DRAWN TO **YOU...** AS YOU MUST BE AWARE.
IT IS TIME NOW... TO **FORGET** THAT... INFATUATION.
*D.D. #105. --R.T.

FORGET--?
LADY, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT ON **TITAN...**
BUT ON **EARTH,** IT'S NOT THAT **EASY,** IS THERE A **REASON?**
A SINGLE VERY **SOUND** ONE, I'M AFRAID: OUR RESPECTIVE ORIENTATIONS TOWARD LIFE AND THE COSMOS.
WE'RE **GALAXIES** APART THAT WAY, DAREDEVIL. I'VE **SEEN** THINGS--**LEARNED** THINGS--OUT AMONG THE STARS WHICH YOU--
--WHICH WOULD BE BEYOND **ANY** EARTH-BRED INTELLECT, HOWEVER BRILLIANT.

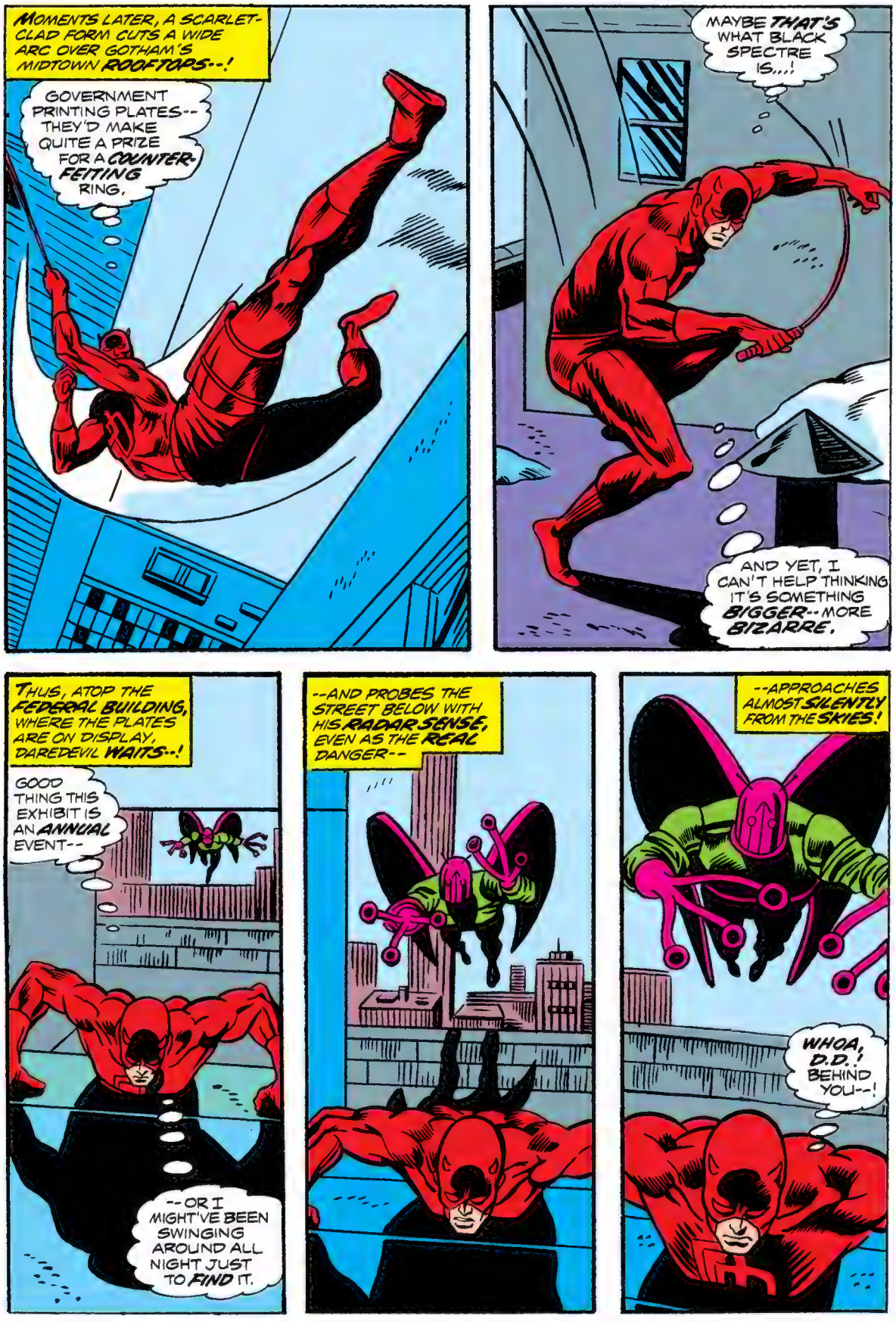

"I BELIEVE I HAVE COME TO **LOVE** YOU, D.D. BUT THE HEAVENS STAND BETWEEN US... **FOREVER.**"
AN HOUR OF STRAINED **SILENCE** FOLLOWS IN THE SLEEK CRAFT'S CABIN. AND THEN--
--NEW YORK!

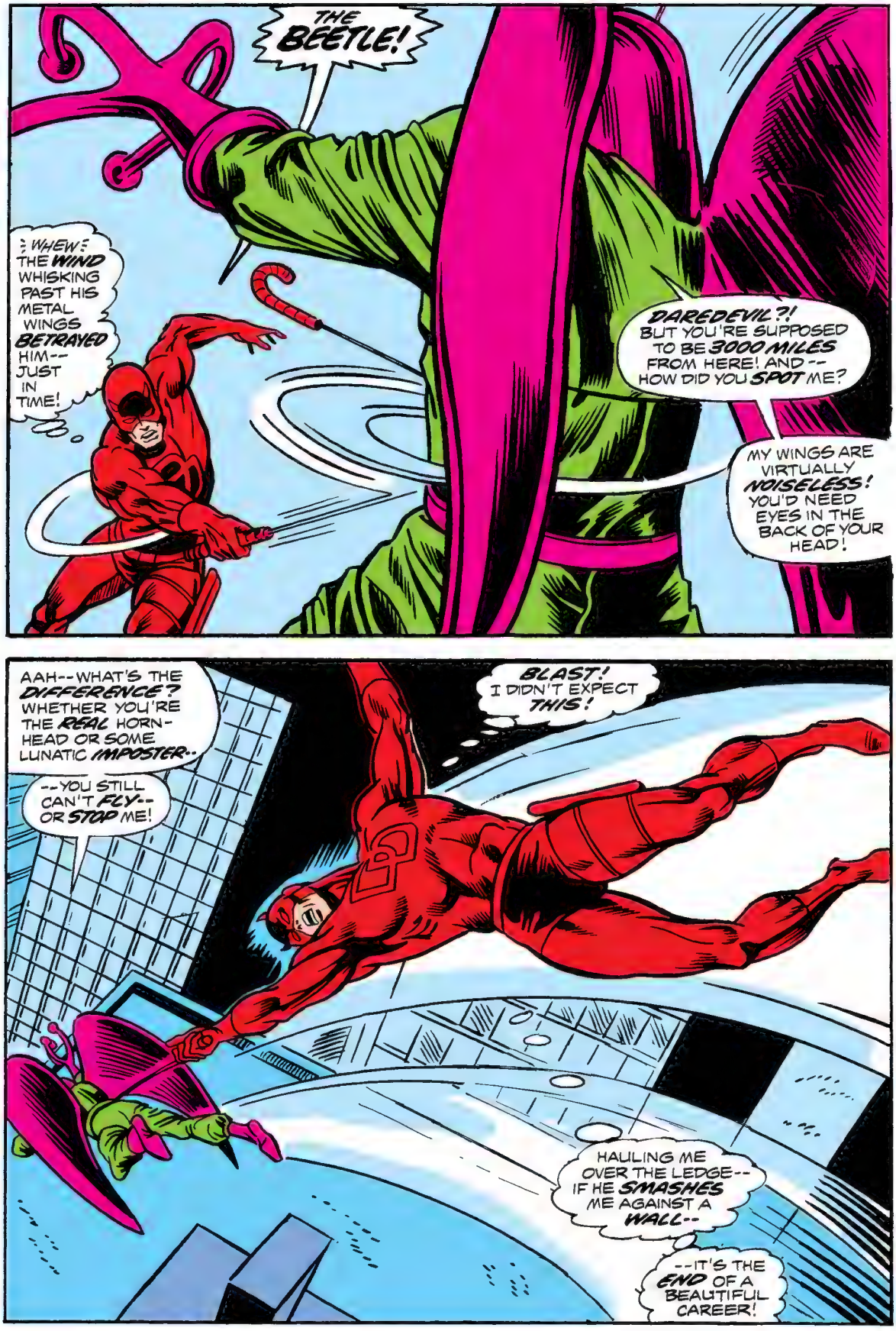

WELL... THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, I SUPPOSE. WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?
INTO DEEP SPACE FOR A TIME... TO REST... TO MEDITATE... TO BE FREE OF MY HEART.
THEY EMBRACE... SOFTLY, TENDERLY... AND NOT ANOTHER WORD IS SPOKEN BETWEEN THEM, UNTIL--
NOW, M.D. --THIS IS THE AREA OF TOWN I NEED!
SEE YOU AROUND, LADY--ONE OF THESE EONS-- MAYBE...
SHE MAKES NO REPLY...
NOT THAT THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER WOULD HEAR IT IF SHE HAD.
HIS EARS ARE FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF THE CHILL NORTH WIND THAT RUSHES PAST HIM AND OVER MANHATTAN.
:BRRR: I FORGOT HOW COLD IT'D BE BACK EAST ON CHRISTMAS EVE!
NOT TO MENTION HOW LONELY THE STREETS ARE SO QUIET!
OR MAYBE IT'S JUST THAT HOLLOW FEELING GETTING TO ME AGAIN.
THESE PAST COUPLE MONTHS, MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN FALLING APART.
POOR JASON SLOAN HAS BEEN IN HIDING EVER SINCE OUR SENIOR LAW PARTNER PROVED TO BE A MANIAC MONSTER...
THEN POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA LEFT FOR AFRICA--
GENERAL HOSPITAL
-- TO BURY HIS MURDERED BROTHER, LEAVING PAUL CARSON RUNNING HIS OFFICE--
--TOO BUSY EVEN FOR A FRIENDLY CHAT.
TASHA AND I CAN'T COMMUNICATE ... MOON DRAGON'S GONE... AND NOW THIS!

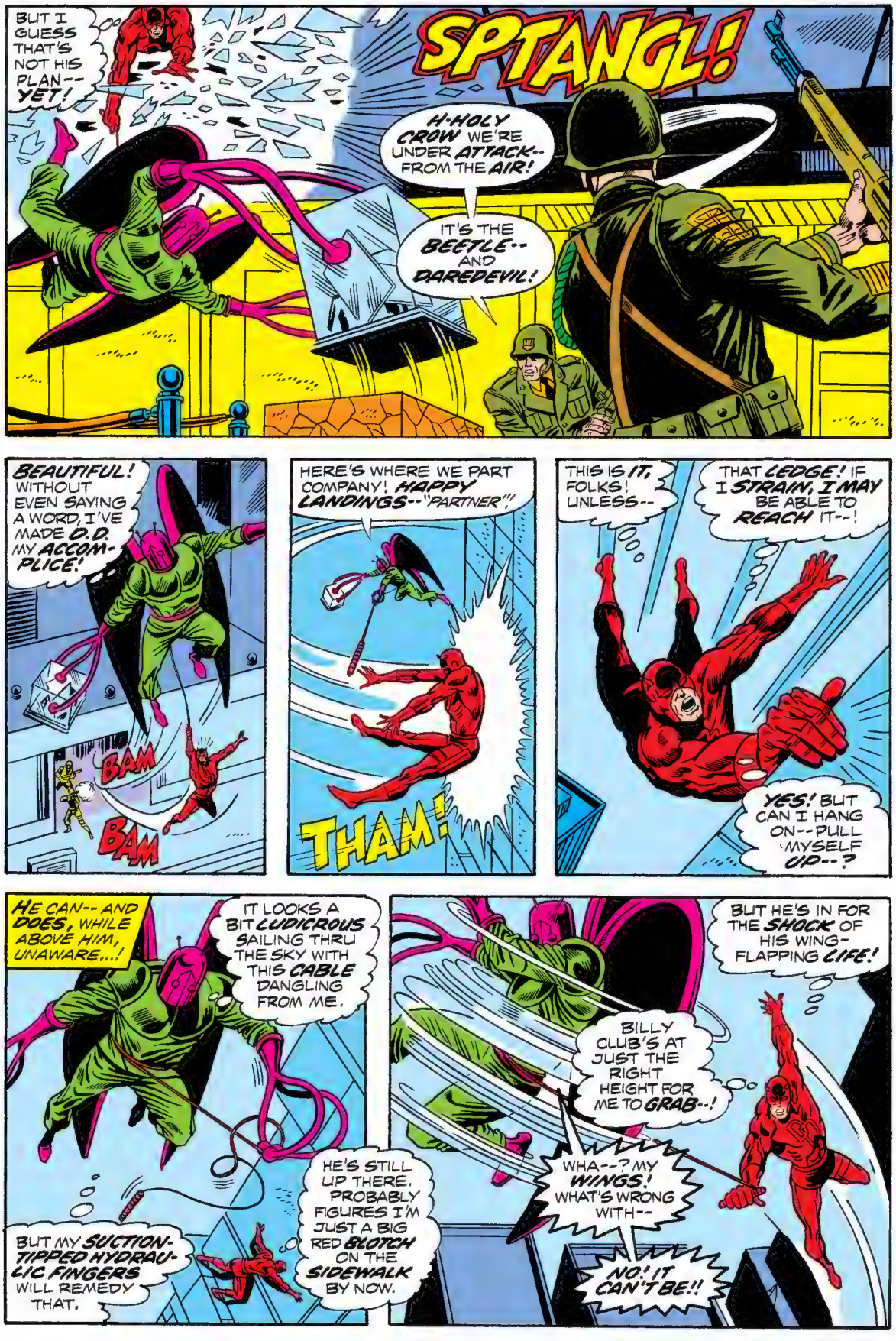

IF FOGGY DIES, I REALLY WILL BE ALONE-- NO ONE TO TURN TO--NO-WHERE TO GO--!
BUT HE WON'T DIE--HE CAN'T DIE! FATE ISN'T THAT UNJUST--THAT CRUEL.
FOR ALL OF FOGGY'S MANY FAULTS--HIS PROUD STUB-BORNNESS--HIS OCCASIONAL THICK-HEADEDNESS--
--HE'S A GOOD MAN, TRYING HIS BEST TO DO AN IMPORTANT JOB--AND DO IT WELL.
A MAN LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE--THIS WAY.
I'VE BEEN TO THIS HOSPITAL BEFORE. THE INTENSIVE CARE WARD IS ON THE... UM, NINTH FLOOR, I THINK.
ONE SIDE, DR. KILDARE--D.D.'S COMIN' THRU!
TAKING FIVE FLIGHTS IN FIVE LEAPS, MATT EMERGES MOMENTS LATER, HIS RADAR SENSE PROBING HIS SURROUNDINGS--!
THAT MUST BE FOGGY'S ROOM UP AHEAD--PEOPLE WAITING OUTSIDE--!
QUIET INTENSIVE CARE NO SMOKING
I RECOGNIZE ONE OF THOSE HEARTBEATS--WHO?--DEBBIE!
FOGGY'S FIANCÉ--DEBORAH HARRIS! BUT THE OTHERS...A YOUNG GIRL...
...AN OLDER MAN AND WOMAN...I'VE NEVER MET THEM BEFORE. AND YET, THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR...!
MATT! MATT--IT'S REALLY YOU!

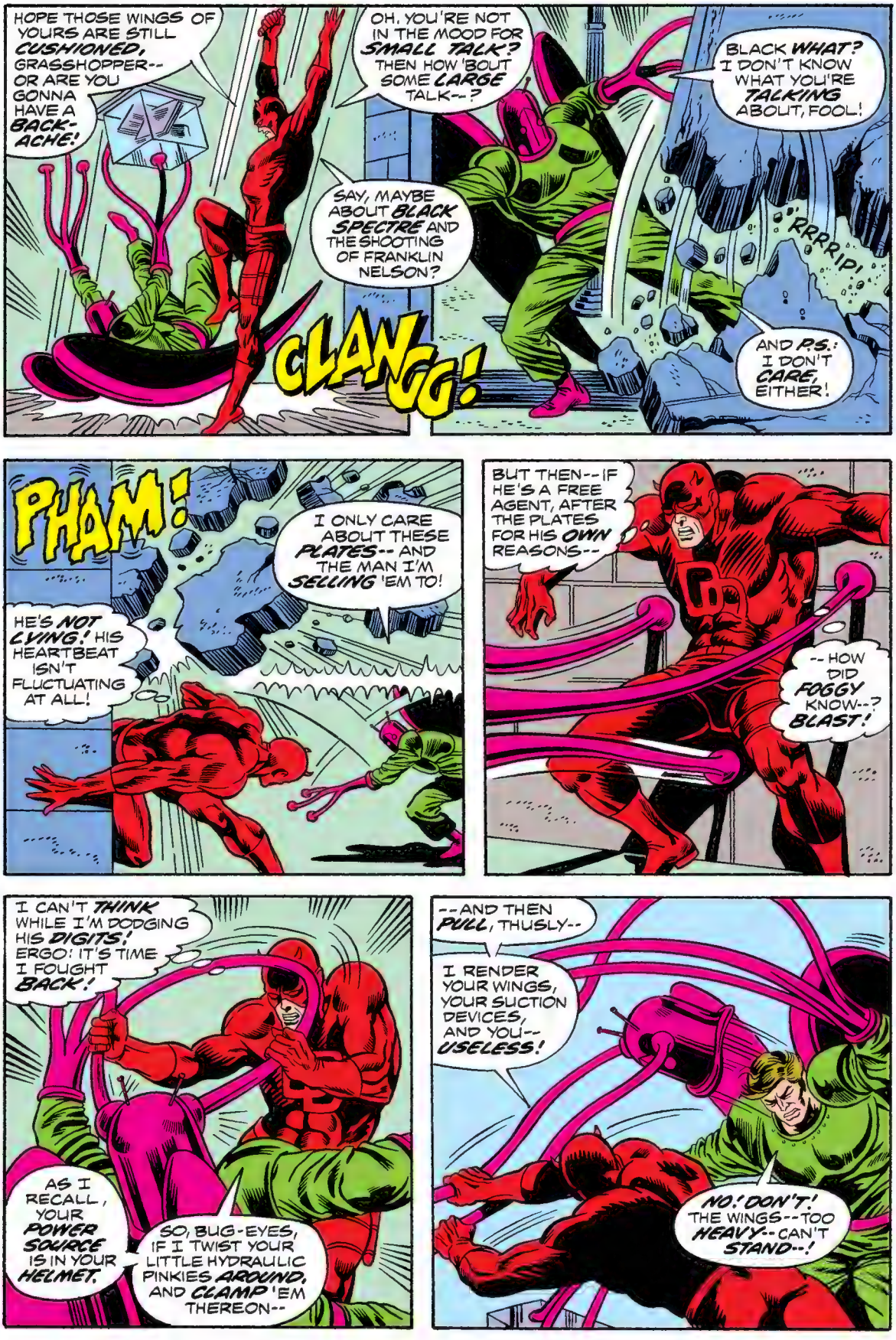

DEBBIE? THAT IS YOU, ISN'T IT?
HOW IS HE, DEB? IS HE CONSCIOUS, OR--?
THE DOCTOR'S WITH HIM NOW, MATT. WE'LL KNOW MORE SOON.
OH, MATT-- IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
MATT, THIS IS FOGGY'S FAMILY-- MR. AND MRS. EDWARD NELSON, HIS PARENTS...
...AND FOGGY'S SISTER, CANDACE.
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE MET, COUNSELOR-- ABOUT TIME.
I PAID THE RENT ON YOUR FIRST OFFICE, YOU KNOW.*
WE WERE ALL HOPING YOU WOULD COME...
* SEE D.D. #1. --ROY.
THANK YOU, MRS. NELSON. BUT--
I DIDN'T KNOW FOGGY HAD A SISTER. IN ALL OUR YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP--
--HE NEVER MENTIONED ME, RIGHT? NO BIG SHOCK.
HE LIKES TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM HIS FRIENDS, SO I DON'T CORRUPT THEM, I THINK.
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT-- SOME BETTER TIME OKAY?
AT THAT MOMENT, A GRIM-VISAGED PHYSICIAN EMERGES FROM FOGGY NELSON'S ROOM...!
I'M SORRY, MISS HARRIS, STILL NO CHANGE.
DOCTOR, THIS IS ONE OF FOGGY'S CLOSEST FRIENDS. COULD HE...?
YES... YOU MAY SEE HIM. BUT ONLY FOR A FEW MINUTES OR SO. HE'S VERY WEAK.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. I'D SIMPLY LIKE TO LET HIM KNOW I'M HERE.
THAT ALONE MAY GIVE HIM THE BOOST HE NEEDS TO PULL THRU!
I HOPE YOU'RE CORRECT, MISS HARRIS.

MATT...? H-HIYA... PARTNER, L-LONG TIME... NO SEE, HUH?
WHAT HAPPENED, FOGGY? WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHY? TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW.
IT'S... A... LONG STORY...!
GANG WAR... CRUMMY SNIPER... ONLY...
THERE'S MORE... S-SOMETHING BIGGER... GANGS MANIPU... LATED... BY SOMEONE ELSE...
GOT... TOO CLOSE TO... THE ANSWER, I GUESS...
YOU THINK THEY SHOT YOU TO STOP YOUR INVESTIGA-TION?
H-HAS TO BE... MATT... YOU HAVE TO HELP... TONIGHT ... PLOT...
G-GOING TO STEAL GOVERNMENT... PRINTING PLATES... ON EXHIBIT... MIDTOWN...
PART OF-- PLOT-- BLACK SPECTRE..!
DOCTOR! GET IN HERE-- HURRY! PLEASE! HANG ON, FOGGY--!
BLACK SPECTRE-- STOP THEM-- MATT--!
STAND BACK, EVERYONE-- LET ME THROUGH!
NOTHING MORE I CAN DO HERE...
EXIT
BUT I CAN TRY TO PREVENT THAT THEFT FOGGY WAS TROUBLED OVER.
AND MAYBE-- IN DOING THAT-- FIND A CLUE TO HIS ATTACKER'S IDENTITY!


MOMENTS LATER, A SCARLET-CLAD FORM CUTS A WIDE ARC OVER GOTHAM'S MIDTOWN ROOFTOPS--!
GOVERNMENT PRINTING PLATES-- THEY'D MAKE QUITE A PRIZE FOR A COUNTER-FEITING RING.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT BLACK SPECTRE IS...!
AND YET, I CAN'T HELP THINKING IT'S SOMETHING BIGGER--MORE BIZARRE.
THUS, ATOP THE FEDERAL BUILDING, WHERE THE PLATES ARE ON DISPLAY, DAREDEVIL WAITS--!
GOOD THING THIS EXHIBIT IS AN ANNUAL EVENT--
--OR I MIGHT'VE BEEN SWINGING AROUND ALL NIGHT JUST TO FIND IT.
--AND PROBES THE STREET BELOW WITH HIS RADAR SENSE, EVEN AS THE REAL DANGER--
--APPROACHES ALMOST SILENTLY FROM THE SKIES!
WHOA, D.D.! BEHIND YOU--!


THE BEETLE!
WHEW! THE WIND WHISKING PAST HIS METAL WINGS BETRAYED HIM-- JUST IN TIME!
DAREDEVIL?! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE 3000 MILES FROM HERE! AND-- HOW DID YOU SPOT ME?
MY WINGS ARE VIRTUALLY NOISELESS! YOU'D NEED EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!
AAH--WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WHETHER YOU'RE THE REAL HORN-HEAD OR SOME LUNATIC IMPOSTER..
--YOU STILL CAN'T FLY-- OR STOP ME!
BLAST! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!
HAULING ME OVER THE LEDGE-- IF HE SMASHES ME AGAINST A WALL--
--IT'S THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL CAREER!


BUT I GUESS THAT'S NOT HIS PLAN-- YET!
SPTANGL!
H-HOLY CROW WE'RE UNDER ATTACK-- FROM THE AIR!
IT'S THE BEETLE-- AND DAREDEVIL!
BEAUTIFUL! WITHOUT EVEN SAYING A WORD, I'VE MADE O.D. MY ACCOMPLICE!
BAM
BAM
HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY! HAPPY LANDINGS--"PARTNER"!
THAM!
THIS IS IT, FOLKS! UNLESS--
THAT LEDGE! IF I STRAIN, I MAY BE ABLE TO REACH IT--!
YES! BUT CAN I HANG ON--PULL MYSELF UP--?
HE CAN-- AND DOES, WHILE ABOVE HIM, UNAWARE...!
IT LOOKS A BIT LUDICROUS SAILING THRU THE SKY WITH THIS CABLE DANGLING FROM ME.
BUT MY SUCTION-TIPPED HYDRAULIC FINGERS WILL REMEDY THAT.
HE'S STILL UP THERE. PROBABLY FIGURES I'M JUST A BIG RED BLOTCH ON THE SIDEWALK BY NOW.
BUT HE'S IN FOR THE SHOCK OF HIS WING-FLAPPING LIFE!
BILLY CLUB'S AT JUST THE RIGHT HEIGHT FOR ME TO GRAB--!
WHA--? MY WINGS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH--
NO! IT CAN'T BE!!


HOPE THOSE WINGS OF YOURS ARE STILL CUSHIONED, GRASSHOPPER-- OR ARE YOU GONNA HAVE A BACK-ACHE!
OH, YOU'RE NOT IN THE MOOD FOR SMALL TALK? THEN HOW 'BOUT SOME LARGE TALK--?
BLACK WHAT? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, FOOL!
SAY, MAYBE ABOUT BLACK SPECTRE AND THE SHOOTING OF FRANKLIN NELSON?
RRRRIP!
CLANGG!
AND P.S.: I DON'T CARE, EITHER!
PHAM!
I ONLY CARE ABOUT THESE PLATES-- AND THE MAN I'M SELLING 'EM TO!
HE'S NOT LYING! HIS HEARTBEAT ISN'T FLUCTUATING AT ALL!
BUT THEN--IF HE'S A FREE AGENT, AFTER THE PLATES FOR HIS OWN REASONS--
-- HOW DID FOGGY KNOW--? BLAST!
I CAN'T THINK WHILE I'M DODGING HIS DIGITS! ERGO! IT'S TIME I FOUGHT BACK!
AS I RECALL, YOUR POWER SOURCE IS IN YOUR HELMET.
SO, BUG-EYES, IF I TWIST YOUR LITTLE HYDRAULIC PINKIES AROUND, AND CLAMP 'EM THEREON--
--AND THEN PULL, THUSLY--
I RENDER YOUR WINGS, YOUR SUCTION DEVICES, AND YOU-- USELESS!
NO! DON'T! THE WINGS--TOO HEAVY--CAN'T STAND--!

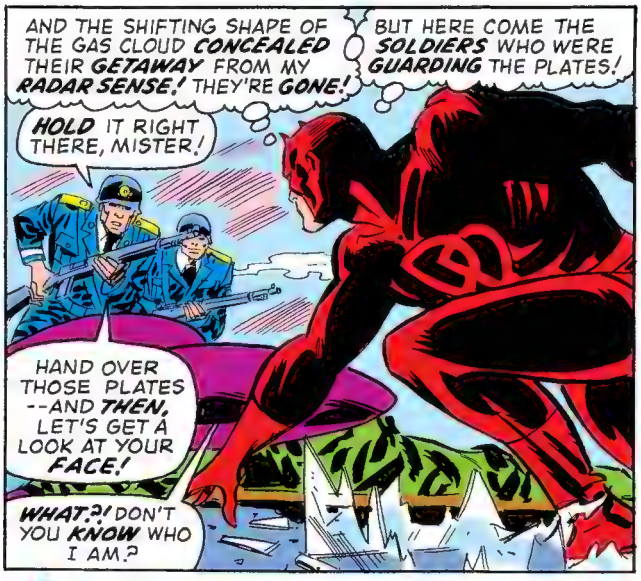
Y-YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME! I'LL GET BACK MY HELMET--!
UH-UHH! AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, I'LL TRY TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF THIS!
YOU SAY YOU'RE WORKING ALONE--YET SOMETHING TIPPED THE D.A. OFF TO YOUR PLANS TO STEAL THE PLATES TONIGHT...
NOT HIS PLANS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR--OURS!
THE PLANS OF BLACK SPECTRE!
WHA--? TEAR GAS! TOSSED FROM ABOVE--!
WHOOM!
GREETINGS, DAREDEVIL! WE ARE BLACK SPECTRE--WE AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS.
THE WORLD'S MOST INVINCIBLE WARRIORS--
CAN'T FIGHT--CAN BARELY MOVE! MY HYPER-SENSITIVE OLFACTORY NERVES MAKE ME ESPECIALLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THIS KIND OF ATTACK!
--WIELDING THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON OF ALL--THE POWER OF HATE!
OUR CAUSE IS SACRED--AND BY DEFEATING THE BEETLE, YOU HAVE AIDED THAT CAUSE.
THUS, AS A TOKEN OF OUR GRATITUDE, WE'RE INSTRUCTED TO LET YOU LIVE--
--AND TO WARN YOU, MASKED MAN:
ANY ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE WITH US AGAIN--
--WILL BE FATAL TO YOU AND ALL WHOM YOU LOVE!
FOR LONG MOMENTS, D.D. LIES PRONE, PARALYZED BY THE NUMBING GAS, AND WHEN THE FUMES FINALLY CLEAR...
IT'S PURE INSANITY! THEY'RE GONE--WITHOUT A TRACE!
BUT--GONE WHERE? I HEARD NO MOTORS OR FOOTFALLS! THEY DIDN'T RUN OR DRIVE AWAY!
AND THIS "SACRED CAUSE" OF THEIRS--WHAT IS IT?
THE MYSTERY DEEPENS--THE PERIL LOOMS EVER LARGER--AS THIS TALE CONTINUES SIXTY DAYS FROM NOW IN TWO MARVEL MAGAZINES...
DAREDEVIL #109: THE BLACK WIDOW--ALLY OF BLACK SPECTRE? THE LEADER OF THE WARRIORS--HUMAN... OR SOMETHING MORE?
-AND-
TWO-IN-ONE #3: D.D. AND THE THING SMASH THE MENACE WIDE OPEN--OR DO THEY?
('NUFF HINTED, FOLKS?)

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
109
MAY
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD? FIRST, MONEY-- FALLING FROM THE SKIES-- DRIVING THE CROWD INSANE WITH GREED--
--AND NOW THE BLACK WIDOW-- ABOUT TO BE KILLED BY NEKRA-- HIGH PRIESTESS OF DEATH--
--AND I CAN DO NOTHING TO SAVE HER! NOTHING!
FLORIST

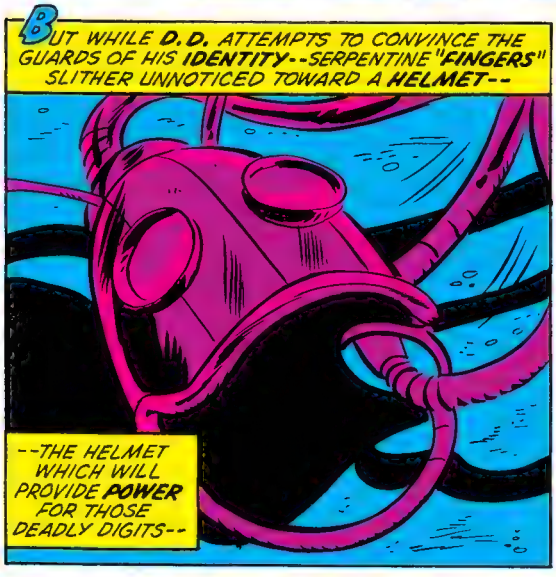
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!** ™

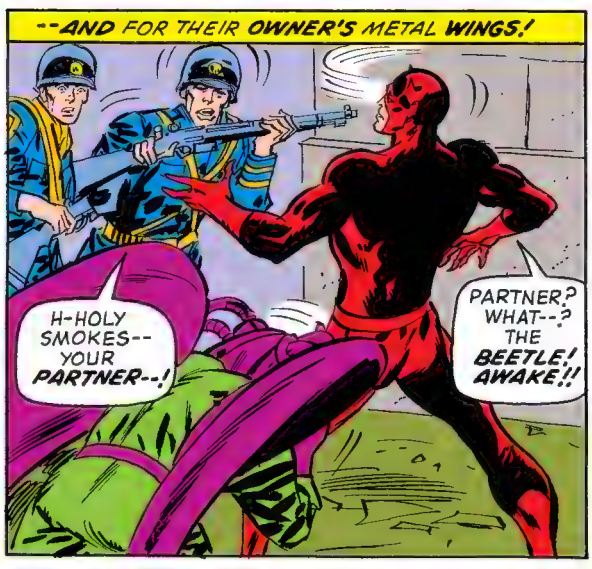
STEVE GERBER Writer	BOB BROWN Artist	DON HECK Inker	ARTIE SIMEK, Letterer P. GOLDBERG, Colorist	ROY THOMAS Editor

NEW YORK, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1973: DAREDEVIL HAS THWARTED THE SCHEME OF THE VILLAINOUS BEETLE TO STEAL VALUABLE GOVERNMENT MONEY-PRINTING PLATES.
BUT BARELY HAS THE VICTORY BEEN WON, WHEN--
WHAT ON EARTH--?
A GAS GRENADE!
OUR THANKS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR--FOR DEFEATING THE BEETLE--
--THEREBY INSURING THAT THESE WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR SACRED CAUSE--
THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK SPECTRE!
BLAST! MY HYPER-SENSES MAKE ME ESPECIALLY VULNERABLE TO THIS KIND OF ATTACK! I CAN BARELY STAY ON MY FEET!
DYING FOR DOLLAR$!


AND THE SHIFTING SHAPE OF THE GAS CLOUD CONCEALED THEIR GETAWAY FROM MY RADAR SENSE! THEY'RE GONE!
BUT HERE COME THE SOLDIERS WHO WERE GUARDING THE PLATES!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER!
HAND OVER THOSE PLATES --AND THEN, LET'S GET A LOOK AT YOUR FACE!
WHAT?! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

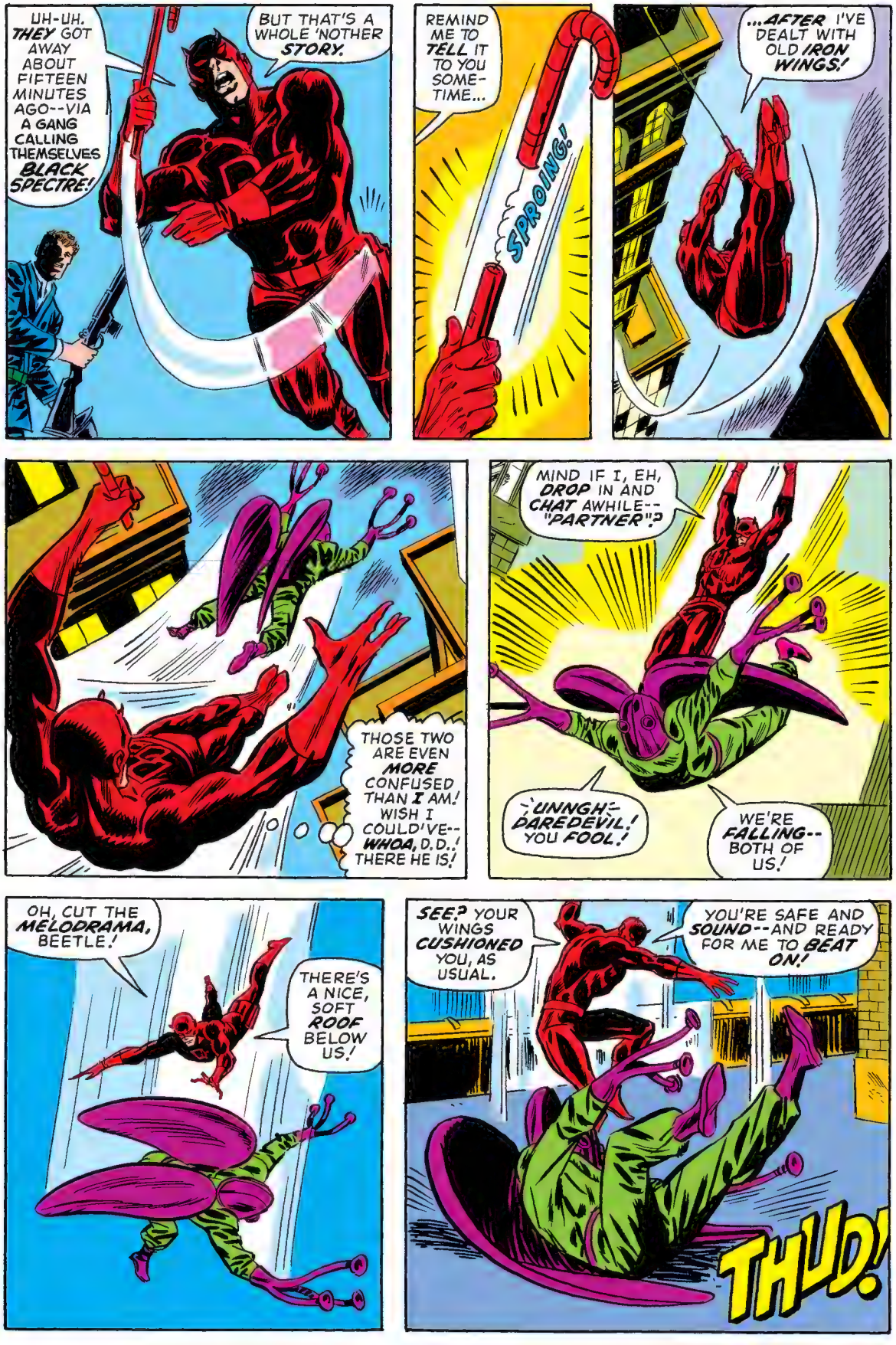
WE KNOW WHO YOU'RE DRESSED AS--BUT HE'S IN SAN FRAN-CISCO!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--I AM DAREDEVIL! I JUST SAVED THOSE PLATES FROM THE BEETLE!
YEAH? THEN, WHERE ARE THEY?

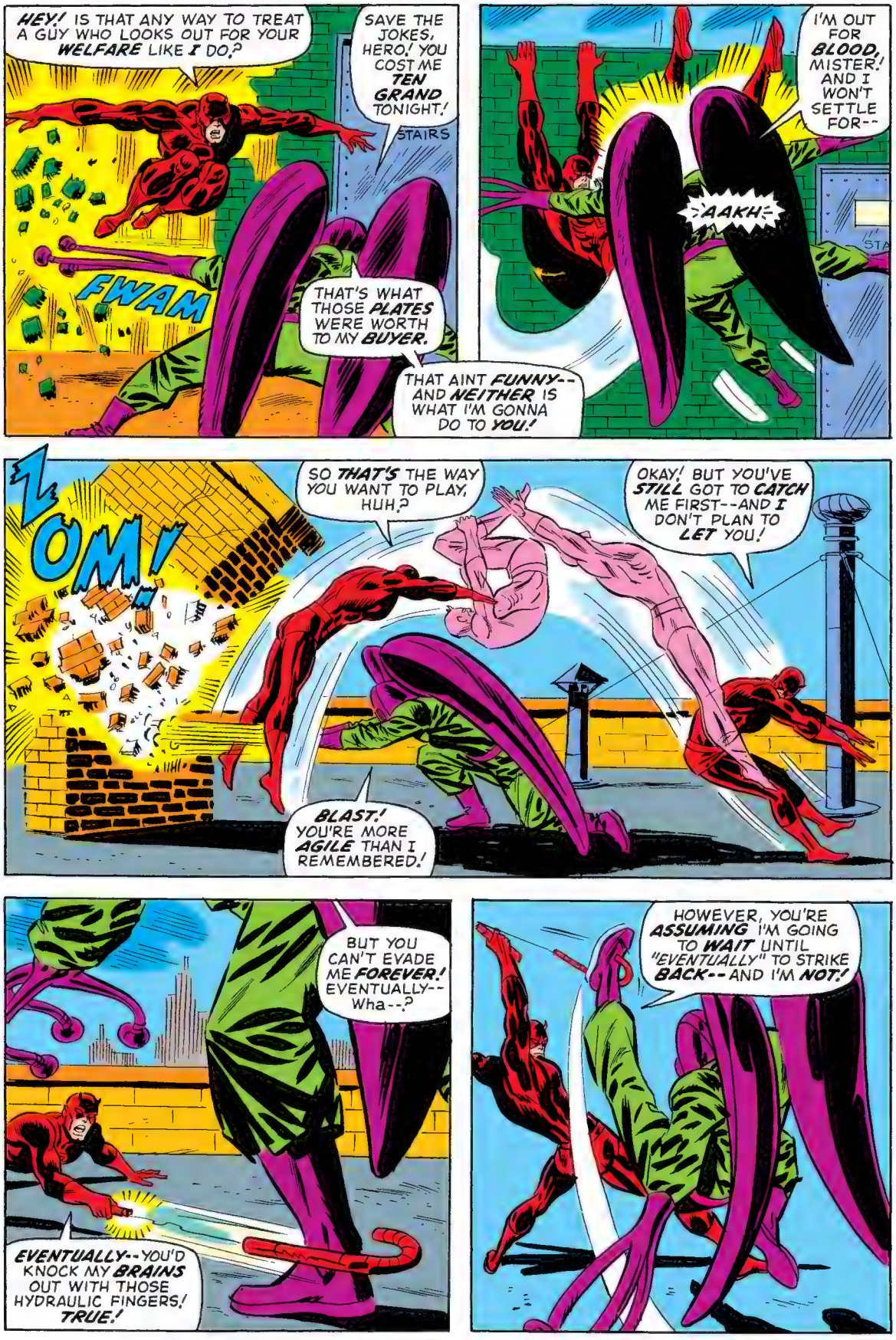

BUT WHILE D.D. ATTEMPTS TO CONVINCE THE GUARDS OF HIS IDENTITY--SERPENTINE "FINGERS" SLITHER UNNOTICED TOWARD A HELMET--
--THE HELMET WHICH WILL PROVIDE POWER FOR THOSE DEADLY DIGITS--

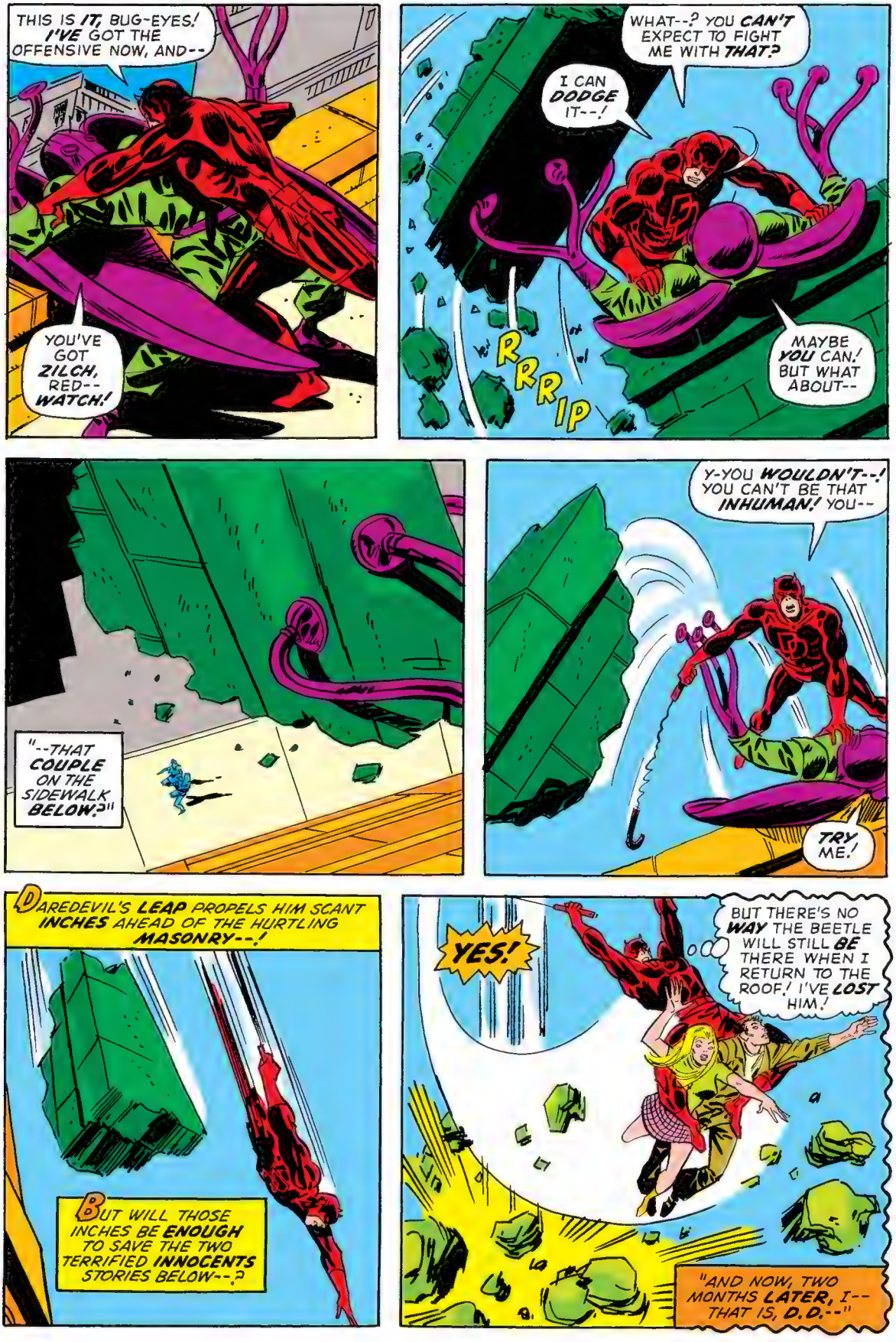

--AND FOR THEIR OWNER'S METAL WINGS!
H-HOLY SMOKES-- YOUR PARTNER--!
PARTNER? WHAT--? THE BEETLE! AWAKE!!

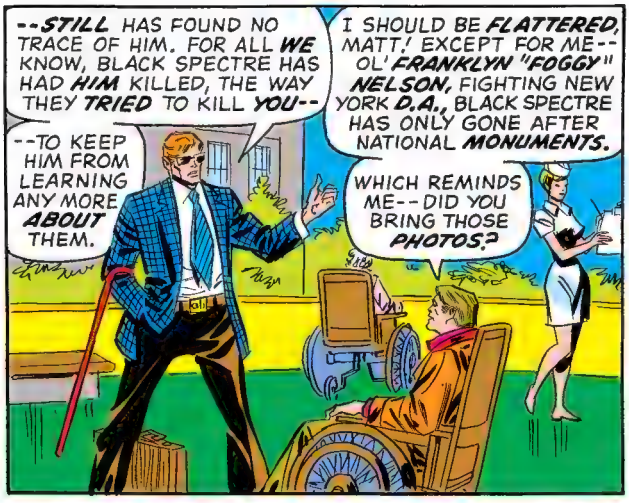
THAM!
DON'T FRET, HORN-HEAD-- I'LL VOUCH FOR YOU!

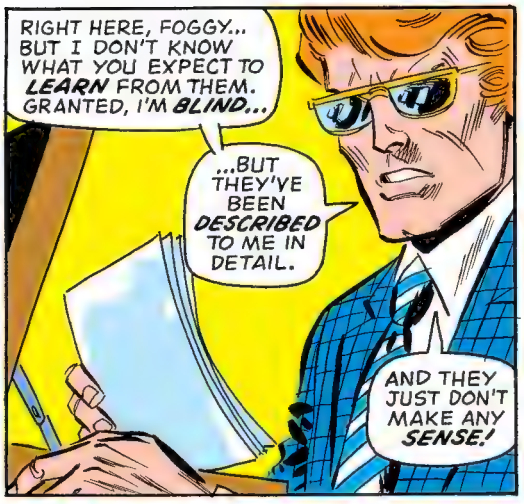
HE'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE, ALL RIGHT--
--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO 'IM--OR YOU!
HE'S GETTING AWAY! WITH THE PLATES!

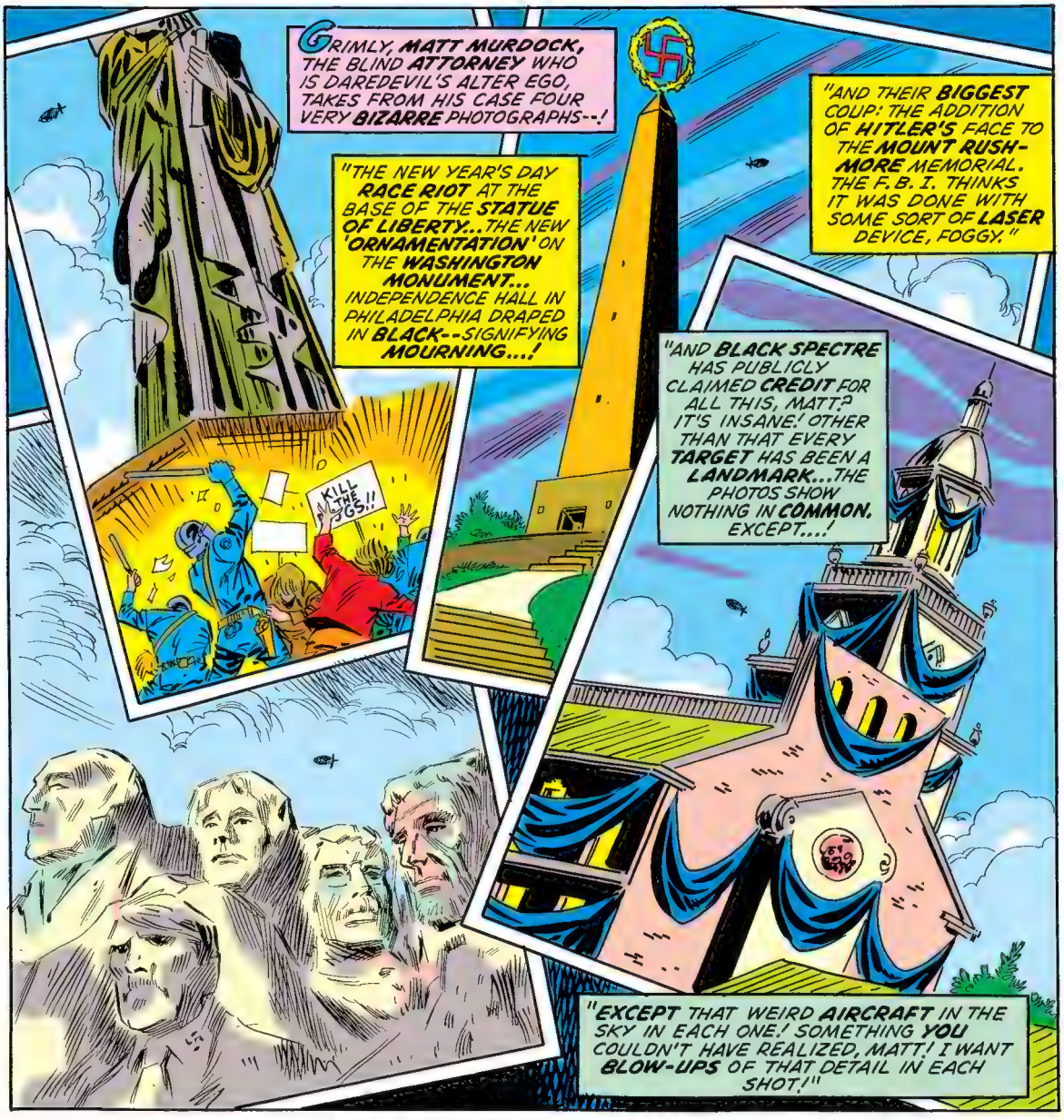

UH-UH. THEY GOT AWAY ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO--VIA A GANG CALLING THEMSELVES BLACK SPECTRE!
BUT THAT'S A WHOLE 'NOTHER STORY.
REMIND ME TO TELL IT TO YOU SOME-TIME...
SPROING!
...AFTER I'VE DEALT WITH OLD IRON WINGS!
THOSE TWO ARE EVEN MORE CONFUSED THAN I AM! WISH I COULD'VE-- WHOA, D.D.! THERE HE IS!
MIND IF I, EH, DROP IN AND CHAT AWHILE-- "PARTNER"?
-UNNGH- DAREDEVIL! YOU FOOL!
WE'RE FALLING-- BOTH OF US!
OH, CUT THE MELODRAMA, BEETLE!
THERE'S A NICE, SOFT ROOF BELOW US!
SEE? YOUR WINGS CUSHIONED YOU, AS USUAL.
YOU'RE SAFE AND SOUND--AND READY FOR ME TO BEAT ON!
THUD!

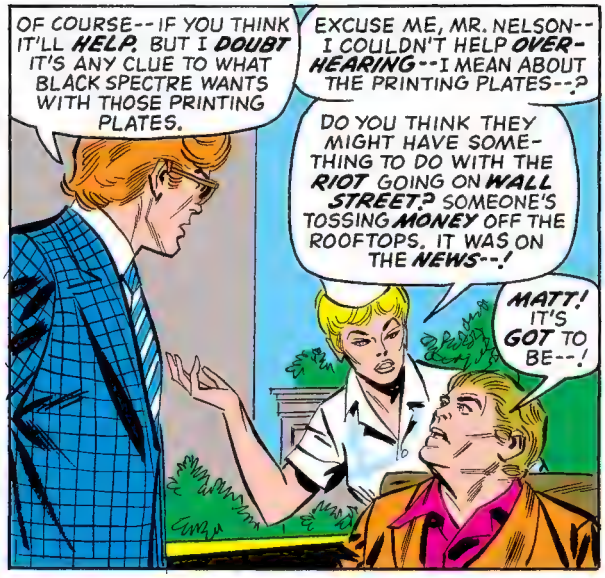

HEY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT A GUY WHO LOOKS OUT FOR YOUR WELFARE LIKE I DO?
SAVE THE JOKES, HERO! YOU COST ME TEN GRAND TONIGHT!
STAIRS
FWAM
THAT'S WHAT THOSE PLATES WERE WORTH TO MY BUYER.
THAT AINT FUNNY-- AND NEITHER IS WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU!
I'M OUT FOR BLOOD, MISTER! AND I WON'T SETTLE FOR--
AAKH
ZOM!
SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY, HUH?
OKAY! BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST--AND I DON'T PLAN TO LET YOU!
BLAST! YOU'RE MORE AGILE THAN I REMEMBERED!
BUT YOU CAN'T EVADE ME FOREVER! EVENTUALLY-- Wha--?
EVENTUALLY--YOU'D KNOCK MY BRAINS OUT WITH THOSE HYDRAULIC FINGERS! TRUE!
HOWEVER, YOU'RE ASSUMING I'M GOING TO WAIT UNTIL "EVENTUALLY" TO STRIKE BACK-- AND I'M NOT!

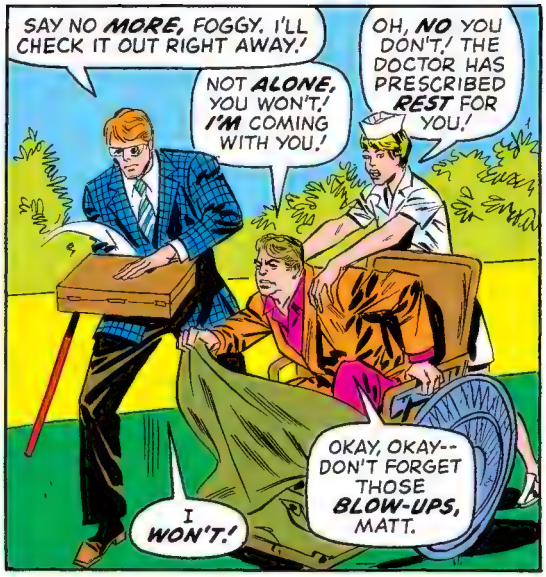

THIS IS IT, BUG-EYES! I'VE GOT THE OFFENSIVE NOW, AND--
YOU'VE GOT ZILCH, RED-- WATCH!
WHAT--? YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO FIGHT ME WITH THAT?
I CAN DODGE IT--!
RRRIP
MAYBE YOU CAN! BUT WHAT ABOUT--
"--THAT COUPLE ON THE SIDEWALK BELOW?"
Y-YOU WOULDN'T--! YOU CAN'T BE THAT INHUMAN! YOU--
TRY ME!
DAREDEVIL'S LEAP PROPELS HIM SCANT INCHES AHEAD OF THE HURTLING MASONRY--!
BUT WILL THOSE INCHES BE ENOUGH TO SAVE THE TWO TERRIFIED INNOCENTS STORIES BELOW--?
YES!
BUT THERE'S NO WAY THE BEETLE WILL STILL BE THERE WHEN I RETURN TO THE ROOF! I'VE LOST HIM!
"AND NOW, TWO MONTHS LATER, I-- THAT IS, D.D.--"

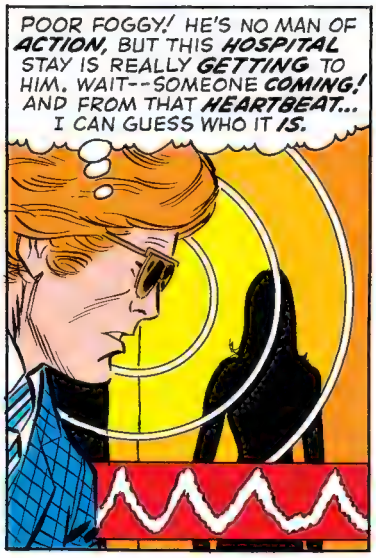

--STILL HAS FOUND NO TRACE OF HIM. FOR ALL WE KNOW, BLACK SPECTRE HAS HAD HIM KILLED, THE WAY THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU--
--TO KEEP HIM FROM LEARNING ANY MORE ABOUT THEM.
I SHOULD BE FLATTERED, MATT! EXCEPT FOR ME--OL' FRANKLYN "FOGGY" NELSON, FIGHTING NEW YORK D.A., BLACK SPECTRE HAS ONLY GONE AFTER NATIONAL MONUMENTS.
WHICH REMINDS ME--DID YOU BRING THOSE PHOTOS?

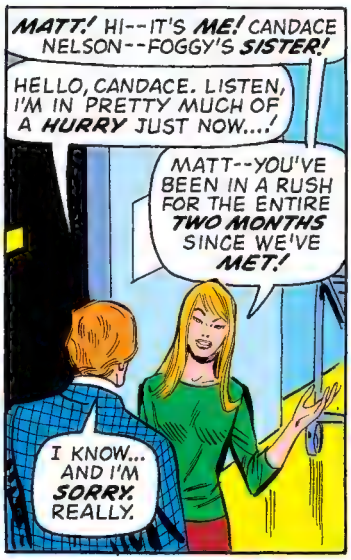

RIGHT HERE, FOGGY... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU EXPECT TO LEARN FROM THEM. GRANTED, I'M BLIND...
...BUT THEY'VE BEEN DESCRIBED TO ME IN DETAIL.
AND THEY JUST DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE!

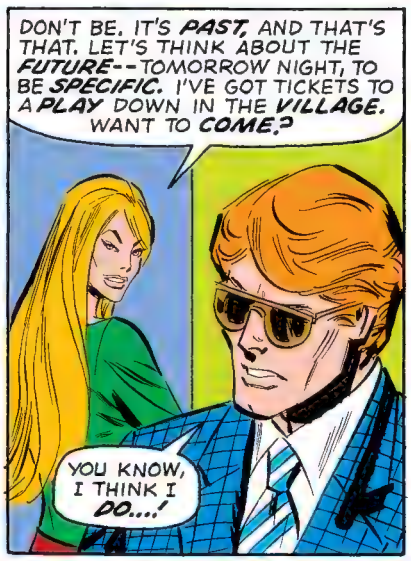

GRIMLY, MATT MURDOCK, THE BLIND ATTORNEY WHO IS DAREDEVIL'S ALTER EGO, TAKES FROM HIS CASE FOUR VERY BIZARRE PHOTOGRAPHS--!
"THE NEW YEAR'S DAY RACE RIOT AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...THE NEW 'ORNAMENTATION' ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT... INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA DRAPED IN BLACK--SIGNIFYING MOURNING...!
KILL THE PIGS!!
"AND THEIR BIGGEST COUP: THE ADDITION OF HITLER'S FACE TO THE MOUNT RUSHMORE MEMORIAL. THE F.B.I. THINKS IT WAS DONE WITH SOME SORT OF LASER DEVICE, FOGGY."
"AND BLACK SPECTRE HAS PUBLICLY CLAIMED CREDIT FOR ALL THIS, MATT? IT'S INSANE! OTHER THAN THAT EVERY TARGET HAS BEEN A LANDMARK...THE PHOTOS SHOW NOTHING IN COMMON. EXCEPT....!
"EXCEPT THAT WEIRD AIRCRAFT IN THE SKY IN EACH ONE! SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T HAVE REALIZED, MATT! I WANT BLOW-UPS OF THAT DETAIL IN EACH SHOT!"

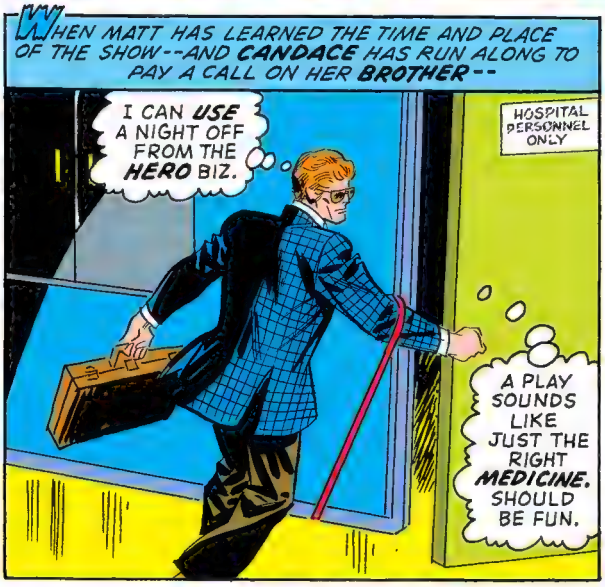

OF COURSE--IF YOU THINK IT'LL HELP. BUT I DOUBT IT'S ANY CLUE TO WHAT BLACK SPECTRE WANTS WITH THOSE PRINTING PLATES.
EXCUSE ME, MR. NELSON--I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING--I MEAN ABOUT THE PRINTING PLATES--?
DO YOU THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE SOME-THING TO DO WITH THE RIOT GOING ON WALL STREET? SOMEONE'S TOSSING MONEY OFF THE ROOFTOPS. IT WAS ON THE NEWS--!
MATT! IT'S GOT TO BE--!

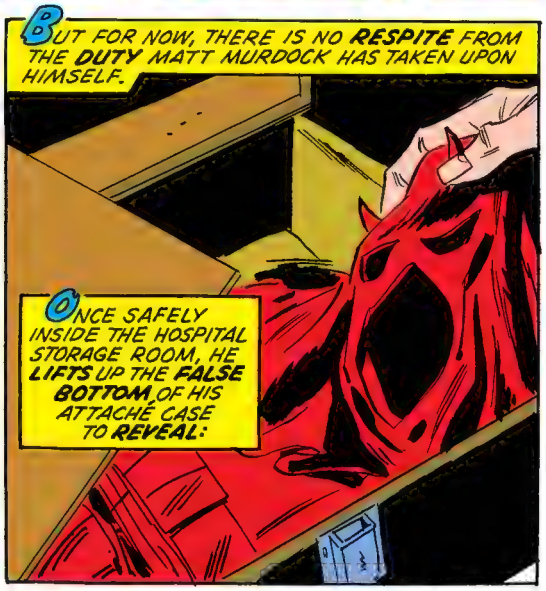

SAY NO MORE, FOGGY. I'LL CHECK IT OUT RIGHT AWAY!
NOT ALONE, YOU WON'T! I'M COMING WITH YOU!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! THE DOCTOR HAS PRESCRIBED REST FOR YOU!
OKAY, OKAY--DON'T FORGET THOSE BLOW-UPS, MATT.
I WON'T!


POOR FOGGY! HE'S NO MAN OF ACTION, BUT THIS HOSPITAL STAY IS REALLY GETTING TO HIM. WAIT--SOMEONE COMING! AND FROM THAT HEARTBEAT... I CAN GUESS WHO IT IS.


MATT! HI--IT'S ME! CANDACE NELSON--FOGGY'S SISTER!
HELLO, CANDACE. LISTEN, I'M IN PRETTY MUCH OF A HURRY JUST NOW...!
MATT--YOU'VE BEEN IN A RUSH FOR THE ENTIRE TWO MONTHS SINCE WE'VE MET!
I KNOW... AND I'M SORRY. REALLY.


DON'T BE. IT'S PAST, AND THAT'S THAT. LET'S THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE--TOMORROW NIGHT, TO BE SPECIFIC. I'VE GOT TICKETS TO A PLAY DOWN IN THE VILLAGE. WANT TO COME?
YOU KNOW, I THINK I DO...!


WHEN MATT HAS LEARNED THE TIME AND PLACE OF THE SHOW--AND CANDACE HAS RUN ALONG TO PAY A CALL ON HER BROTHER--
I CAN USE A NIGHT OFF FROM THE HERO BIZ.
HOSPITAL PERSONNEL ONLY
A PLAY SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE RIGHT MEDICINE. SHOULD BE FUN.


BUT FOR NOW, THERE IS NO RESPITE FROM THE DUTY MATT MURDOCK HAS TAKEN UPON HIMSELF.
ONCE SAFELY INSIDE THE HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM, HE LIFTS UP THE FALSE BOTTOM OF HIS ATTACHÉ CASE TO REVEAL:

THE COSTUME AND WEAPONRY OF DAREDEVIL! THE GLEAMING, SILKY, FORM-FITTING GARB PULLS ON ...THEN THE SOFT, SUPPLE LEATHER BOOTS AND GLOVES ...AND FINALLY THE HOLSTER-BELT--

--THE SHEATH FOR ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE, YET ONE OF THE SIMPLEST SUPERHERO WEAPONS OF ALL-- DAREDEVIL'S ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB!

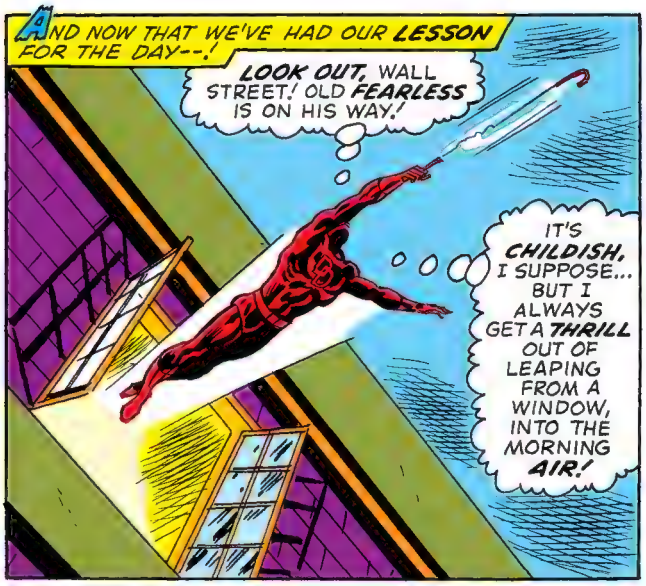
BUT WHERE IS THAT WEAPON, YOU ASK? IT'S HANGING ON DAREDEVIL'S ARM, CAMOUFLAGED AS MATT MURDOCK'S BLIND-MAN'S CANE!

THAT CANE SNAPS APART INTO TWO SECTIONS, ONE A SOLID WOODEN STICK, DELICATELY BALANCED FOR THROWING. MATT SLIPS THAT SECTION TIGHTLY AWAY.

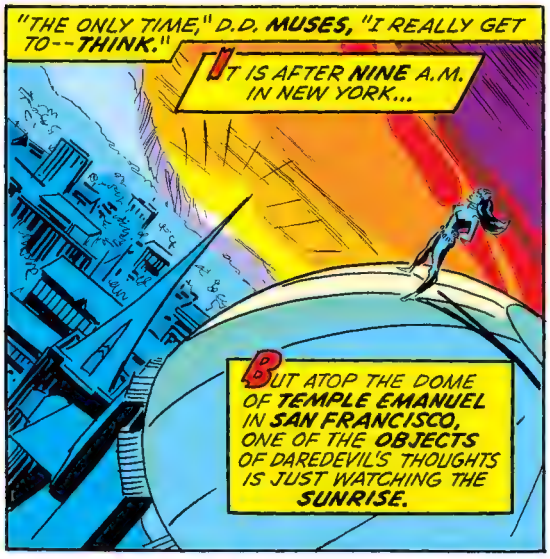
THEN, HE TESTS THE OTHER SECTION--THE GRAPPLE HOOK AND LINE! HIS FINGER DEPRESSES A BUTTON ON THE BILLY CLUB'S SHAFT-- AND A SPRING MECHANISM WITHIN THE SHAFT...

...FIRES THE CANE'S HANDLE ON A SLIM BUT STRONG CABLE! AND SO PRECISE IS DAREDEVIL'S RADAR SENSE-ASSISTED AIM, THAT HE CAN USE THIS HOOK AND LINE FOR ROOF-TO-ROOF TRANSPORTATION AS WELL AS IN COMBAT! A SECOND PRESS OF THE BUTTON RETRACTS THE CABLE AND RENDERS THE CURVE-HINGED HOOK PERFECTLY STRAIGHT TO BE DEPOSITED IN THE HOLSTER!

÷whew÷


AND NOW THAT WE'VE HAD OUR LESSON FOR THE DAY--!
LOOK OUT, WALL STREET! OLD FEARLESS IS ON HIS WAY!
IT'S CHILDISH, I SUPPOSE... BUT I ALWAYS GET A THRILL OUT OF LEAPING FROM A WINDOW, INTO THE MORNING AIR!

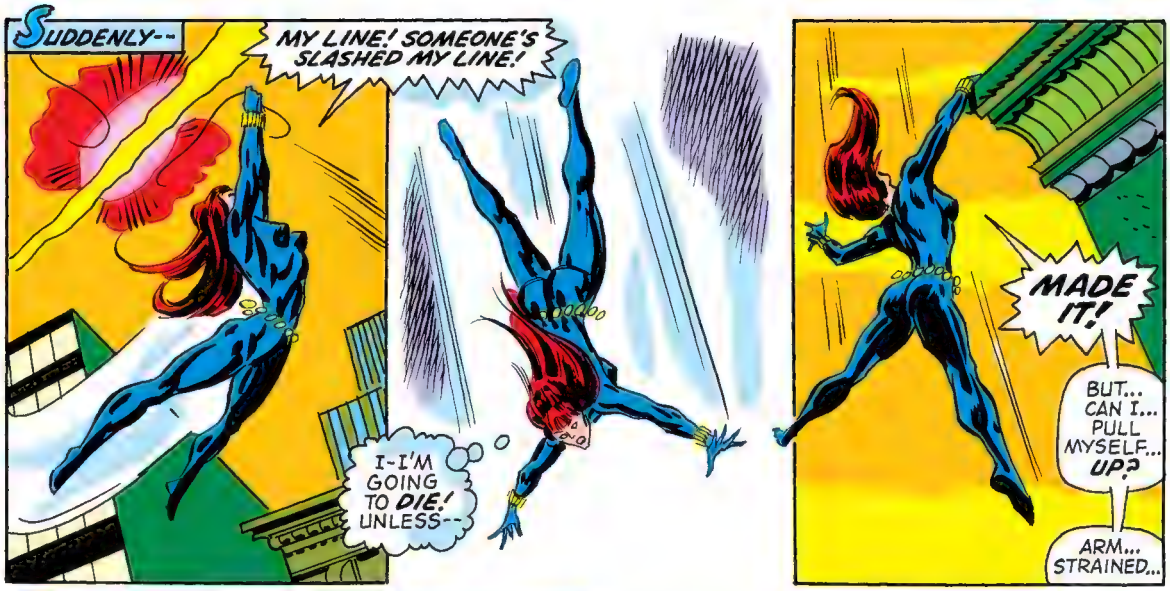
SWINGING AROUND LIKE THIS SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY TIME I TRULY HAVE TO MYSELF.

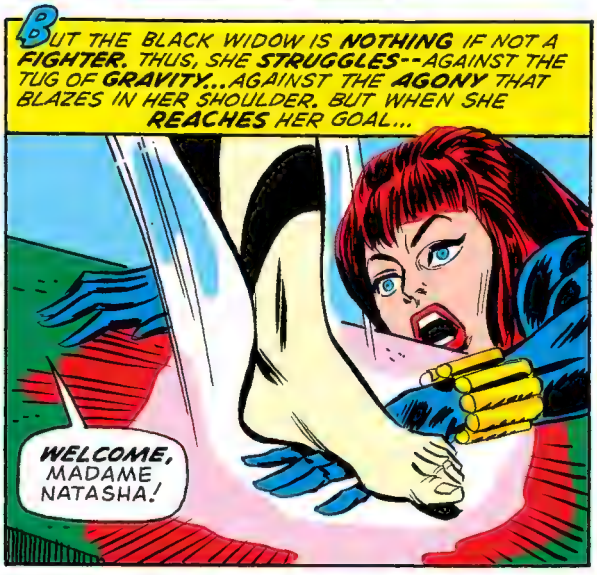

"THE ONLY TIME," D.D. MUSES, "I REALLY GET TO--THINK."
IT IS AFTER NINE A.M. IN NEW YORK...
BUT ATOP THE DOME OF TEMPLE EMANUEL IN SAN FRANCISCO, ONE OF THE OBJECTS OF DAREDEVIL'S THOUGHTS IS JUST WATCHING THE SUNRISE.

SHE IS MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF... SOMETIMES CALLED THE BLACK WIDOW. AND FOR ALMOST A YEAR, SHE WAS LOVER... AND CONFIDANT... AND EVEN LANDLADY TO THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER.
NOW, HE HAS BEEN OUT OF HER LIFE FOR TWO MONTHS.
AND TRY THOUGH SHE MIGHT... SHE CANNOT FORGET HIM.

BUT I MUST... PUT HIM OUT OF MY MIND. I'VE BEEN STAGNATING-- EMOTIONALLY, INTELLECTUALLY-- EVER SINCE HE LEFT.
...THE BEST I'VE SHARED WITH ANY MAN--EVEN MY LATE HUSBAND.*
I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY. IF IT'S OVER... IT'S OVER. IT WAS A GOOD YEAR...
*THE RUSSIAN SUPERHERO CALLED THE RED GUARDIAN. --R.T.

THERE'S NOTHING TO REGRET... NOTHING TO GRIEVE OVER.
IT ENDED BECAUSE WE ARE WHO WE ARE... AND NEITHER OF US WISHED TO CHANGE.
SO NOW, NATASHA, YOU SIMPLY TAKE YOUR CUE FROM THE DAWN. YOU BEGIN AGAIN-- AND TRY TO MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN.


SUDDENLY--
MY LINE! SOMEONE'S SLASHED MY LINE!
I-I'M GOING TO DIE! UNLESS--
MADE IT!
BUT... CAN I... PULL MYSELF... UP?
ARM... STRAINED...

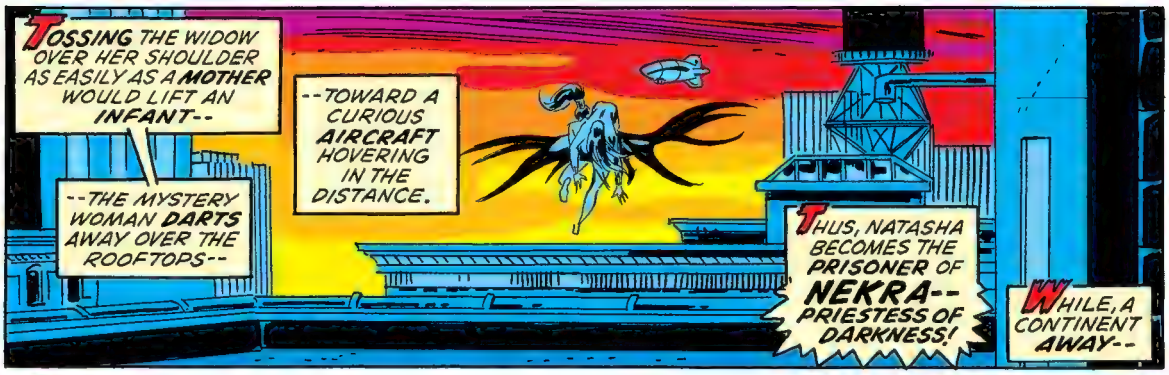

BUT THE BLACK WIDOW IS NOTHING IF NOT A FIGHTER. THUS, SHE STRUGGLES--AGAINST THE TUG OF GRAVITY...AGAINST THE AGONY THAT BLAZES IN HER SHOULDER. BUT WHEN SHE REACHES HER GOAL...
WELCOME, MADAME NATASHA!

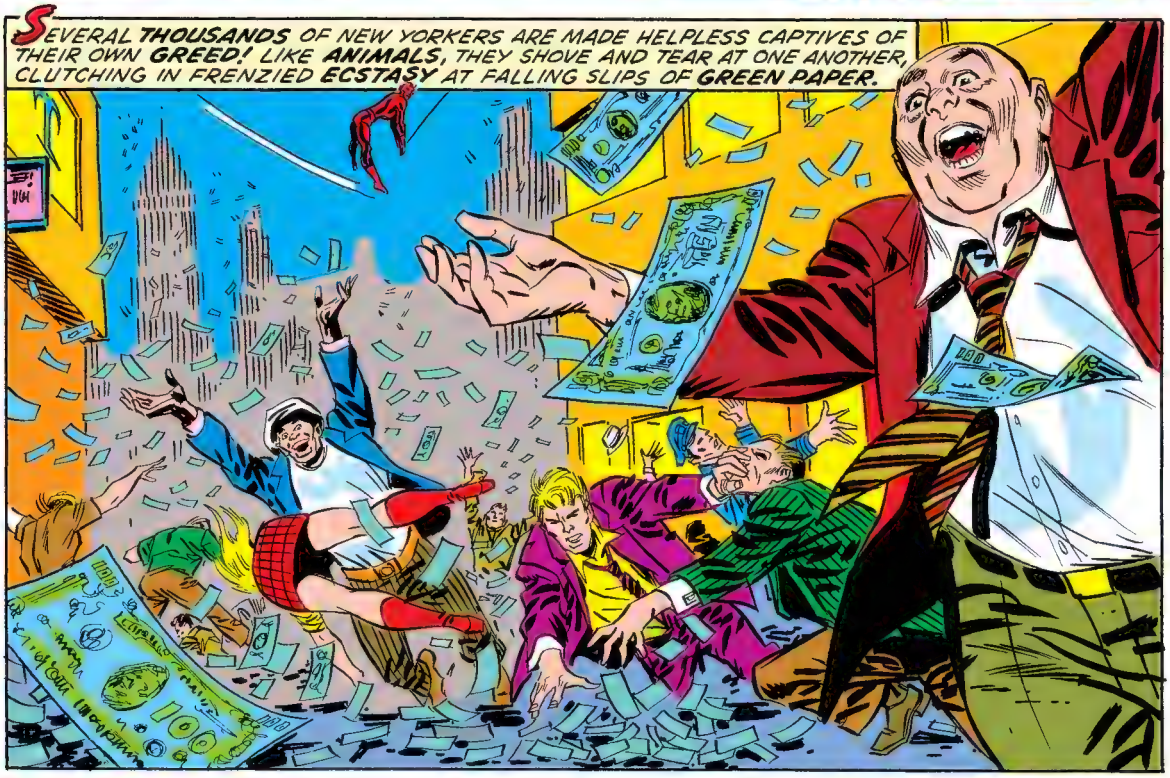
HERE--LET ME ASSIST YOU. YOU'VE HAD A NASTY, NASTY FALL, HAVEN'T YOU?
I HAD A VERY "NASTY" AMBUSH. YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, WOULD YOU?

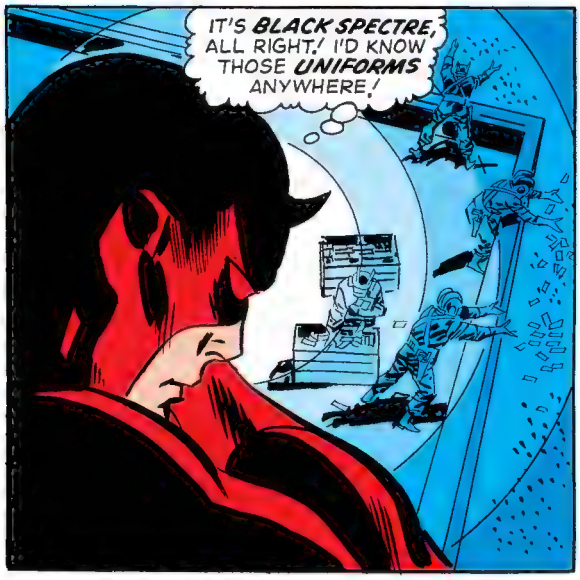
I--? WHY, OF COURSE, I WOULD!
I WOULD KNOW EVERY-THING ABOUT IT!
WHAM!

UNDERSTAND, BLACK WIDOW--I DISLIKE THIS ALMOST THEATRICAL MANNER OF EXHIBITING MY POWER. BUT YOU MUST BE MADE TO REALIZE THE EXTENT OF THE FORCE YOU WILL BE OPPOSING--
--IF YOU REFUSE TO JOIN US.
JOIN--? JOIN WHOM? FOR WHAT PURPOSE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

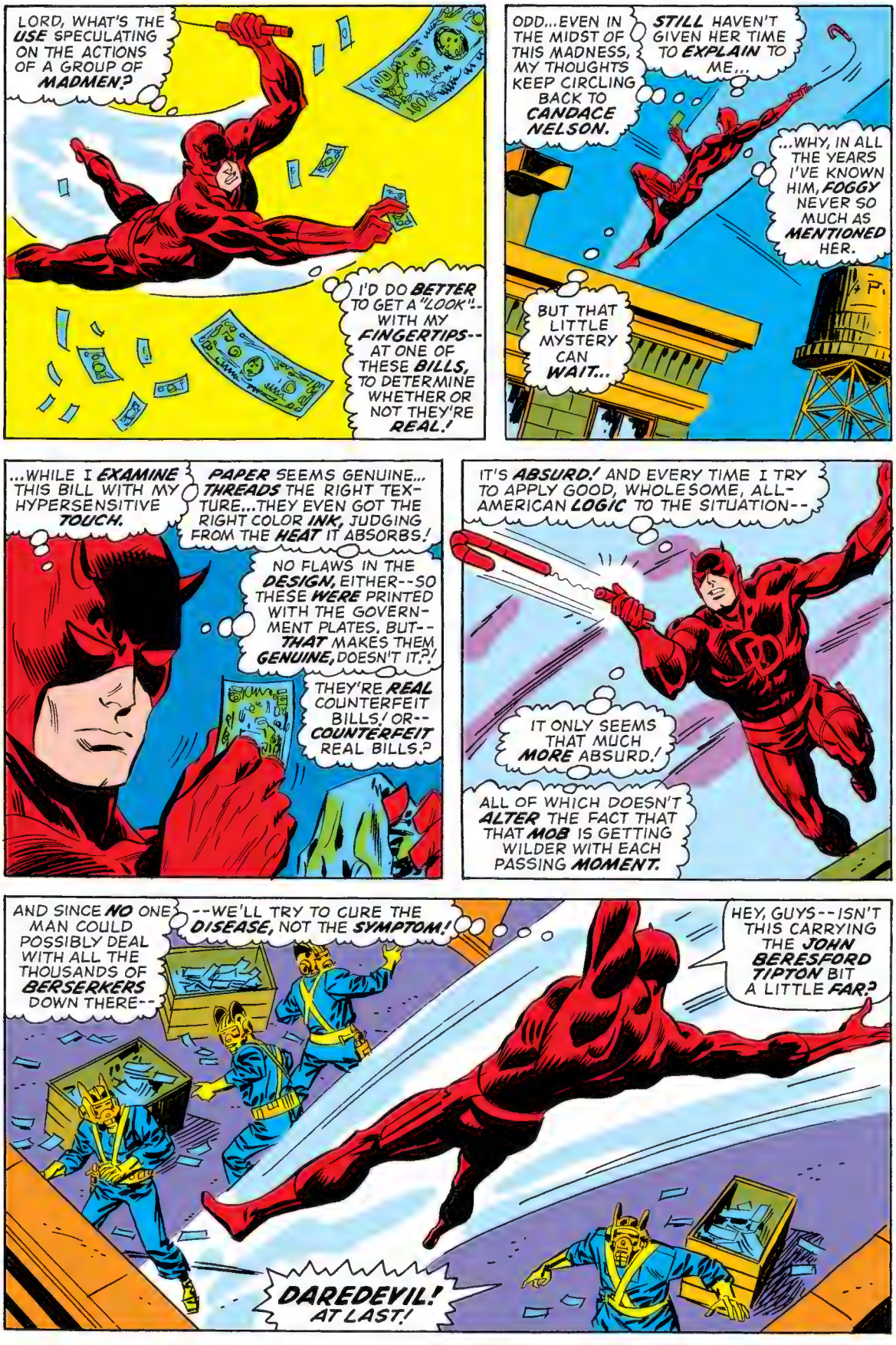
WE SEEK YOUR HELP, BLACK WIDOW--IN EFFECTING THE TRIUMPH OF BLACK SPECTRE...
...AND THE DEATH OF DAREDEVIL!
YOU'RE MAD! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D--
-UNNGH-
Y-YOU'RE STILL STANDING?! BUT I TACKLED YOU WITH ALL MY STRENGTH! I-- OW!
WHY NOT TRY YOUR WIDOW'S STING?
YES, YES--THAT'S RIGHT. FIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN! SEE HOW INEFFECTUAL YOUR WEAPON IS AGAINST THE POWER OF--
HATE!
FIRE TEN BLASTS--OR TEN THOUSAND! YOU CANNOT STOP ME. YOU CANNOT STOP THE MARCH OF--
HATE!
NO! YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! STAY BACK! STAY--
THAM!
YOU WILL JOIN US, BLACK WIDOW...IN TIME. WHEN YOU MEET OUR LEADER-- GAZE INTO HIS EYES-- LEARN OF HIS SACRED CAUSE--!
IT WILL APPEAL, I THINK, TO YOUR RUSSIAN SPIRIT.
WE SHALL SEE.

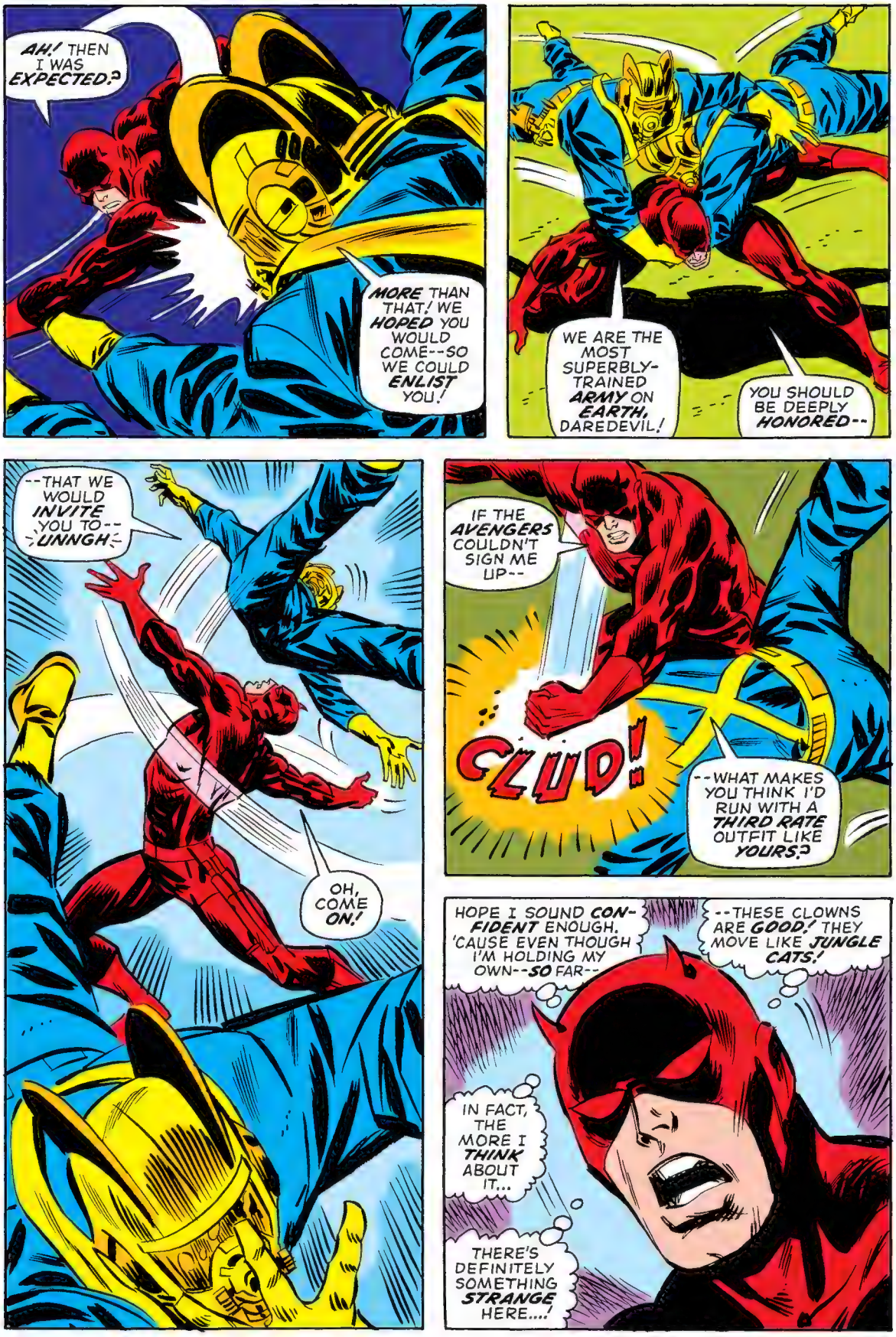

TOSSING THE WIDOW OVER HER SHOULDER AS EASILY AS A MOTHER WOULD LIFT AN INFANT--
--THE MYSTERY WOMAN DARTS AWAY OVER THE ROOFTOPS--
--TOWARD A CURIOUS AIRCRAFT HOVERING IN THE DISTANCE.
THUS, NATASHA BECOMES THE PRISONER OF NEKRA-- PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS!
WHILE, A CONTINENT AWAY--


SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF NEW YORKERS ARE MADE HELPLESS CAPTIVES OF THEIR OWN GREED! LIKE ANIMALS, THEY SHOVE AND TEAR AT ONE ANOTHER, CLUTCHING IN FRENZIED ECSTASY AT FALLING SLIPS OF GREEN PAPER.

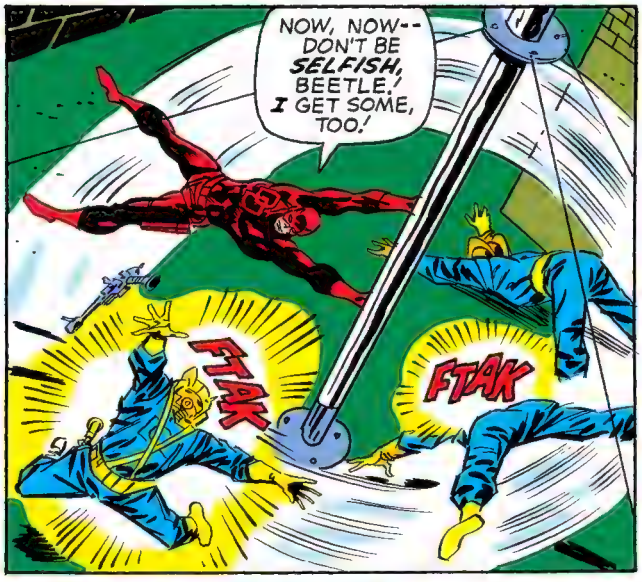

IT'S BLACK SPECTRE, ALL RIGHT! I'D KNOW THOSE UNIFORMS ANYWHERE!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SOMEONE GETS KILLED IN THE CHAOS DOWN TH--WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?!
BUT WHY WOULD THEY--?
A FILM CREW?! IN BLACK SPECTRE OUTFITS?!
TEN SECONDS TO RELOADING! NINE--
--EIGHT
--SEVEN
--SIX--


LORD, WHAT'S THE USE SPECULATING ON THE ACTIONS OF A GROUP OF MADMEN?
I'D DO BETTER TO GET A "LOOK"-- WITH MY FINGERTIPS-- AT ONE OF THESE BILLS, TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT THEY'RE REAL!
ODD...EVEN IN THE MIDST OF THIS MADNESS, MY THOUGHTS KEEP CIRCLING BACK TO CANDACE NELSON.
STILL HAVEN'T GIVEN HER TIME TO EXPLAIN TO ME...
...WHY, IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE KNOWN HIM, FOGGY NEVER SO MUCH AS MENTIONED HER.
BUT THAT LITTLE MYSTERY CAN WAIT...
...WHILE I EXAMINE THIS BILL WITH MY HYPERSENSITIVE TOUCH.
PAPER SEEMS GENUINE... THREADS THE RIGHT TEXTURE...THEY EVEN GOT THE RIGHT COLOR INK, JUDGING FROM THE HEAT IT ABSORBS!
NO FLAWS IN THE DESIGN, EITHER--SO THESE WERE PRINTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT PLATES. BUT-- THAT MAKES THEM GENUINE, DOESN'T IT?!
THEY'RE REAL COUNTERFEIT BILLS! OR-- COUNTERFEIT REAL BILLS?
IT'S ABSURD! AND EVERY TIME I TRY TO APPLY GOOD, WHOLESOME, ALL-AMERICAN LOGIC TO THE SITUATION--
IT ONLY SEEMS THAT MUCH MORE ABSURD!
ALL OF WHICH DOESN'T ALTER THE FACT THAT THAT MOB IS GETTING WILDER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.
AND SINCE NO ONE MAN COULD POSSIBLY DEAL WITH ALL THE THOUSANDS OF BERSERKERS DOWN THERE--
--WE'LL TRY TO CURE THE DISEASE, NOT THE SYMPTOM!
HEY, GUYS--ISN'T THIS CARRYING THE JOHN BERESFORD TIPTON BIT A LITTLE FAR?
DAREDEVIL! AT LAST!

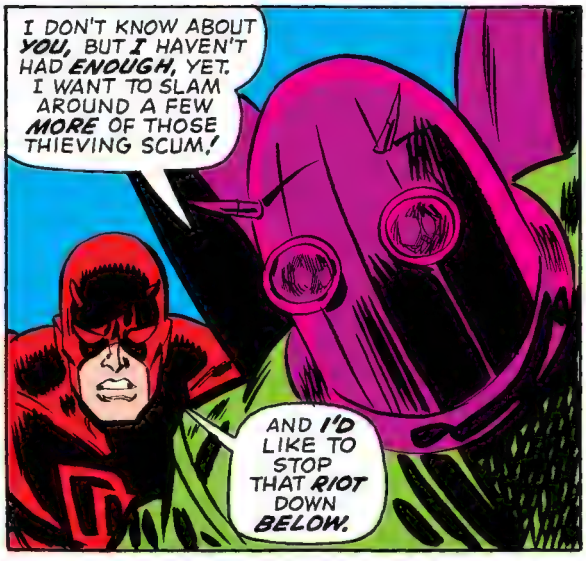

AH! THEN I WAS EXPECTED?
MORE THAN THAT! WE HOPED YOU WOULD COME--SO WE COULD ENLIST YOU!
WE ARE THE MOST SUPERBLY-TRAINED ARMY ON EARTH, DAREDEVIL!
YOU SHOULD BE DEEPLY HONORED--
--THAT WE WOULD INVITE YOU TO-- UNNGH
OH, COME ON!
IF THE AVENGERS COULDN'T SIGN ME UP--
CLUD!
--WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D RUN WITH A THIRD RATE OUTFIT LIKE YOURS?
HOPE I SOUND CONFIDENT ENOUGH, 'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'M HOLDING MY OWN--SO FAR--
--THESE CLOWNS ARE GOOD! THEY MOVE LIKE JUNGLE CATS!
IN FACT, THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT...
THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING STRANGE HERE...!

"THEIR FIGHTING STANCE--THE WAY THEY SWING THEIR ARMS... IT'S POWERFUL, BUT GRACEFUL, TOO!
"AND FROM THE SOFTNESS OF THE THUD THEY MAKE LANDING ON THEIR FEET--THEY DON'T WEIGH AS MUCH AS THEIR BULK WOULD INDICATE.
"IN FACT...NOW THAT I LISTEN CAREFULLY...THEIR HEARTBEATS ARE ODDLY RAPID, ALSO....!
"AND THEIR VOICES--EVEN MUFFLED BY THOSE MASKS--THEY CAN'T ALL BE BARITONES! THIS IS ADDING UP TO SOMETHING I DON'T BELIEVE!"
CAN IT BE? HAVE I REALLY BEEN SLUGGING IT OUT WITH AN ARMY OF--
BUT D.D.'S LINE OF REASONING IS SUDDENLY BISECTED--BY A MOST UNEXPECTED ENTRANCE!
OUTTA THE WAY, RED! FOR YOU, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ROUND OF DO-GOOD-ING!
BUT FOR ME--IT'S AN A-1 GRUDGE MATCH!

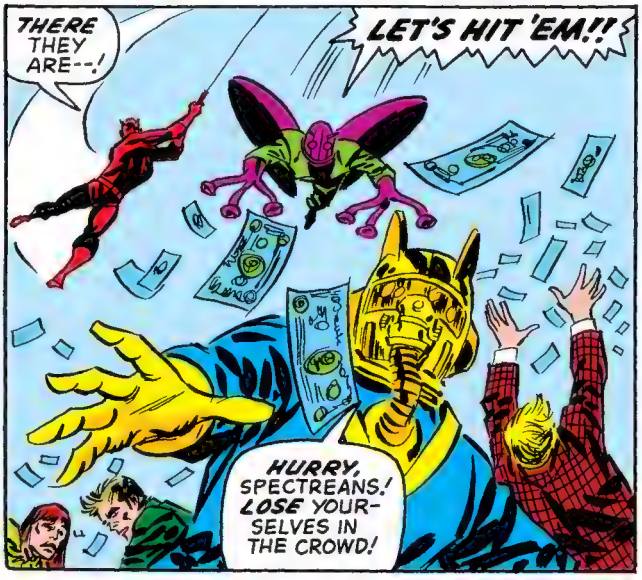

NOW, NOW-- DON'T BE SELFISH, BEETLE! I GET SOME, TOO!
FTAK
FTAK

THOOM!
I'M NOT PLAYIN' FOR FUN, HERO! THIS IS PURE BUSINESS!

THE TWO OF THEM TOGETHER ARE TOO POWERFUL! RETREAT!
THE SACRED CAUSE WILL NOT BE SERVED BY OUR CAPTURE!
FREIGHT ELEVATOR
HURRY! TO THE STREET!


I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH, YET. I WANT TO SLAM AROUND A FEW MORE OF THOSE THIEVING SCUM!
AND I'D LIKE TO STOP THAT RIOT DOWN BELOW.

SO--EVEN THOUGH WE'VE OUR OWN SCORE TO SETTLE, YOU AND I...
THE INNOCENT LIVES AT STAKE COME FIRST! I'M WITH YOU!


THERE THEY ARE--!
LET'S HIT 'EM!!
HURRY, SPECTREANS! LOSE YOURSELVES IN THE CROWD!

FUNNY...WHAT STRANGE BEDFELLOWS A COMMON ENEMY CAN CREATE!
DID YOU EVER EXPECT TO BE FIGHTING ALONGSIDE ME, BEETLE?
I HOPE YOU'RE KIDDIN', MAN--'CAUSE I DON'T FIGHT ALONGSIDE ANYBODY!
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU--?
I'M LOOKIN' OUT FOR NUMBER ONE --AN' NOBODY ELSE! SO BEFORE YOU GET ANY FANCY IDEAS--
S'POZE WE TERMINATE THIS PARTNERSHIP, HERE--
--AND NOW!
MOST OF THE BLACK WHATSIS CHARACTERS HAVE ALREADY CLEARED OUT, ANYHOW.
SO I'LL JUST GRAB SOME OF WHAT'S COMIN' TO ME--
--AND HEAD FOR THE HILLS MYSELF! SLEEP TIGHT--"PARTNER!"
IT IS SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
...WHEN ANOTHER WHOLLY UNEXPECTED VOICE WAKES D.D.!
C'MON, HORN-HEAD--UP! NO SLEEPING ON THE JOB!
POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA?! DID THE BEETLE BELT ME ALL THE WAY BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO--?
OR WAS IT ALL A BAD DREAM?
NEITHER! ON YOUR FEET--AND I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

--SO LIKE I TOLD D.D., MURDOCK... I ARRIVED BACK FROM AFRICA TODAY--HEARD ABOUT D.D. BEING IN TOWN... AND DECIDED TO OFFER MY HELP. HE SENT ME HERE.
WE HEARD ABOUT YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER BEING MURDERED IN AFRICA, SIR. I'M SORRY--
LET'S NOT DISCUSS IT-- OKAY?
UNDERSTOOD.
ANYTHING INTERESTING IN THOSE BLOW-UPS, FOGGY?
"I'LL SAY THERE IS, MATTHEW! THE AIRCRAFT IN ALL THE PHOTOS IS THE SAME: A DIRIGIBLE--A BLIMP! BUT THAT RAISES AS MANY QUESTIONS AS IT ANSWERS!
"LIKE--WHY WOULD ANYONE USE A DIRIGIBLE IN 1973?
"AND WHAT FOR? AND WHOSE IS IT? WHO'S BEHIND BLACK SPECTRE?"
PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER THAT, MR. NELSON.
HE'S THE SAME MAN WHO KILLED MY FATHER--WHO WAS ALSO YOUR BROTHER, UNCLE ROBERT "IRONGUTS" O'HARA!
OR DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR NIECE: DOCTOR SHANNA O'HARA--
SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL!
NEXT: FOLLOW D.D. AND THE THING INTO THAT DIRIGIBLE IN TWO-IN-ONE #3 NOW ON SALE!
AND NEXT MONTH: REJOIN US IN DAREDEVIL #110 TO LEARN THE EERIE ORIGIN OF BLACK SPECTRE-- AND THE MIND-BOGGLING SECRET OF ITS LEADER!
DON'T MISS IT--!
OR BIRI WILL BITE YOU!

MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE
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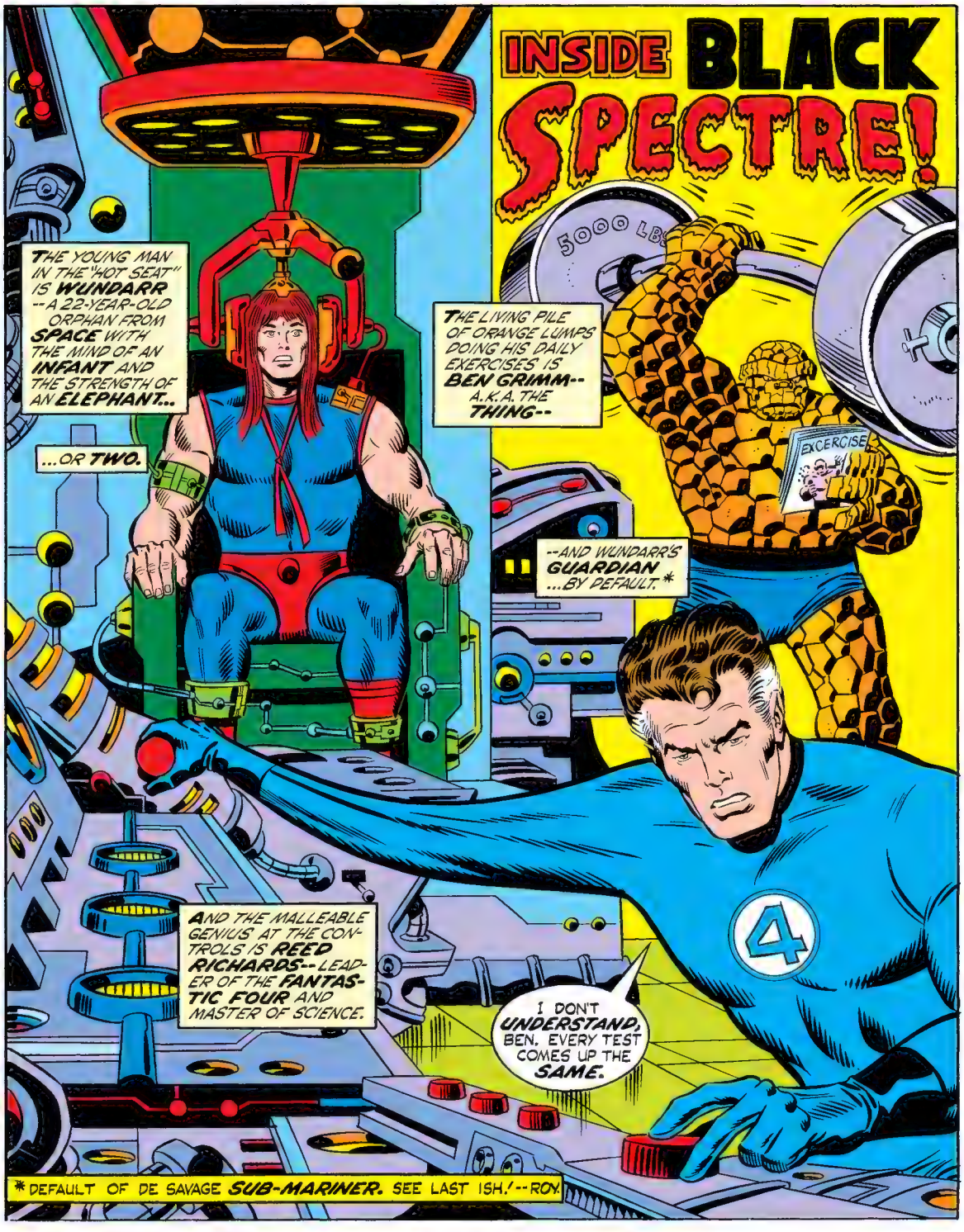
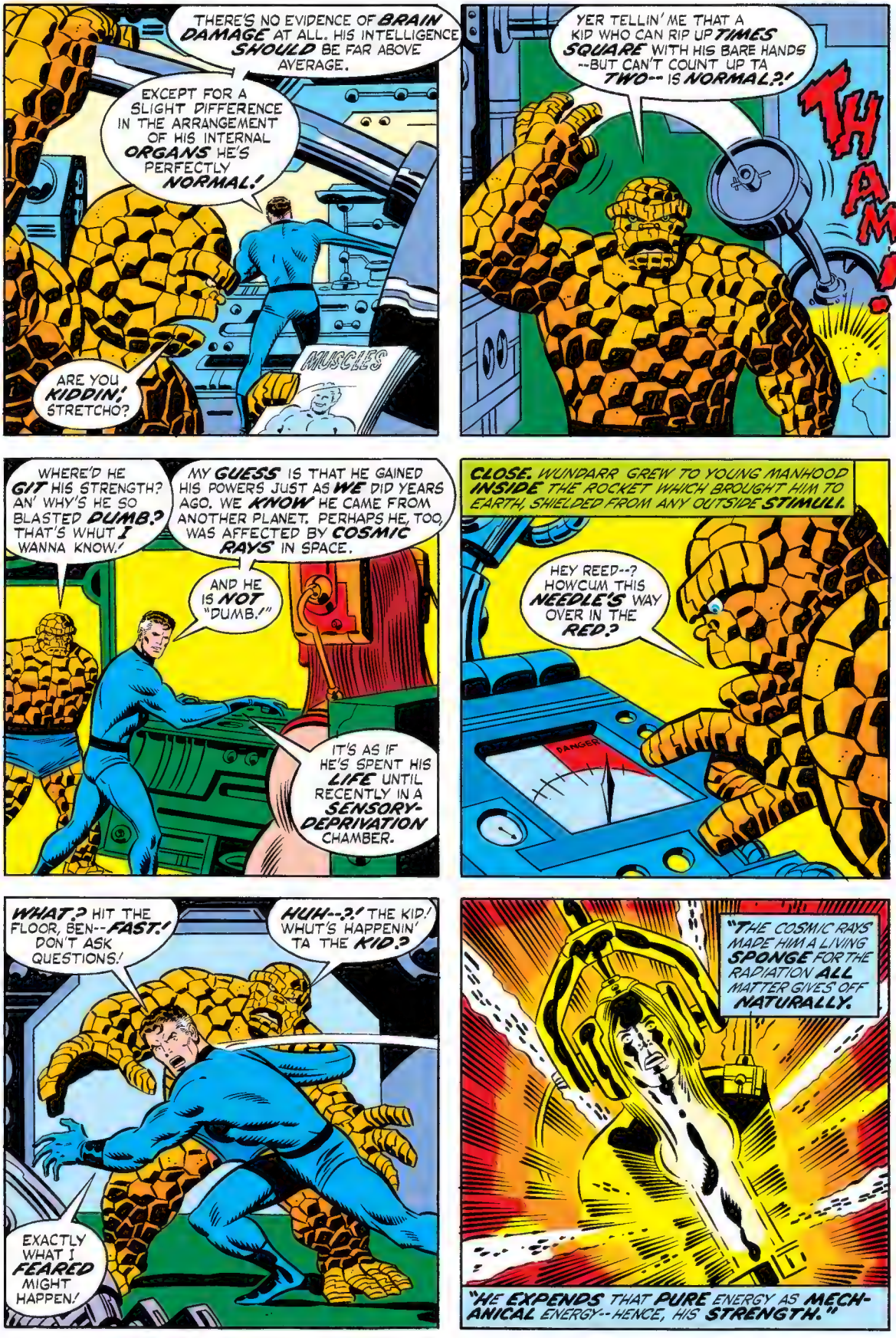
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE™
PRESENTS
THE THING AND DAREDEVIL®
MOVE IT, HORNHEAD! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!
BUT--I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
NOT WHEN ONE OF THOSE I MUST DESTROY IS--THE BLACK WIDOW!

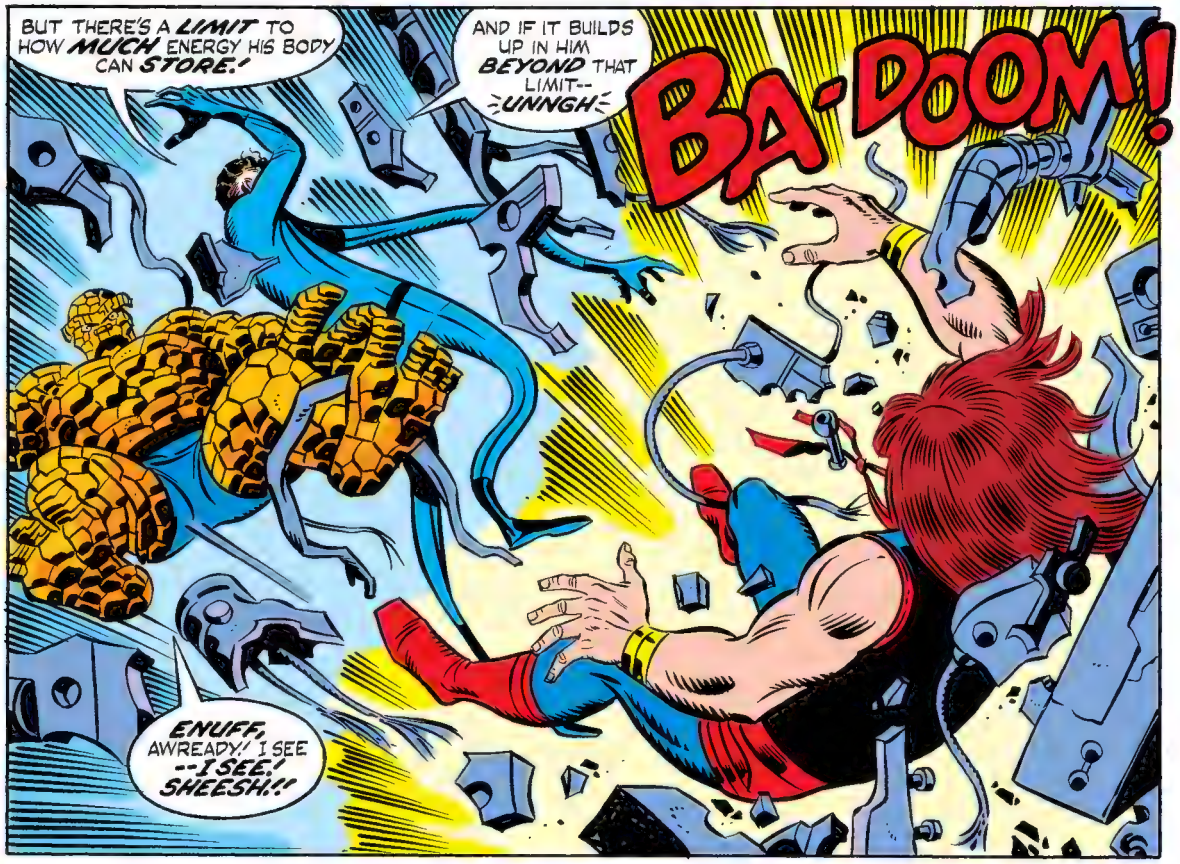
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE THING AND DAREDEVIL--TOGETHER! ™

STEVE GERBER Writer / SAL BUSCEMA Artist / JOE SINNOTT Inker / DAVE HUNT, Letterer / P. GOLDBERG, Colorist / ROY THOMAS Editor


INSIDE BLACK SPECTRE!
THE YOUNG MAN IN THE "HOT SEAT" IS WUNDARR --A 22-YEAR-OLD ORPHAN FROM SPACE WITH THE MIND OF AN INFANT AND THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT..
...OR TWO.
THE LIVING PILE OF ORANGE LUMPS DOING HIS DAILY EXERCISES IS BEN GRIMM-- A.K.A. THE THING--
5000 LB
EXCERCISE
--AND WUNDARR'S GUARDIAN ...BY DEFAULT. *
AND THE MALLEABLE GENIUS AT THE CONTROLS IS REED RICHARDS--LEADER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND MASTER OF SCIENCE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BEN. EVERY TEST COMES UP THE SAME.
4

* DEFAULT OF DE SAVAGE SUB-MARINER. SEE LAST ISH.!--ROY.


THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF BRAIN DAMAGE AT ALL. HIS INTELLIGENCE SHOULD BE FAR ABOVE AVERAGE.
EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF HIS INTERNAL ORGANS HE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL!
MUSCLES
ARE YOU KIDDIN', STRETCHO?
YER TELLIN' ME THAT A KID WHO CAN RIP UP TIMES SQUARE WITH HIS BARE HANDS --BUT CAN'T COUNT UP TA TWO-- IS NORMAL?!
THAM!
WHERE'D HE GIT HIS STRENGTH? AN' WHY'S HE SO BLASTED DUMB? THAT'S WHUT I WANNA KNOW!
MY GUESS IS THAT HE GAINED HIS POWERS JUST AS WE DID YEARS AGO. WE KNOW HE CAME FROM ANOTHER PLANET. PERHAPS HE, TOO, WAS AFFECTED BY COSMIC RAYS IN SPACE.
AND HE IS NOT "DUMB!"
IT'S AS IF HE'S SPENT HIS LIFE UNTIL RECENTLY IN A SENSORY-DEPRIVATION CHAMBER.
CLOSE. WUNDARR GREW TO YOUNG MANHOOD INSIDE THE ROCKET WHICH BROUGHT HIM TO EARTH, SHIELDED FROM ANY OUTSIDE STIMULI.
HEY REED--? HOWCUM THIS NEEDLE'S WAY OVER IN THE RED?
DANGER
WHAT? HIT THE FLOOR, BEN-- FAST! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!
HUH--?! THE KID! WHUT'S HAPPENIN' TA THE KID?
EXACTLY WHAT I FEARED MIGHT HAPPEN!
"THE COSMIC RAYS" MADE HIM A LIVING SPONGE FOR THE RADIATION ALL MATTER GIVES OFF NATURALLY.
"HE EXPENDS THAT PURE ENERGY AS MECHANICAL ENERGY-- HENCE, HIS STRENGTH."


BUT THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW MUCH ENERGY HIS BODY CAN STORE!
AND IF IT BUILDS UP IN HIM BEYOND THAT LIMIT-- =UNNGH=
BA-DOOM!
ENUFF, AWREADY! I SEE --I SEE! SHEESH!!

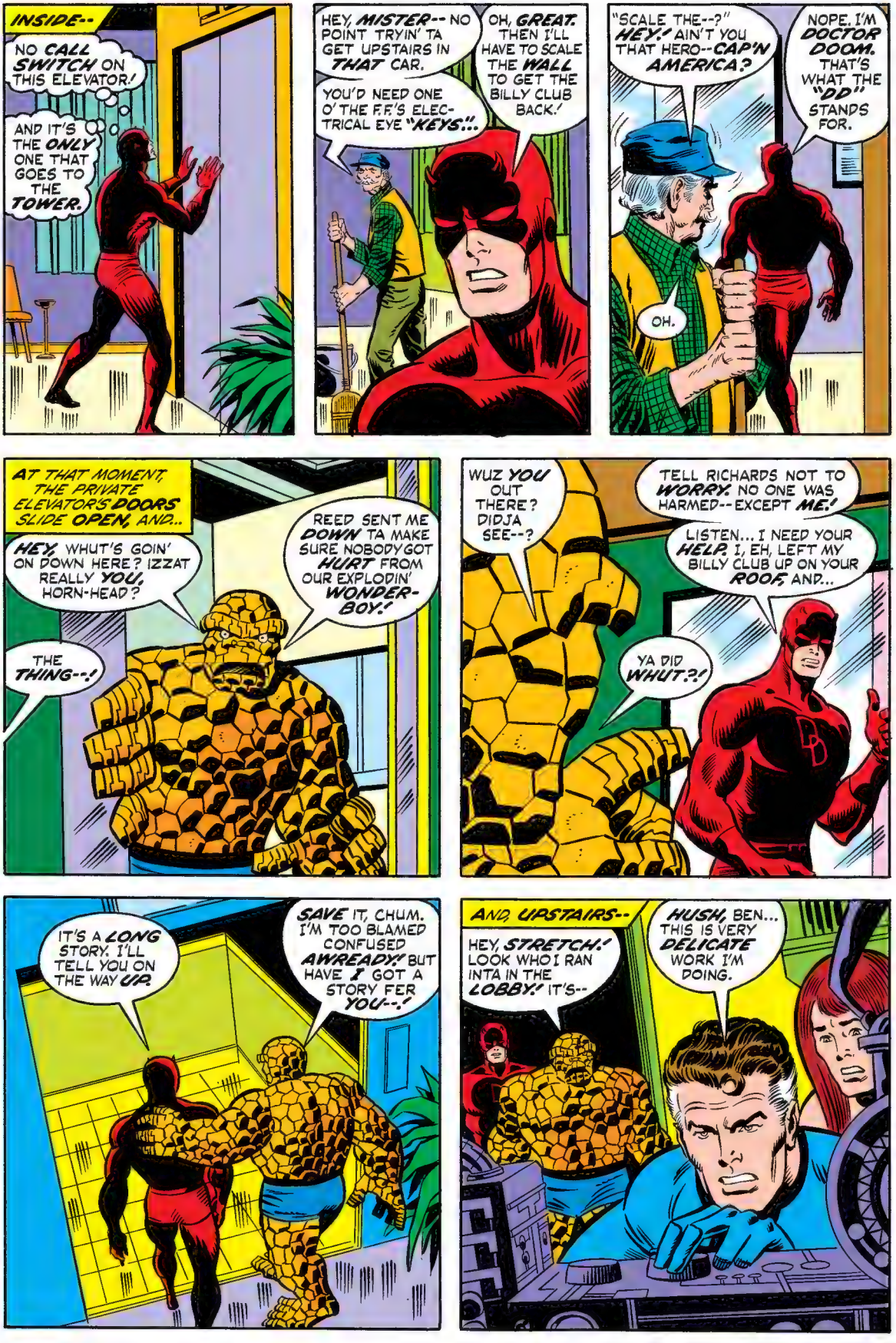
THE SHOCK WAVES EMANATE FROM WUNDARR'S BODY IN A PERFECT CIRCLE...
...HURLING BEN AND REED BACKWARD-- AND CHUNKS OF THE BAXTER BUILDING OUTWARD...

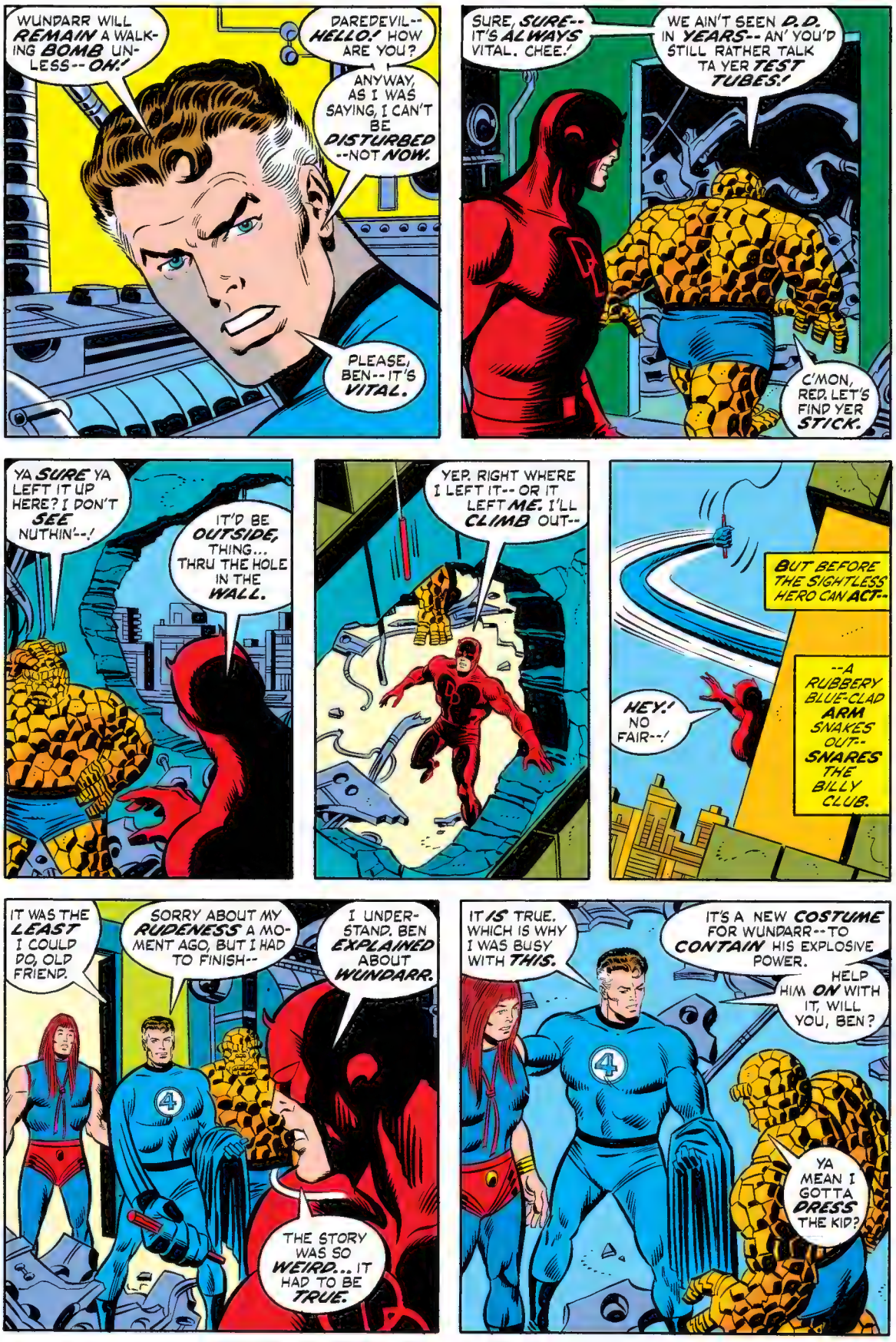
...TOWARD A CERTAIN UNSUSPECTING MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
EXPLOSION ...NEARBY...! COULD IT BE BLACK SPECTRE STRIKING AGAIN?
WAIT-- SOMETHING WHIZZING THRU THE AIR--!

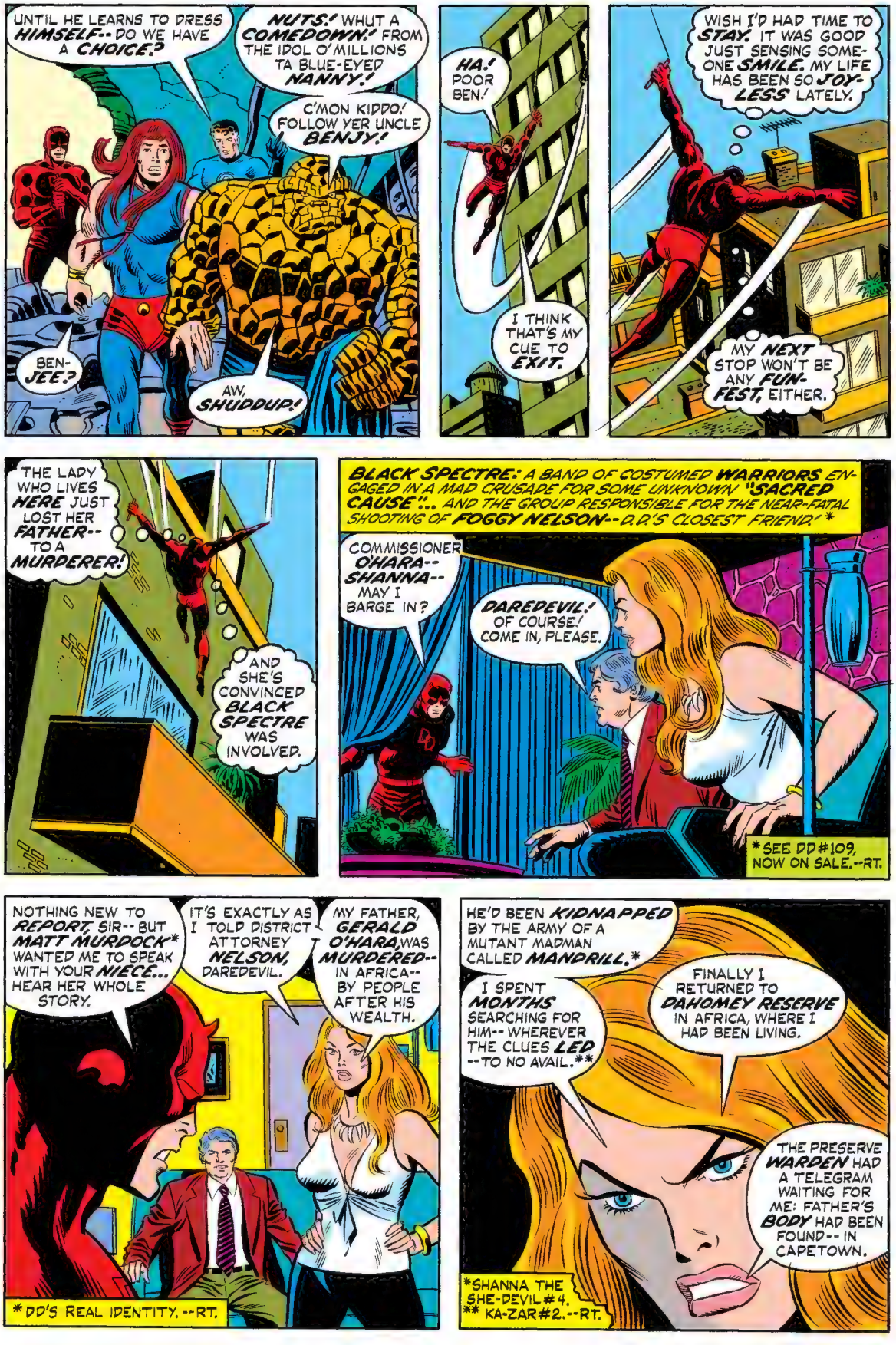
CHUNKS OF STONE! DIDN'T HEAR IN TIME--!
AND THAT MAY HAVE COST ME MY LIFE!

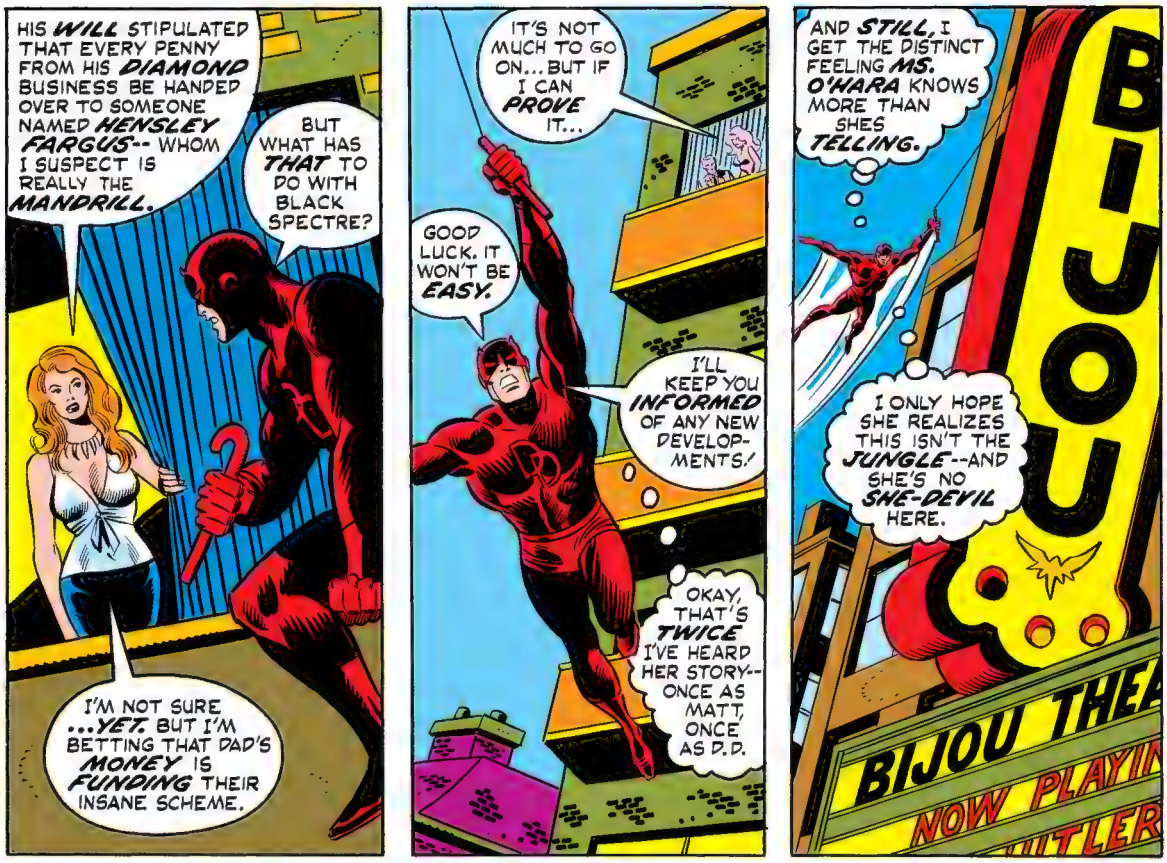
IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I'M THANKFUL I'M BLIND! IF I COULD SEE THE GROUND RUSHING UP AT ME, I'D BE SCARED SILLY!
AND I'VE GOT TO STAY CALM --IF I'M GOING TO KEEP ON LIVING!
H-HOLY COW-- LOOK UP THERE!
DAREDEVIL! HE'LL BE KILLED! UNLESS-- SWING THAT CRANE AROUND! NOW!
THERE--! MY RADAR SENSE HAS SPOTTED AN A-1, BONA FIDE LIFE-SAVER!
IF I BLOW THIS, I'VE BLOWN EVERYTHING! SO-- GRAB, D.D.!
GOT IT! BUT-- I'M FALLING TOO FAST--!
CAN'T HANG ON--! HAVE TO DIVE FOR THAT FLAGPOLE BELOW!
SPROING
HOW 'BOUT THAT! IT HELD! NOW IF I CAN JUST HIT THAT AWNING DOWN THERE...
...BEFORE THE SIDE-WALK HITS ME--!

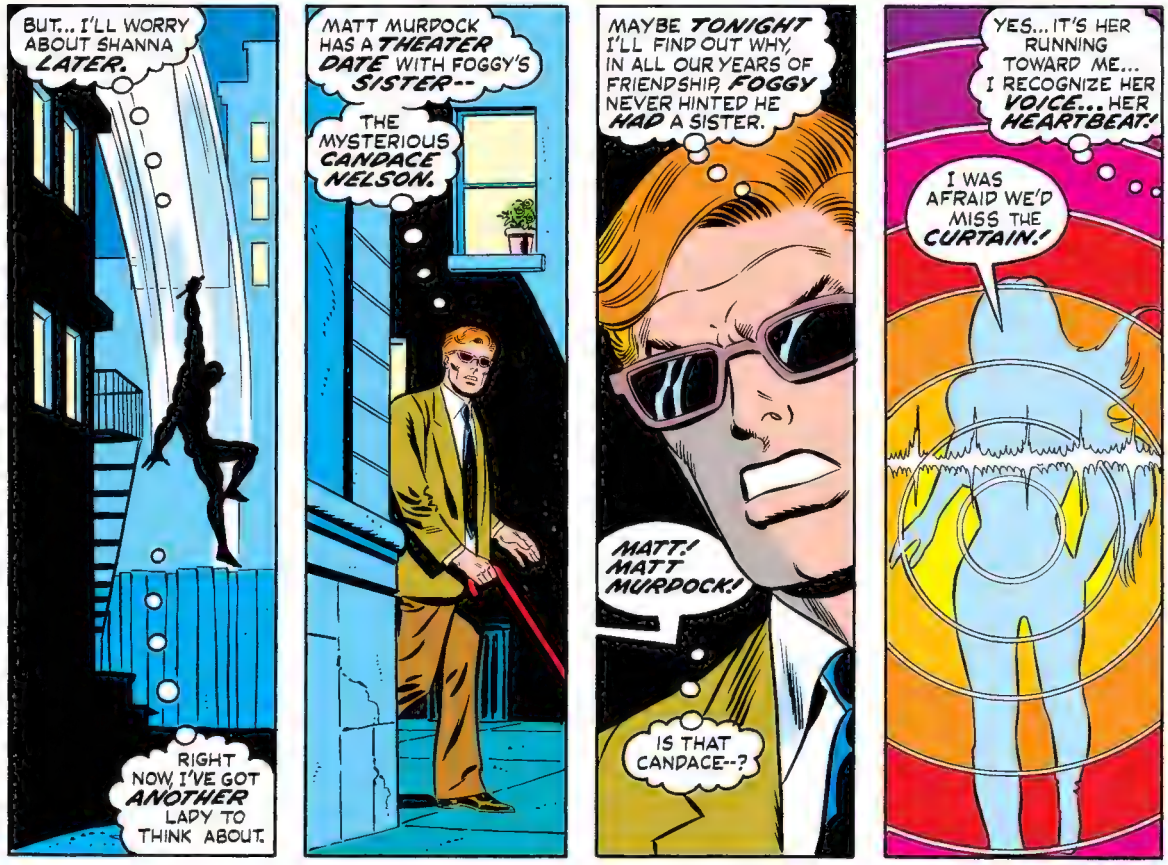
I DID IT! A FALL FROM FORTY STORIES UP--AND I SURVIVED!
THIS WON'T BE THE MOST GRACEFUL LANDING OF MY CAREER--
--BUT AT LEAST I'M STILL AROUND TO BE EMBARRASSED!
OUCH!
FANTASTIC! MOST AMAZING ACROBATIC DISPLAY I'VE EVER SEEN! TOO MUCH!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR DAREDEVIL, PEOPLE! HIP HIP--
HURRAY!
HURRAY?! I WAS ALMOST TOTALLED!!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! MOVE ALONG --ALL 'A YA! THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, DAREDEVIL!
MAYBE YOU GOT TIME TO PLAY AROUND, BUT I'VE GOT TRAFFIC TO KEEP MOVIN'.
SURE, OFFICER ...BUT IF YOU COULD SPARE JUST A MOMENT... I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION.
YOU SEE, IT NEARLY KILLED ME, SIR, AND--
DON'T GET WISE WITH ME, HERO. IT CAME FROM UP ON TOP OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, THERE.
PROB'LY REED RICHARDS PLAYING MAD SCIENTIST AGAIN.
REED RICHARDS?
YOU KNOW, I RESPECT THAT MAN A LOT-- BUT THIS TIME, HE RATES A PIECE OF MY MIND!
BESIDES, THERES STILL THE SMALL MATTER OF MY BILLY CLUB!
IT'S UP THERE... TWISTING SLOWLY, SLOWLY IN THE WIND...
...DANGLING FROM THE ROOF OF THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS!
665
BAXTER BUILDING


INSIDE--
NO CALL SWITCH ON THIS ELEVATOR!
AND IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT GOES TO THE TOWER.
HEY, MISTER-- NO POINT TRYIN' TA GET UPSTAIRS IN THAT CAR.
YOU'D NEED ONE O' THE F.F.'S ELECTRICAL EYE "KEYS"!!
OH, GREAT. THEN I'LL HAVE TO SCALE THE WALL TO GET THE BILLY CLUB BACK.'
"SCALE THE--?" HEY!' AIN'T YOU THAT HERO--CAP'N AMERICA?
NOPE. I'M DOCTOR DOOM. THAT'S WHAT THE "DD" STANDS FOR.
OH.
AT THAT MOMENT, THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR'S DOORS SLIDE OPEN, AND..
HEY, WHUT'S GOIN' ON DOWN HERE? IZZAT REALLY YOU, HORN-HEAD?
REED SENT ME DOWN TA MAKE SURE NOBODY GOT HURT FROM OUR EXPLODIN' WONDER-BOY!'
THE THING--!
WUZ YOU OUT THERE? DIDJA SEE--?
TELL RICHARDS NOT TO WORRY. NO ONE WAS HARMED--EXCEPT ME!
LISTEN... I NEED YOUR HELP. I, EH, LEFT MY BILLY CLUB UP ON YOUR ROOF, AND...
YA DID WHUT?!
IT'S A LONG STORY. I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY UP.
SAVE IT, CHUM. I'M TOO BLAMED CONFUSED AWREADY!' BUT HAVE I GOT A STORY FER YOU--!'
AND UPSTAIRS--
HEY, STRETCH!' LOOK WHO I RAN INTA IN THE LOBBY!' IT'S--
HUSH, BEN... THIS IS VERY DELICATE WORK I'M DOING.


WUNDARR WILL REMAIN A WALKING BOMB UNLESS-- OH!
DAREDEVIL-- HELLO! HOW ARE YOU?
ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING, I CAN'T BE DISTURBED --NOT NOW.
PLEASE, BEN-- IT'S VITAL.
SURE, SURE-- IT'S ALWAYS VITAL. CHEE.
WE AIN'T SEEN D.D. IN YEARS-- AN' YOU'D STILL RATHER TALK TA YER TEST TUBES!
C'MON, RED. LET'S FIND YER STICK.
YA SURE YA LEFT IT UP HERE? I DON'T SEE NUTHIN'--!
IT'D BE OUTSIDE, THING... THRU THE HOLE IN THE WALL.
YEP. RIGHT WHERE I LEFT IT-- OR IT LEFT ME. I'LL CLIMB OUT--
BUT BEFORE THE SIGHTLESS HERO CAN ACT--
--A RUBBERY BLUE-CLAD ARM SNAKES OUT-- SNARES THE BILLY CLUB.
HEY! NO FAIR--!
IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO, OLD FRIEND.
SORRY ABOUT MY RUDENESS A MOMENT AGO, BUT I HAD TO FINISH--
I UNDERSTAND. BEN EXPLAINED ABOUT WUNDARR.
THE STORY WAS SO WEIRD... IT HAD TO BE TRUE.
IT IS TRUE. WHICH IS WHY I WAS BUSY WITH THIS.
IT'S A NEW COSTUME FOR WUNDARR-- TO CONTAIN HIS EXPLOSIVE POWER.
HELP HIM ON WITH IT, WILL YOU, BEN?
YA MEAN I GOTTA DRESS THE KID?

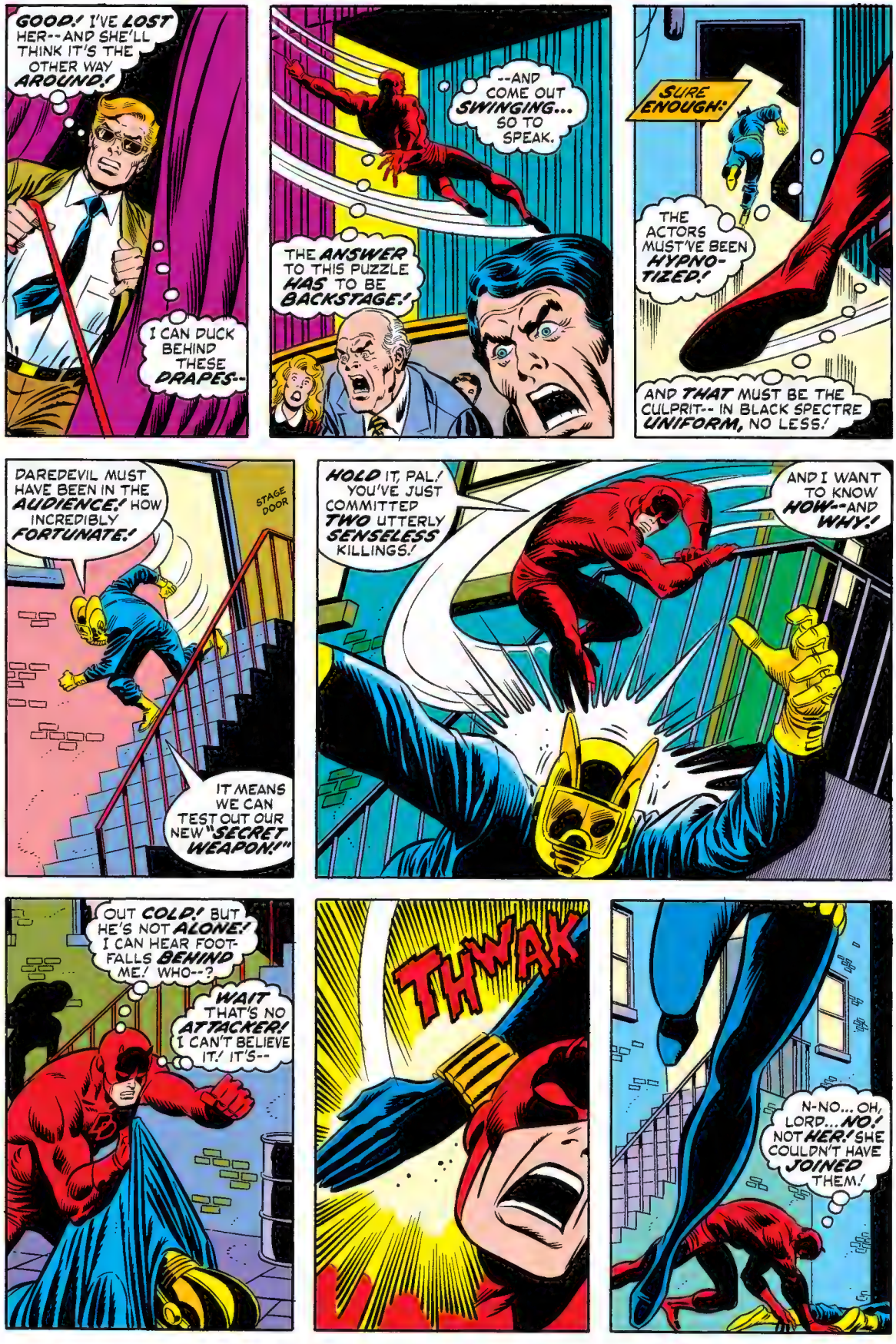

UNTIL HE LEARNS TO DRESS HIMSELF-- DO WE HAVE A CHOICE?
NUTS! WHUT A COMEDOWN! FROM THE IDOL O' MILLIONS TA BLUE-EYED NANNY!
C'MON KIDDO! FOLLOW YER UNCLE BENJY!
BEN-JEE?
AW, SHUDDUP!
HA! POOR BEN!
I THINK THAT'S MY CUE TO EXIT.
WISH I'D HAD TIME TO STAY. IT WAS GOOD JUST SENSING SOMEONE SMILE. MY LIFE HAS BEEN SO JOYLESS LATELY.
MY NEXT STOP WON'T BE ANY FUN-FEST, EITHER.
THE LADY WHO LIVES HERE JUST LOST HER FATHER-- TO A MURDERER!
AND SHE'S CONVINCED BLACK SPECTRE WAS INVOLVED.
BLACK SPECTRE: A BAND OF COSTUMED WARRIORS ENGAGED IN A MAD CRUSADE FOR SOME UNKNOWN "SACRED CAUSE"... AND THE GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NEAR-FATAL SHOOTING OF FOGGY NELSON-- D.D.'S CLOSEST FRIEND! *
COMMISSIONER O'HARA-- SHANNA-- MAY I BARGE IN?
DAREDEVIL! OF COURSE! COME IN, PLEASE.
* SEE DD #109, NOW ON SALE.--RT.
NOTHING NEW TO REPORT, SIR-- BUT MATT MURDOCK* WANTED ME TO SPEAK WITH YOUR NIECE... HEAR HER WHOLE STORY.
IT'S EXACTLY AS I TOLD DISTRICT ATTORNEY NELSON, DAREDEVIL.
MY FATHER, GERALD O'HARA, WAS MURDERED-- IN AFRICA-- BY PEOPLE AFTER HIS WEALTH.
* DD'S REAL IDENTITY. --RT.
HE'D BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE ARMY OF A MUTANT MADMAN CALLED MANDRILL.*
I SPENT MONTHS SEARCHING FOR HIM-- WHEREVER THE CLUES LED --TO NO AVAIL.**
FINALLY I RETURNED TO DAHOMEY RESERVE IN AFRICA, WHERE I HAD BEEN LIVING.
THE PRESERVE WARDEN HAD A TELEGRAM WAITING FOR ME: FATHER'S BODY HAD BEEN FOUND-- IN CAPETOWN.
* SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL #4.
** KA-ZAR #2. --RT.

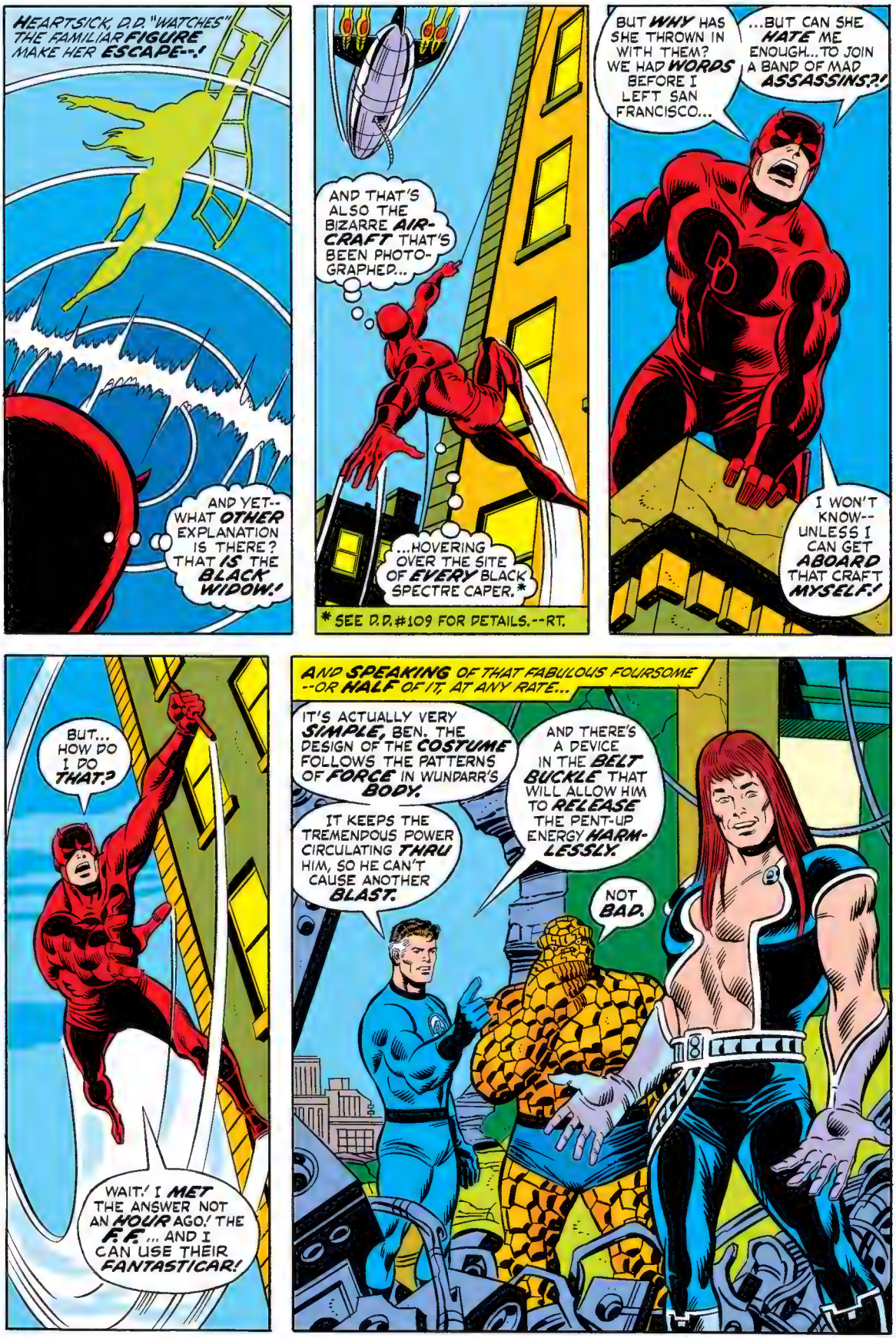

HIS WILL STIPULATED THAT EVERY PENNY FROM HIS DIAMOND BUSINESS BE HANDED OVER TO SOMEONE NAMED HENSLEY FARGUS-- WHOM I SUSPECT IS REALLY THE MANDRILL.
BUT WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH BLACK SPECTRE?
I'M NOT SURE ...YET. BUT I'M BETTING THAT DAD'S MONEY IS FUNDING THEIR INSANE SCHEME.
IT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON... BUT IF I CAN PROVE IT...
GOOD LUCK. IT WON'T BE EASY.
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS!
OKAY, THAT'S TWICE I'VE HEARD HER STORY-- ONCE AS MATT, ONCE AS D.D.
AND STILL, I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING MS. O'HARA KNOWS MORE THAN SHES TELLING.
I ONLY HOPE SHE REALIZES THIS ISN'T THE JUNGLE--AND SHE'S NO SHE-DEVIL HERE.
BIJOU
BIJOU THEA
NOW PLAYIN
ITLER

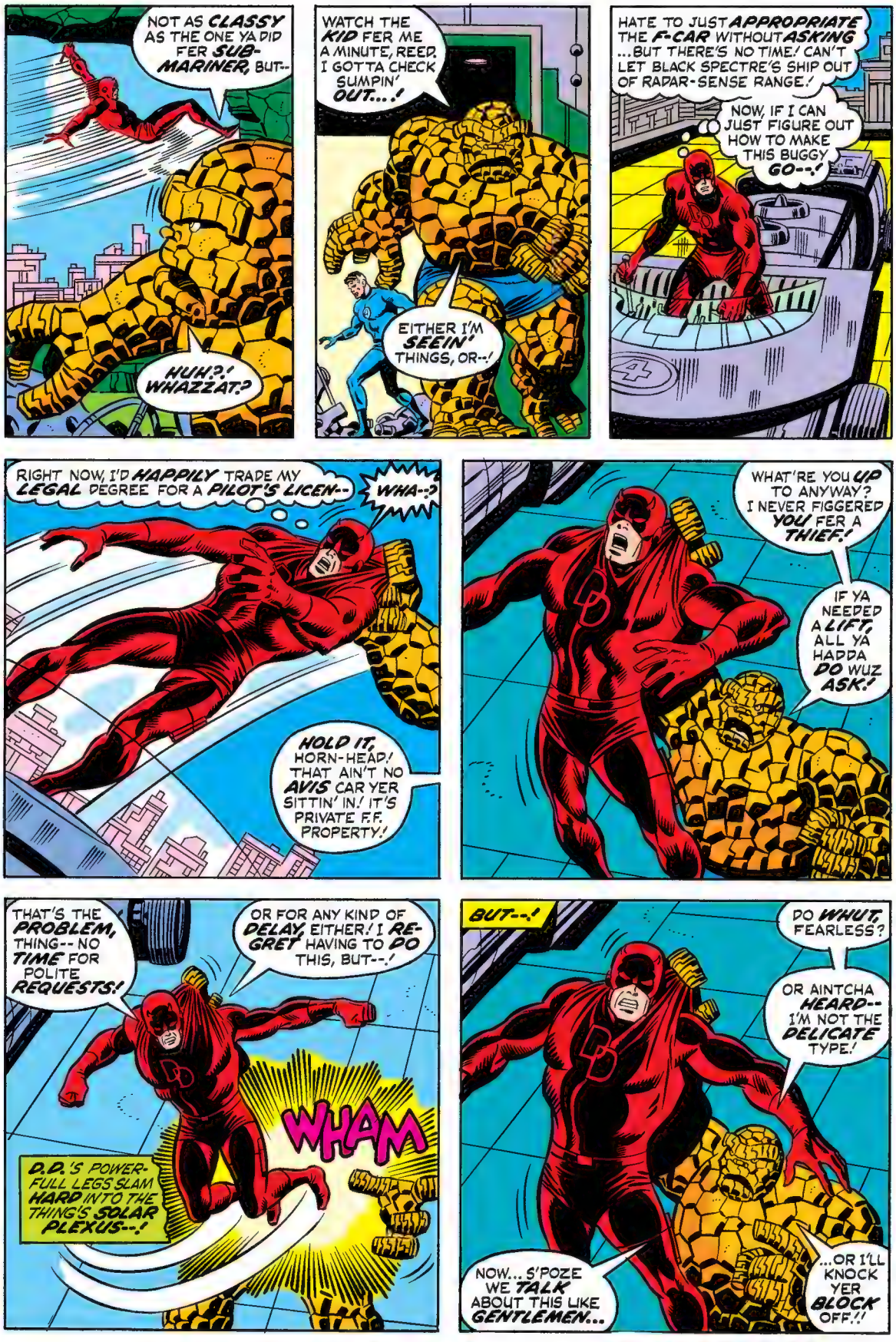

BUT... I'LL WORRY ABOUT SHANNA LATER.
RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT ANOTHER LADY TO THINK ABOUT.
MATT MURDOCK HAS A THEATER DATE WITH FOGGY'S SISTER--
THE MYSTERIOUS CANDACE NELSON.
MAYBE TONIGHT I'LL FIND OUT WHY, IN ALL OUR YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP, FOGGY NEVER HINTED HE HAD A SISTER.
MATT! MATT MURDOCK!
IS THAT CANDACE--?
YES... IT'S HER RUNNING TOWARD ME... I RECOGNIZE HER VOICE... HER HEARTBEAT!
I WAS AFRAID WE'D MISS THE CURTAIN!

HURRY, WE'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE TIME!
TIME ENOUGH TO SAY "HELLO," I HOPE.
NOW PLAYING
I'M SORRY, MATT. I'M JUST ANXIOUS TO SEE THIS SHOW.
HELLO.
YOU KNOW... YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE PLAY BUT ITS TITLE: "AMERICA SHALL ENDURE."
SORT OF IT'S AN AVANT GARDE PRO-PATRI-OTISM PLAY.
AFRAID YOU'D SCARE ME AWAY?
BEFORE MATT CAN EVEN ASK, "A WHAT?", THE LIGHTS DIM... THE CURTAINS PART...
THE PLAY BEGINS.
FROM STAGE RIGHT ENTERS A BLACK MAN IN THE GARB OF A PRE-CIVIL WAR SLAVE.
WAL, MIZ LIBERTY ...I IS DONE WIT' MAH PAY'S PICKIN'!
BUT I'M ALSO DONE WITH YOU, HEAR? I'M AWAKE NOW, WHITE LADY. AWAKE AND ANGRY, DIG?
AMERICA IS LIKE YOU, LADY-- BIG AND COLD! YOU DON'T LISTEN TO YOUR PEOPLE!
BUT YOU'RE WATCH-ING EVERTHING THEY DO--BIG SISTER!
NO!
COMMIE! TRAITOR!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT AMERICA MEANS!
THIS!
IT MEANS TREATING MINORITIES WITH RESPECT... GIVING EQUAL RIGHTS TO RICH AND POOR... SETTING AN EXAMPLE OF PEACE AND HARMONY FOR ALL THE WORLD!
WHAT KIND OF PLAY IS THIS? THE ACTOR DRESSED AS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS REALLY BEATING ON THAT MAN!

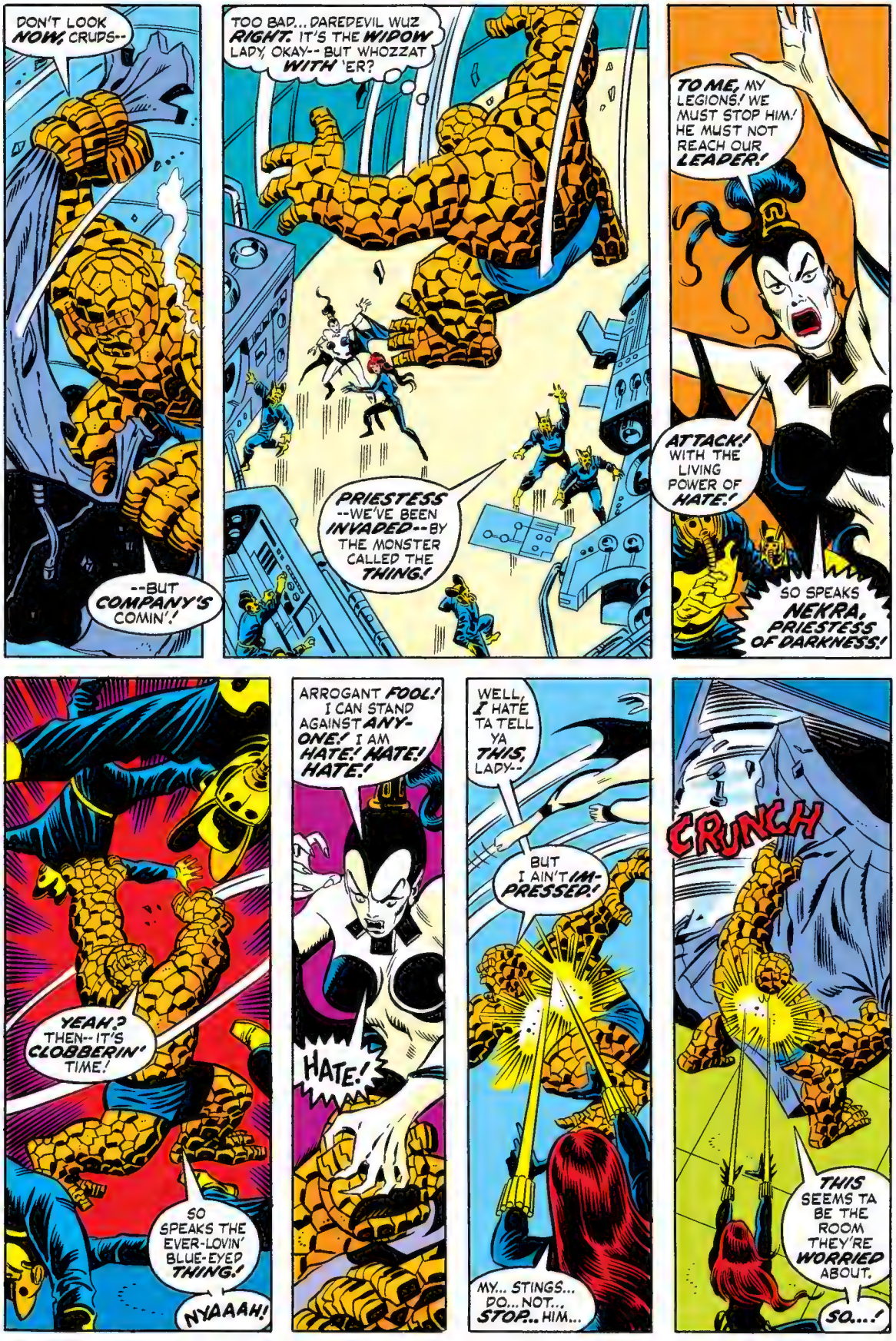
NEIN, SWINE! SPEAK FOR AMERICA! I MADE HER WHAT SHE IS TODAY!
YOU!!
BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS!
AMERICA HAS NOTHING TO FEAR FROM Y-- UNNGH
BAM!
GOOD LORD! THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE CAN'T REALIZE IT--BUT "HITLER" JUST KILLED "CAP"-- FOR REAL!
MY HEARING WAS TUNED TO THAT ACTOR'S HEART-BEAT--AND IT'S STOPPED!
BUT I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE-- NOT AS MATT!
GET HIM, SCHWEINHUNDS! I AM AMERICA! AND YOU ARE WHAT I AM! AND THAT IS ALL THERE IS! HEIL!
UND NOW DER SHOW IS OVER! AMERICA MUST DIE!!
BANG!
HE--HE DID IT! BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT ONSTAGE! THIS IS MADNESS!
C-CANDACE! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON?
HERE, MATT! KEEP HOLD OF ME!
CANDACE--? ARE YOU HERE? CANDACE?
MATT! WHY DID YOU LET GO? MATT--!

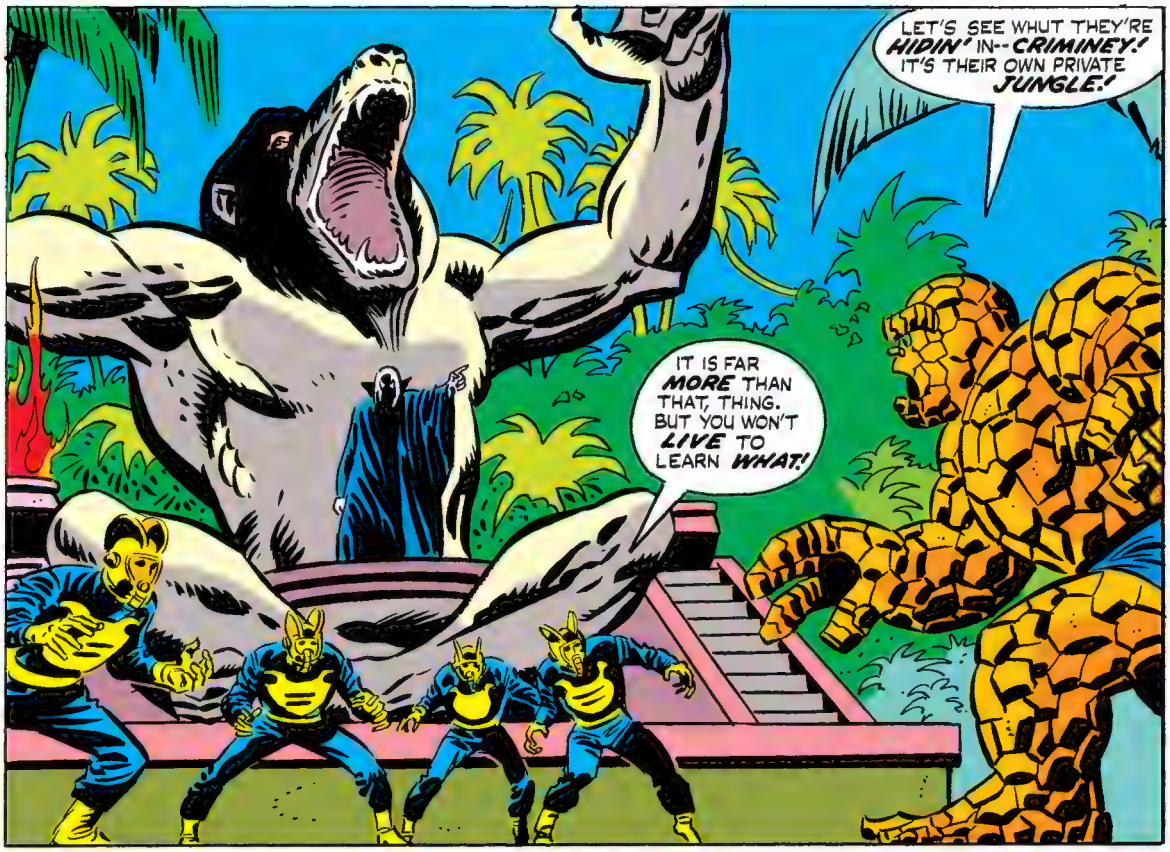

GOOD! I'VE LOST HER--AND SHE'LL THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND!
I CAN DUCK BEHIND THESE DRAPES--
--AND COME OUT SWINGING... SO TO SPEAK.
THE ANSWER TO THIS PUZZLE HAS TO BE BACKSTAGE!
SURE ENOUGH:
THE ACTORS MUST'VE BEEN HYPNO-TIZED!
AND THAT MUST BE THE CULPRIT-- IN BLACK SPECTRE UNIFORM, NO LESS!
DAREDEVIL MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE AUDIENCE! HOW INCREDIBLY FORTUNATE!
STAGE DOOR
IT MEANS WE CAN TEST OUT OUR NEW "SECRET WEAPON!"
HOLD IT, PAL! YOU'VE JUST COMMITTED TWO UTTERLY SENSELESS KILLINGS!
AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW--AND WHY!
OUT COLD! BUT HE'S NOT ALONE! I CAN HEAR FOOT-FALLS BEHIND ME! WHO--?
WAIT THAT'S NO ATTACKER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S--
THWAK
N-NO... OH, LORD... NO! NOT HER! SHE COULDN'T HAVE JOINED THEM!


HEARTSICK, D.D. "WATCHES" THE FAMILIAR FIGURE MAKE HER ESCAPE--!
AND YET--WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION IS THERE? THAT IS THE BLACK WIDOW!
AND THAT'S ALSO THE BIZARRE AIR-CRAFT THAT'S BEEN PHOTO-GRAPHED...
...HOVERING OVER THE SITE OF EVERY BLACK SPECTRE CAPER.*
* SEE D.D. #109 FOR DETAILS.--RT.
BUT WHY HAS SHE THROWN IN WITH THEM? WE HAD WORDS BEFORE I LEFT SAN FRANCISCO...
...BUT CAN SHE HATE ME ENOUGH...TO JOIN A BAND OF MAD ASSASSINS?!
I WON'T KNOW--UNLESS I CAN GET ABOARD THAT CRAFT MYSELF!
BUT... HOW DO I DO THAT?
WAIT! I MET THE ANSWER NOT AN HOUR AGO! THE F.F.... AND I CAN USE THEIR FANTASTICAR!
AND SPEAKING OF THAT FABULOUS FOURSOME --OR HALF OF IT, AT ANY RATE...
IT'S ACTUALLY VERY SIMPLE, BEN. THE DESIGN OF THE COSTUME FOLLOWS THE PATTERNS OF FORCE IN WUNDARR'S BODY.
IT KEEPS THE TREMENDOUS POWER CIRCULATING THRU HIM, SO HE CAN'T CAUSE ANOTHER BLAST.
AND THERE'S A DEVICE IN THE BELT BUCKLE THAT WILL ALLOW HIM TO RELEASE THE PENT-UP ENERGY HARM-LESSLY.
NOT BAD.


NOT AS CLASSY AS THE ONE YA DID FER SUB-MARINER, BUT--
HUH?! WHAZZAT?
WATCH THE KID FER ME A MINUTE, REED. I GOTTA CHECK SUMPIN' OUT...!
EITHER I'M SEEIN' THINGS, OR--!
HATE TO JUST APPROPRIATE THE F-CAR WITHOUT ASKING ...BUT THERE'S NO TIME! CAN'T LET BLACK SPECTRE'S SHIP OUT OF RADAR-SENSE RANGE!
NOW, IF I CAN JUST FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE THIS BUGGY GO--!
RIGHT NOW, I'D HAPPILY TRADE MY LEGAL DEGREE FOR A PILOT'S LICEN--
WHA--?
HOLD IT, HORN-HEAD! THAT AIN'T NO AVIS CAR YER SITTIN' IN! IT'S PRIVATE F.F. PROPERTY!
WHAT'RE YOU UP TO ANYWAY? I NEVER FIGGERED YOU FER A THIEF!
IF YA NEEDED A LIFT, ALL YA HADDA DO WUZ ASK!
THAT'S THE PROBLEM, THING-- NO TIME FOR POLITE REQUESTS!
OR FOR ANY KIND OF DELAY, EITHER! I RE-GRET HAVING TO DO THIS, BUT--!
WHAM
D.D.'S POWER-FULL LEGS SLAM HARD INTO THE THING'S SOLAR PLEXUS--!
BUT--!
DO WHUT, FEARLESS?
OR AINTCHA HEARD-- I'M NOT THE DELICATE TYPE!
NOW... S'POZE WE TALK ABOUT THIS LIKE GENTLEMEN...
...OR I'LL KNOCK YER BLOCK OFF!!

PRECIOUS SECONDS TICKING AWAY, D.D. RATTLES OFF THE STORY OF THE THEATER MURDERS ... MADAME NATASHA... THE BLIMP ... BLACK SPECTRE... AND...!
WHY DIDN'T YA SAY THAT INNA FIRST PLACE?
C'MON-- LET'S MOVE!
WE GOT US A GOODYEAR TA CATCH!
WE NEED A PLAN, D.D.-- 'LEAST THAT'S WHUT REED AL-WAYS SEZ!
WHUT SAY WE LAND RIGHT ON TOP O' THAT BAG O' GAS?
CHECK! I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD TO BE SUBTLE WITH THESE MANIACS.
YER A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART, PAL. DOWN WE GO!
CLANG!
CLANG?!
YOU THINKIN' WHUT I'M THINKIN', BIG RED?
YEP!
THAT THIS ISN'T A DIRIGIBLE AT ALL-- THAT IT'S REALLY AN ALL METAL JETCRAFT BUILT TO LOOK LIKE A BLIMP--?
ONLY ONE WAY TA FIND OUT FER SURE, I GUESS. I'LL--
YEOW!
P-DON'T TRY TA F-FOLLOW ME, MISTER! THE NULL O' THIS CRATE--
SLAT!
--IT'S ELECTRIFIED!
I-I'LL HAVE TA GO IT ALONE ...FROM HERE...!
AN' I KNOW... JUST...WH-WHERE I WANNA GO, TOO!
THAM


DON'T LOOK NOW, CRUDS--
--BUT COMPANY'S COMIN'!
TOO BAD... DAREDEVIL WUZ RIGHT. IT'S THE WIDOW LADY, OKAY-- BUT WHOZZAT WITH 'ER?
PRIESTESS --WE'VE BEEN INVADED--BY THE MONSTER CALLED THE THING!
TO ME, MY LEGIONS! WE MUST STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT REACH OUR LEADER!
ATTACK! WITH THE LIVING POWER OF HATE!
SO SPEAKS NEKRA, PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS!
YEAH? THEN-- IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
SO SPEAKS THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING!
NYAAAH!
ARROGANT FOOL! I CAN STAND AGAINST ANY-ONE! I AM HATE! HATE! HATE!
HATE!
WELL, I HATE TA TELL YA THIS, LADY--
BUT I AIN'T IM-PRESSED!
MY... STINGS... DO... NOT... STOP... HIM...
CRUNCH
THIS SEEMS TA BE THE ROOM THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT.
SO...!


LET'S SEE WHUT THEY'RE HIDIN' IN--CRIMINEY! IT'S THEIR OWN PRIVATE JUNGLE!
IT IS FAR MORE THAN THAT, THING. BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO LEARN WHAT!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE ROOF...!
CAN'T TAKE THIS WAITING ANY LONGER! I'LL DIVE THRU THE HOLE THE THING MADE...!

--AND FIGHT MY WAY TO SOME ANSWERS! AND TO--NATASHA! THERE SHE IS!
TASHA! IT'S ME! IT'S D.D.!

FOOL! DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE SHE CARES? SHE HATES YOU!
HATE! HATE! HATE!
HATE...

EXCELLENT WORK, MY DEAR WIDOW! BETWEEN MY BLOW AND YOUR STINGS, WE DOWNED HIM EASILY. WHY-- WE MAY EVEN HAVE KILLED HIM... HE'S SO STILL, SO QUIET....!
THE ANTITHESIS OF QUIET:
OKAY, THAT TAKES CARE O' THE TROOPS! NOW LET'S GET A LOOK AT THE BRASS! C'MERE, MAC! THIS WON'T--
WHAP!
RRRIP
--HURT A BIT.
ULP
HERE, MY LEGIONS! HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY HYPNOTIC POWER! FROZEN WITH FEAR AND UNCOMPREHENSION!
TAKE HIM BACK TO THE COMPUTER COMPLEX --AT ONCE! I HAVE A SPECIAL FATE IN STORE--
"--FOR BOTH HIM AND HIS ALLY-- THE ONE CALLED DAREDEVIL!"

AND WHEN THE TWO HAVE BEEN REUNITED--
YOU WILL RETURN THEM TO THE SHIP!
AND THEN, YOU WILL DISPOSE OF THAT CRAFT--IN THE MOST CONVENIENT MANNER AVAILABLE.
UNDERSTOOD, LEADER!
THUS, SOMEWHERE OVER NEW JERSEY, THE FANTASTICAR IS TOSSED AWAY--SENDING BEN AND D.D. TO THEIR DOOM!
MAYBE--!
WIND RUSHING PAST ME... WHA--? WE'RE BACK IN THE F-CAR!
AND WE'RE FALLING! ENGINES SHUT OFF!
I "SAW" THE THING OPERATE THESE CONTROLS BEFORE! UNLESS I REMEMBER WHAT HE DID--
WE'VE HAD IT! THINK, D.D.!
HE DOES THINK--AND ACTS--WITH NO MARGIN LEFT FOR ERROR!
GRIMM'S AWAKING, THANK GOODNESS! HE CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE!
SOON, ON THE GROUND...!
WHAT DID THEY HIT YOU WITH, FELLA? YOU WERE OUT WITH YOUR EYES OPEN.
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW!
ONLY THEY DIDN'T HIT ME WITH NUTHIN'!
LEASTWISE--NOT WITH NUTHIN' I COULD SEE! I JUST SORTA WENT NUMB, BLAST IT!
WHUT I WOULDN'T GIVE FER ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM CREEPS--!
UH-UH. NO MORE SKIRMISHES, THING. THIS IS WAR! --DAREDEVIL'S WAR! AS OF RIGHT NOW!
THIS TALE CONTINUES IN
DAREDEVIL
#110-- ON SALE NEXT MONTH-- AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR LEARNS THE EERIE ORIGIN OF BLACK SPECTRE AND ITS LEADER!
AND IN TWO-IN-ONE #4, THAT STAR-SPANGLED SHIELD-SLINGER--
CAPT. AMERICA
JOINS THE THING ON A JOURNEY INTO THE FAR-FLUNG FUTURE TO MEET THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST-STARS OF ALL!
TWO MORE BOMBSHELLS FROM MIGHTY MARVEL!
DON'T MISS 'EM!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
110
JUNE
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
TM
WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED VILLAIN THEY CALL— THE MASTER? DD FINDS OUT IN THIS GREAT ISSUE!
KILL HIM!
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DAREDEVIL MUST DIE TONIGHT!

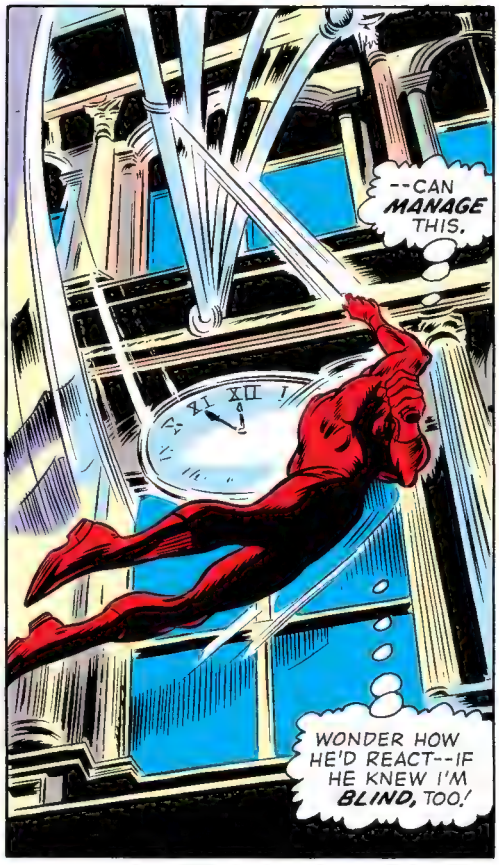
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!** ™

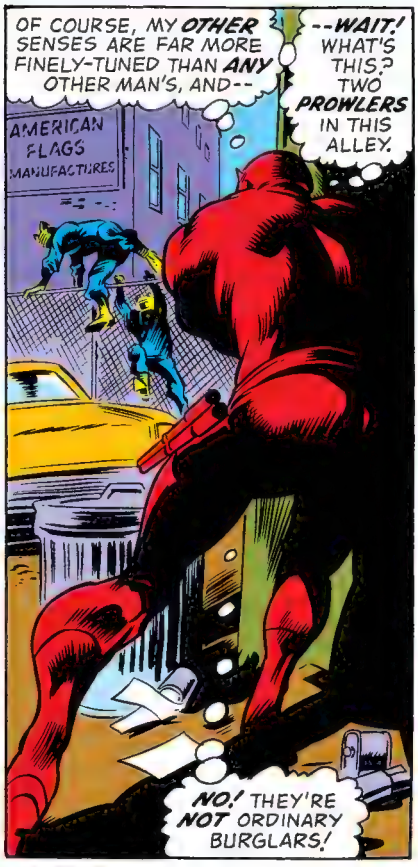
STEVE GERBER	GENE COLAN	F. CHIARAMONTE	ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER*	ROY THOMAS
WRITER	*ARTIST*	*INKER*	L. LESSMANN, *COLORIST*	*EDITOR*

BIRTHRIGHT!
PAST THE JAGGED CLIFFS OF THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES, ACROSS THE MIGHTY HUDSON RIVER, BACK AMID THE TOWERING SPIRES OF MANHATTAN...
...SOARS THE SILVERY SLEEK FANTASTICAR CARRYING THE BLIND ADVENTURER DAREDEVIL AND THE ORANGE-SKINNED THING--
--HOME FROM THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO SMASH THE EVIL SOCIETY CALLED BLACK SPECTRE!
TAKE IT EASY, BIG MAN. YOU DID ALL YOU COULD.
YEAH? THEN, HOWCUM WE LOST, HORN-HEAD? HOW D'YA FIGGER THAT?!
I CLOBBERED MY WAY PAST ALL THE RIFF-RAFF, RIGHT INTA THE LEADER'S DEN--
--TOOK ONE LOOK AT 'IM, AN-- PHFFT! --I WUZ PARALYZED!*
*AS SEEN IN MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3. --ROY.

YOU ACTUALLY SAW THEIR LEADER?
WHO WAS HE? WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
HOPE YER READY FER THIS, PAL--I AINT SURE HE WUZ A "HE".
YOU MEAN, A "SHE" --A WOMAN--?
NOPE.
MORE LIKE AN "IT"! I AINT EVER SEEN NUTHIN' THAT UGLY BEFORE--
--'CEPT MAYBE IN A MIRROR.
THING, YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT--
--BUT YOU'VE BEEN INCREDIBLY HELPFUL.
I THINK I KNOW NOW WHO BLACK SPECTRE'S LEADER MAY BE.
WAITAMINNIT! WHAT'RE YA DOIN'? WE AINT LANDIN' YET--!
THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, THING. AGAIN-- THANKS!
AND DON'T WORRY. MY BILLY CLUB CABLE WILL KEEP ME FROM BEING TOTALLED.
Y-YER TRUSTIN' YER LIFE TA THAT CRUMMY WIRE?!
YER OUTTA YER SKULL! YA CAN'T! YOU'LL KILL YERSELF! COME BACK!!

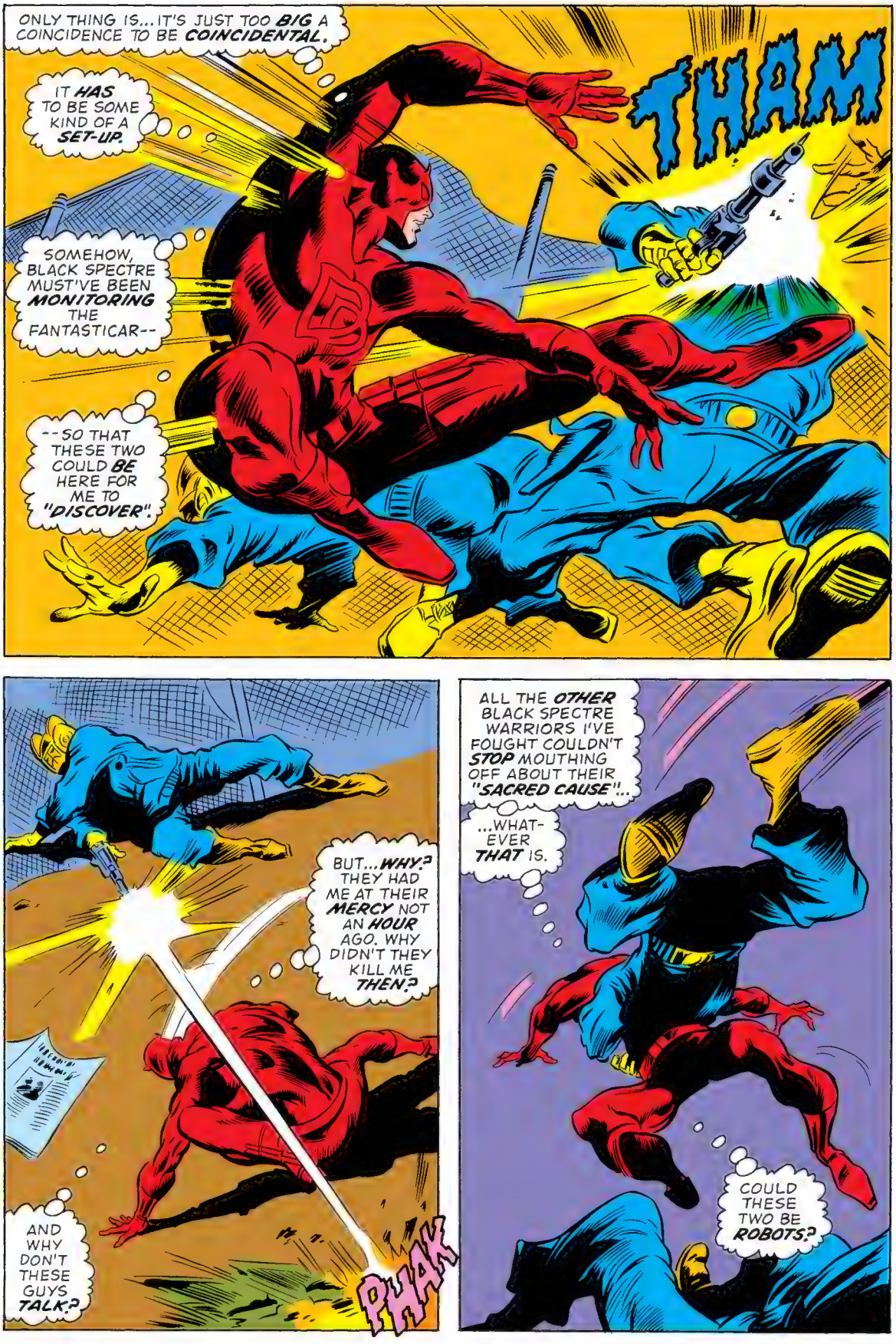
POOR BEN! HE'S SO USED TO PARTNERS WHO CAN FLAME ON --OR ELONGATE THEIR LIMBS--
--OR SHIELD THEMSELVES WITH INVISIBLE FORCE FIELDS--
--HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A MAN WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL PHYSICAL POWERS--


--CAN MANAGE THIS.
WONDER HOW HE'D REACT--IF HE KNEW I'M BLIND, TOO!

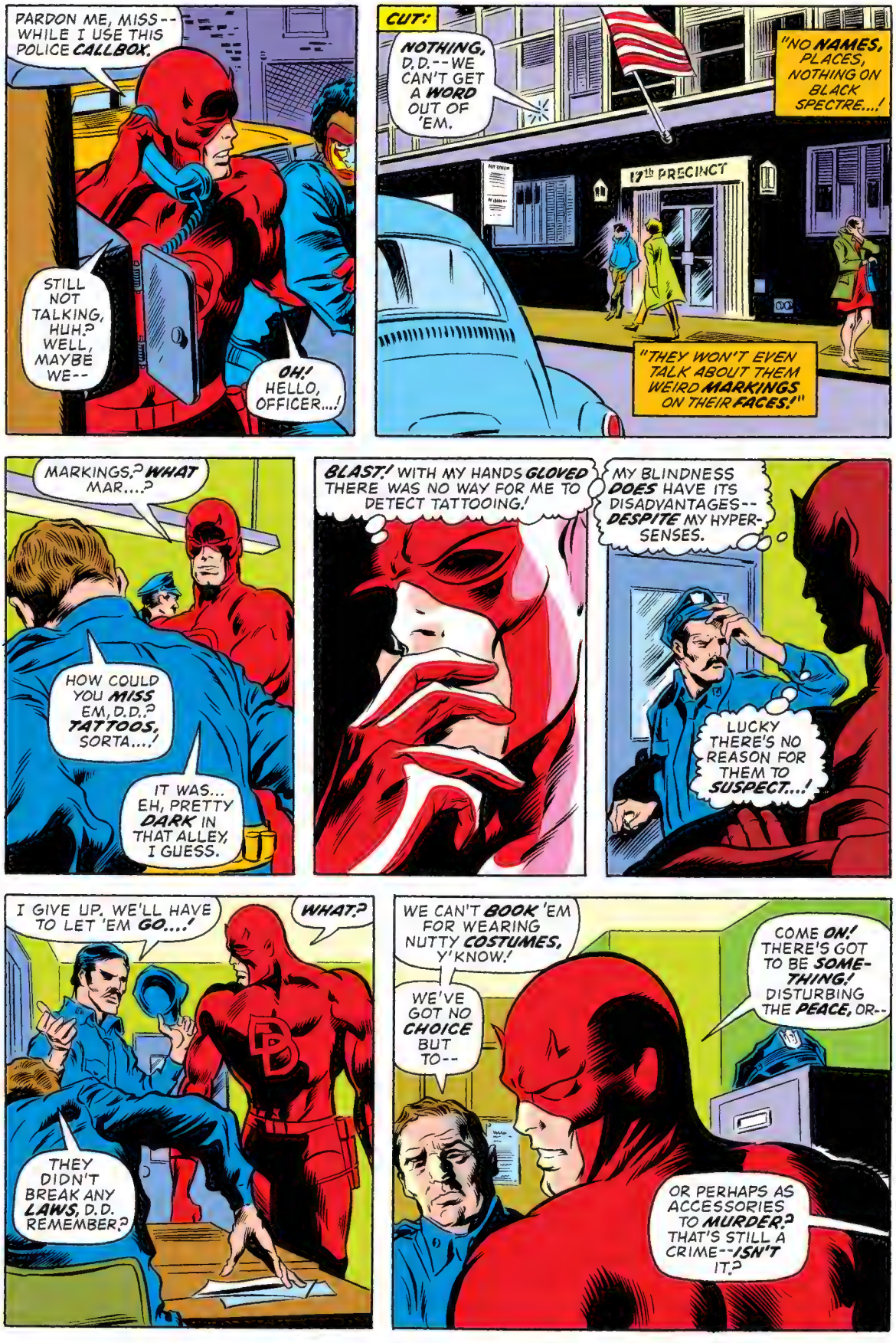

OF COURSE, MY OTHER SENSES ARE FAR MORE FINELY-TUNED THAN ANY OTHER MAN'S, AND--
--WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? TWO PROWLERS IN THIS ALLEY.
AMERICAN FLAGS MANUFACTURES
NO! THEY'RE NOT ORDINARY BURGLARS!

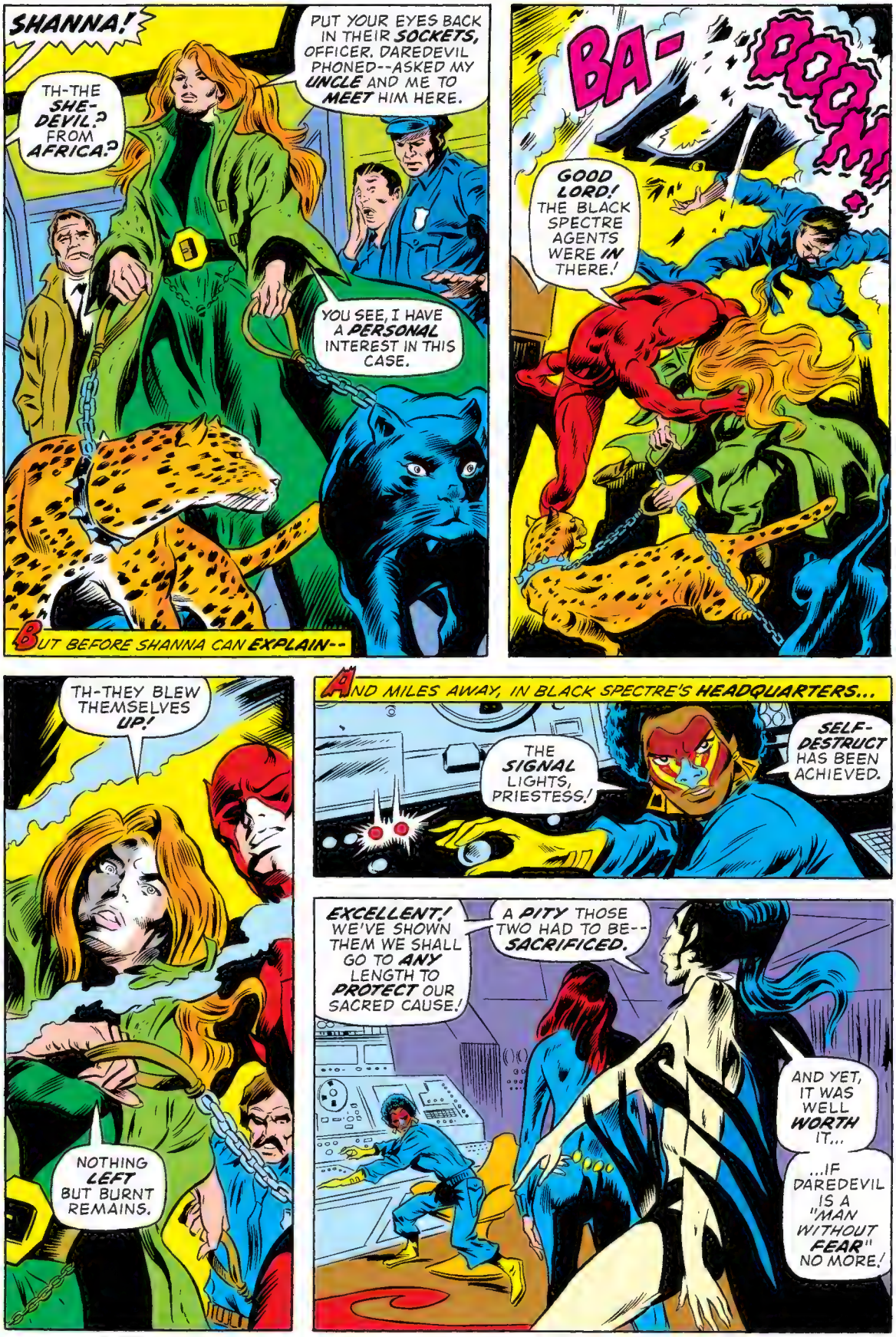
THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE SHAPE OF THOSE HELMETS.
UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE HAS GONE HAYWIRE--

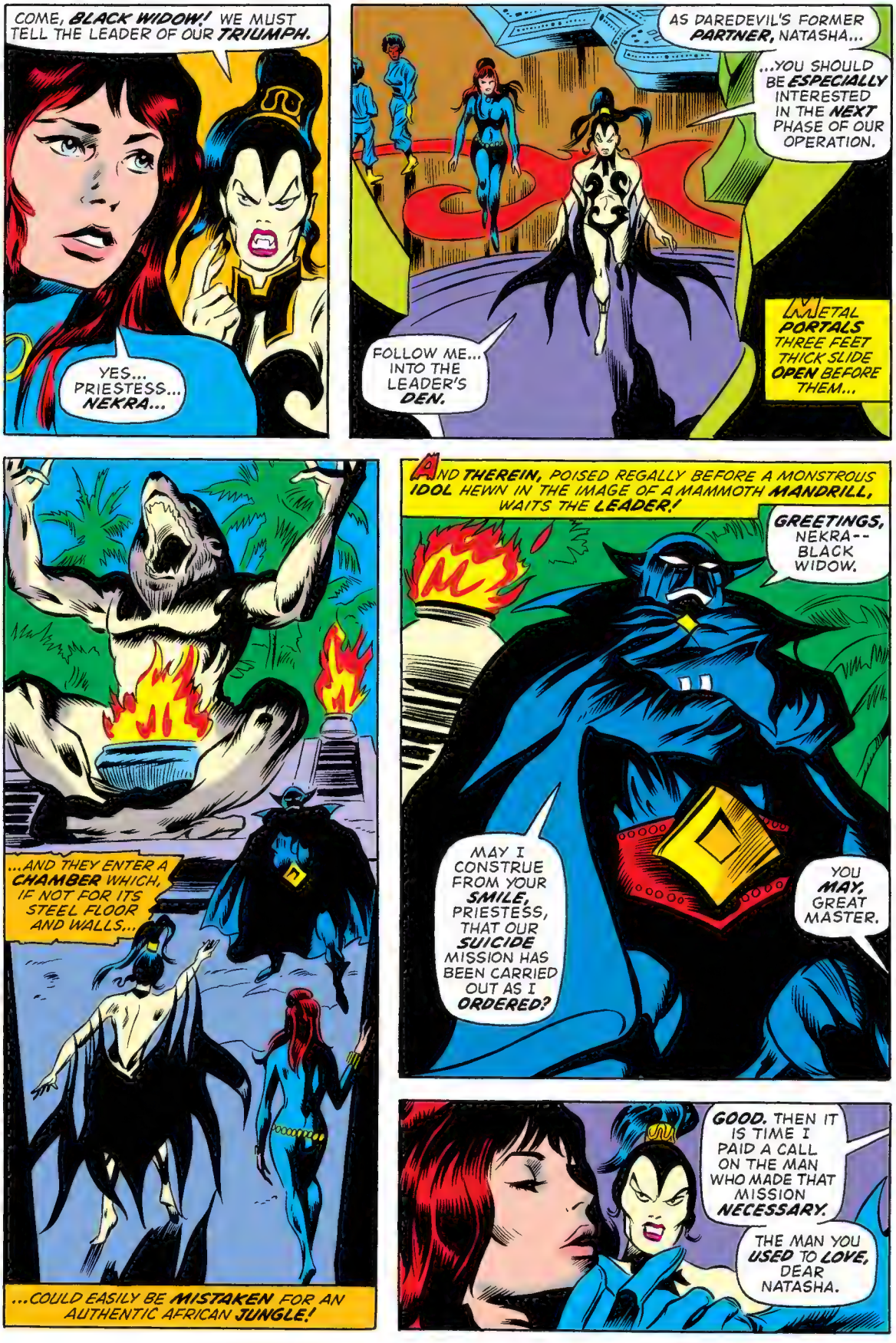
--THEY'RE MEMBERS OF BLACK SPECTRE!
AND THEY'VE SPOTTED ME-- BLAST IT!


ONLY THING IS... IT'S JUST TOO BIG A COINCIDENCE TO BE COINCIDENTAL.
IT HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF A SET-UP.
THAM
SOMEHOW, BLACK SPECTRE MUST'VE BEEN MONITORING THE FANTASTICAR--
--SO THAT THESE TWO COULD BE HERE FOR ME TO "DISCOVER".
BUT... WHY? THEY HAD ME AT THEIR MERCY NOT AN HOUR AGO. WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL ME THEN?
AND WHY DON'T THESE GUYS TALK?
PHAK
ALL THE OTHER BLACK SPECTRE WARRIORS I'VE FOUGHT COULDN'T STOP MOUTHING OFF ABOUT THEIR "SACRED CAUSE"...
...WHATEVER THAT IS.
COULD THESE TWO BE ROBOTS?

"NO...THEY'RE HUMAN. I CAN DETECT THEIR HEARTBEATS. AND AS BEFORE...
"...THOSE HEARTBEATS ARE FASTER THAN THEY SHOULD BE FOR MEN THEIR SIZE.
"JUST AS THE WAY THEY SWING THEIR ARMS ISN'T RIGHT FOR BIG, BURLY, BULKY, MUSCULAR TYPES.
"AND FROM THE SOUND THEY MAKE WHEN THEIR FEET HIT THE GROUND...
"...THEY DON'T WEIGH AS MUCH AS THEIR APPEARANCE WOULD SUGGEST.
"THEY COULDN'T-- AND STILL BE SO LIMBER.
WHAK!
"ALL OF WHICH WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT THEIR BULK IS ALL IN THEIR SUITS!
"AND THAT IF WE REMOVE THEIR HELMETS, WE'LL FIND--
"UH-HUH. JUST AS I SUSPECTED--A WOMAN!"


PARDON ME, MISS--WHILE I USE THIS POLICE CALLBOX.
STILL NOT TALKING, HUH? WELL, MAYBE WE--
OH! HELLO, OFFICER...!
CUT:
NOTHING, D.D.--WE CAN'T GET A WORD OUT OF 'EM.
"NO NAMES, PLACES, NOTHING ON BLACK SPECTRE...!
17th PRECINCT
"THEY WON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT THEM WEIRD MARKINGS ON THEIR FACES!"
MARKINGS? WHAT MAR....?
HOW COULD YOU MISS EM, D.D.? TATTOOS, SORTA...!
IT WAS... EH, PRETTY DARK IN THAT ALLEY, I GUESS.
BLAST! WITH MY HANDS GLOVED THERE WAS NO WAY FOR ME TO DETECT TATTOOING!
MY BLINDNESS DOES HAVE ITS DISADVANTAGES--DESPITE MY HYPER-SENSES.
LUCKY THERE'S NO REASON FOR THEM TO SUSPECT....!
I GIVE UP. WE'LL HAVE TO LET 'EM GO...!
WHAT?
THEY DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAWS, D.D. REMEMBER?
WE CAN'T BOOK 'EM FOR WEARING NUTTY COSTUMES, Y'KNOW!
WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO--
COME ON! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME-THING! DISTURBING THE PEACE, OR--
OR PERHAPS AS ACCESSORIES TO MURDER? THAT'S STILL A CRIME--ISN'T IT?

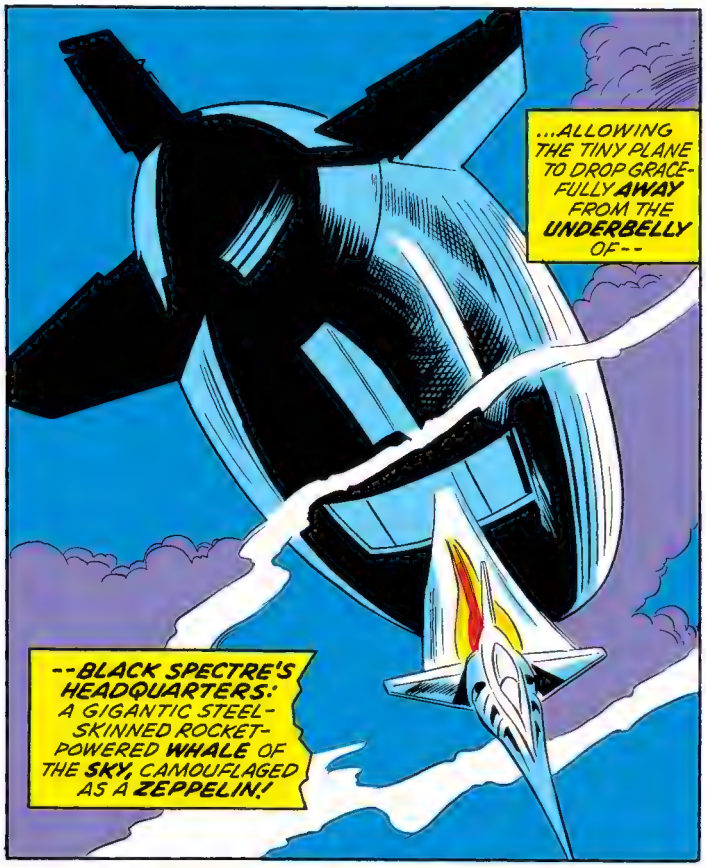

SHANNA!
TH-THE SHE-DEVIL? FROM AFRICA?
PUT YOUR EYES BACK IN THEIR SOCKETS, OFFICER. DAREDEVIL PHONED--ASKED MY UNCLE AND ME TO MEET HIM HERE.
YOU SEE, I HAVE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THIS CASE.
BUT BEFORE SHANNA CAN EXPLAIN--
BA-
DOOM!
GOOD LORD! THE BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS WERE IN THERE!
TH-THEY BLEW THEMSELVES UP!
NOTHING LEFT BUT BURNT REMAINS.
AND MILES AWAY, IN BLACK SPECTRE'S HEADQUARTERS...
THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, PRIESTESS!
SELF-DESTRUCT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED.
EXCELLENT! WE'VE SHOWN THEM WE SHALL GO TO ANY LENGTH TO PROTECT OUR SACRED CAUSE!
A PITY THOSE TWO HAD TO BE-- SACRIFICED.
AND YET, IT WAS WELL WORTH IT...
...IF DAREDEVIL IS A "MAN WITHOUT FEAR" NO MORE!


COME, BLACK WIDOW! WE MUST TELL THE LEADER OF OUR TRIUMPH.
YES... PRIESTESS... NEKRA...
AS DAREDEVIL'S FORMER PARTNER, NATASHA...
...YOU SHOULD BE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE NEXT PHASE OF OUR OPERATION.
FOLLOW ME... INTO THE LEADER'S DEN.
METAL PORTALS THREE FEET THICK SLIDE OPEN BEFORE THEM...
...AND THEY ENTER A CHAMBER WHICH, IF NOT FOR ITS STEEL FLOOR AND WALLS...
...COULD EASILY BE MISTAKEN FOR AN AUTHENTIC AFRICAN JUNGLE!
AND THEREIN, POISED REGALLY BEFORE A MONSTROUS IDOL HEWN IN THE IMAGE OF A MAMMOTH MANDRILL, WAITS THE LEADER!
GREETINGS, NEKRA-- BLACK WIDOW.
MAY I CONSTRUE FROM YOUR SMILE, PRIESTESS, THAT OUR SUICIDE MISSION HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT AS I ORDERED?
YOU MAY, GREAT MASTER.
GOOD. THEN IT IS TIME I PAID A CALL ON THE MAN WHO MADE THAT MISSION NECESSARY.
THE MAN YOU USED TO LOVE, DEAR NATASHA.

OUT OF THE JUNGLE ROOM, THRU DIMLY-LIT STEEL GREY PASSAGEWAYS, DOWN WIDE SLOPING RAMPS, THEY MOVE--

--UNTIL THEY REACH THE HANGAR DECK, STORIES BELOW.
SHUTTLE READY FOR TAKE-OFF, MASTER.
I AM PLEASED. PREPARE FOR MY ORDER TO RELEASE.

SO SAYING, THE LEADER GIVES THE COMMAND TO LAUNCH --AND THE FLOOR 'NEATH THE SHUTTLE-JET YAWNS OPEN...


...ALLOWING THE TINY PLANE TO DROP GRACEFULLY AWAY FROM THE UNDERBELLY OF--
--BLACK SPECTRE'S HEADQUARTERS: A GIGANTIC STEEL-SKINNED ROCKET-POWERED WHALE OF THE SKY, CAMOUFLAGED AS A ZEPPELIN!

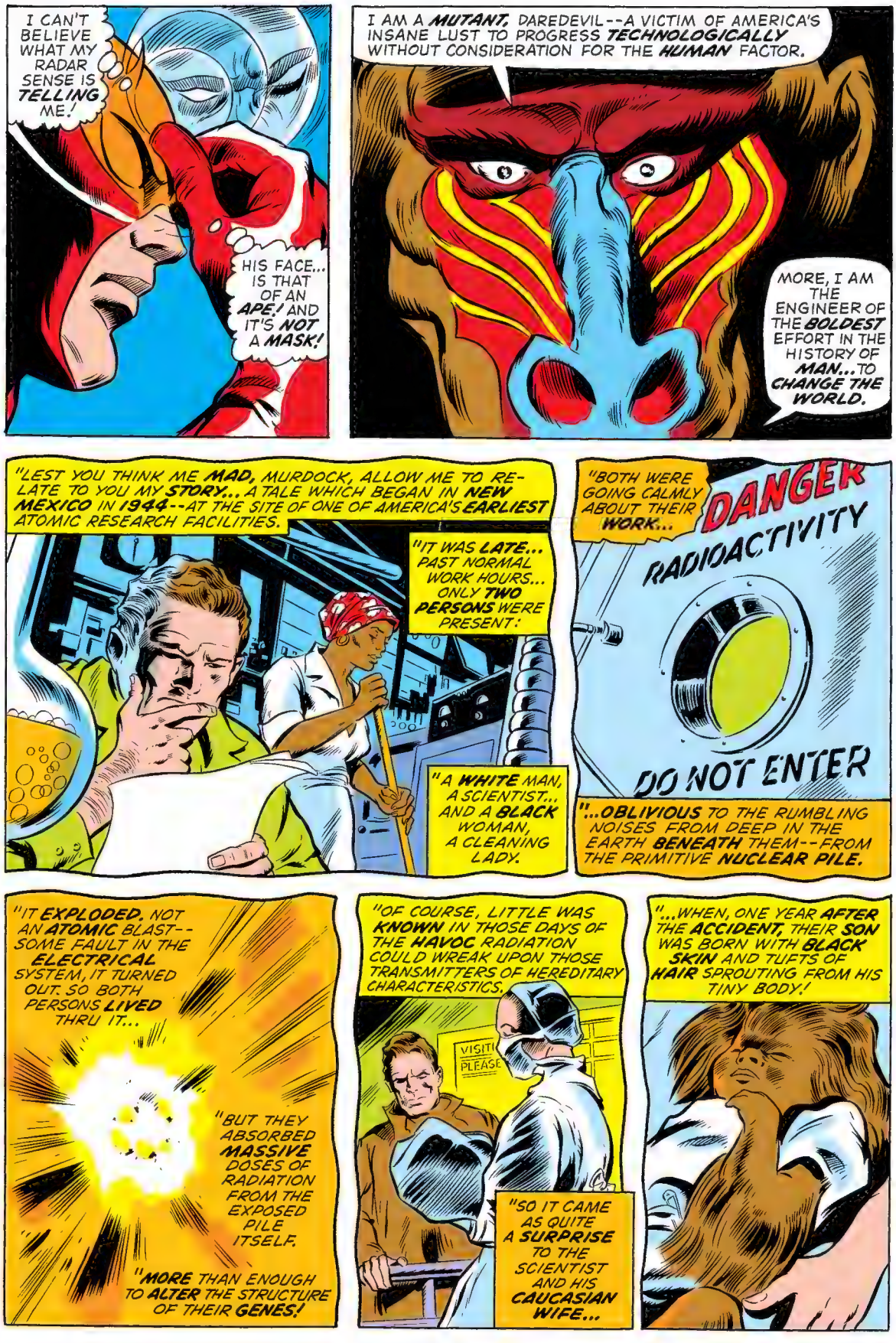
*SHANNA'S UNCLE IS "IRONGUTS" O'HARA, SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMMISSIONER AND FRIEND OF DAREDEVIL. --ROY.

LORD, WHAT A NIGHT THIS HAS BEEN--!
I'VE STILL GOT MUCHO EXPLAINING TO DO TO CANDACE NELSON, FOR RUNNING OUT ON HER EARLIER TONIGHT.*
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3 AGAIN. --ROY.

BUT I HAD TO--TO SWITCH FROM MATT MURDOCK TO D.D.--SO I COULD RISK MY LIFE INVADING BLACK SPECTRE!
I MUST BE CRAZY.
NO...JUST DEDICATED. BLACK SPECTRE ALMOST MURDERED FOGGY NELSON.*

*NEW YORK DISTRICT ATTORNEY & MATT MURDOCK'S FORMER LAW PARTNER. --R.T.

IT IS...ONLY I, THE LEADER OF BLACK SPECTRE.
HIS PULSE--STEADY. HE'S NOT LYING! MY SECRET IS SHOT, UNLESS--!
IS THAT RIGHT? THEN TELL ME--WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MATT MURDOCK'S HOTEL ROOM--?
AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?
NO NEED TO PLAY GAMES WITH US--COUNSELOR.
BLACK WIDOW INFORMED US OF YOUR TRUE IDENTITY, YOU SEE.
NATASHA DID THAT--?
SHE--LOVES ME. ALL WOMEN LOVE ME. I AM THEIR MASTER.
I AM--MANDRILL!


I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT MY RADAR SENSE IS TELLING ME!
HIS FACE... IS THAT OF AN APE! AND IT'S NOT A MASK!
I AM A MUTANT, DAREDEVIL--A VICTIM OF AMERICA'S INSANE LUST TO PROGRESS TECHNOLOGICALLY WITHOUT CONSIDERATION FOR THE HUMAN FACTOR.
MORE, I AM THE ENGINEER OF THE BOLDEST EFFORT IN THE HISTORY OF MAN... TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
"LEST YOU THINK ME MAD, MURDOCK, ALLOW ME TO RE-LATE TO YOU MY STORY... A TALE WHICH BEGAN IN NEW MEXICO IN 1944--AT THE SITE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S EARLIEST ATOMIC RESEARCH FACILITIES.
"IT WAS LATE... PAST NORMAL WORK HOURS... ONLY TWO PERSONS WERE PRESENT:
"A WHITE MAN, A SCIENTIST... AND A BLACK WOMAN, A CLEANING LADY.
"BOTH WERE GOING CALMLY ABOUT THEIR WORK...
DANGER
RADIOACTIVITY
DO NOT ENTER
"...OBLIVIOUS TO THE RUMBLING NOISES FROM DEEP IN THE EARTH BENEATH THEM--FROM THE PRIMITIVE NUCLEAR PILE.
"IT EXPLODED, NOT AN ATOMIC BLAST--SOME FAULT IN THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM, IT TURNED OUT. SO BOTH PERSONS LIVED THRU IT...
"BUT THEY ABSORBED MASSIVE DOSES OF RADIATION FROM THE EXPOSED PILE ITSELF.
"MORE THAN ENOUGH TO ALTER THE STRUCTURE OF THEIR GENES!
"OF COURSE, LITTLE WAS KNOWN IN THOSE DAYS OF THE HAVOC RADIATION COULD WREAK UPON THOSE TRANSMITTERS OF HEREDITARY CHARACTERISTICS.
VISITI
PLEASE
"SO IT CAME AS QUITE A SURPRISE TO THE SCIENTIST AND HIS CAUCASIAN WIFE...
"...WHEN, ONE YEAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT, THEIR SON WAS BORN WITH BLACK SKIN AND TUFTS OF HAIR SPROUTING FROM HIS TINY BODY!

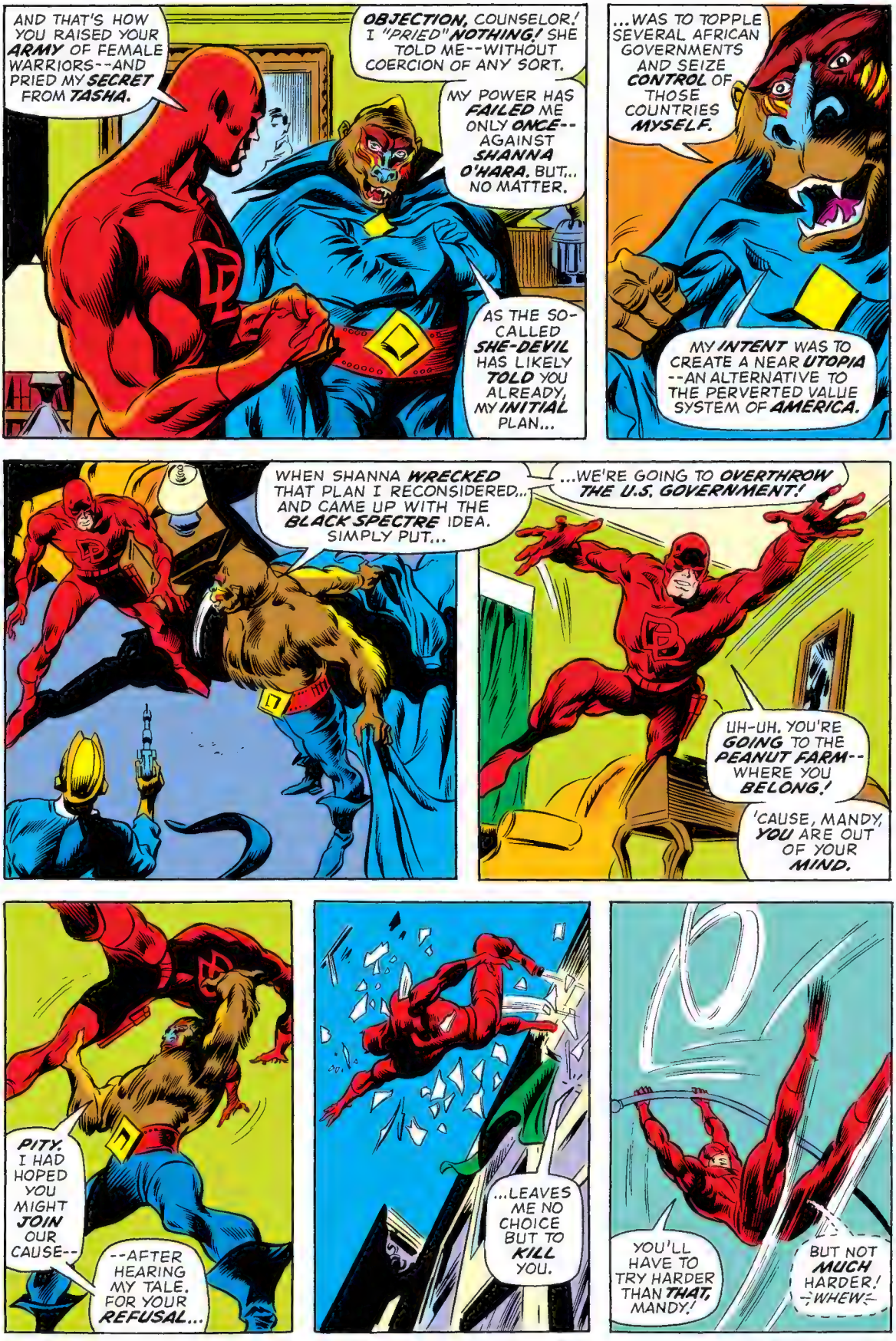
"EQUALLY DISTRESSED WERE THE BLACK WOMAN AND HER BLACK HUSBAND WHEN, ANOTHER YEAR LATER, THEIR DAUGHTER WAS BORN...
"...WITH CHALK-WHITE SKIN--AND FEARSOME VAMPIRE-LIKE FANGS!
"THESE TWO INFANTS WERE MYSELF, OF COURSE, AND MY PRIESTESS NEKRA.
"WE WERE PERHAPS THE FIRST AMERICAN VICTIMS OF RADIOACTIVE MUTATION. AND, AS SUCH, WE WERE DIFFERENT. IN AMERICA THAT ALONE IS JUST CAUSE FOR OTHERS TO HATE YOU.
"MY CHILDHOOD WAS SHEER TORMENT. BY THE TIME I HAD REACHED SCHOOL AGE, MY FEATURES HAD BEGUN TO MUTATE FURTHER, TOWARD THEIR PRESENT STATE.
"AS FOR NEKRA, HER WHITE SKIN MADE HER A PARIAH, AN OBJECT OF SCORN AMONG HER RACE, ALSO.
"A BLACK WHITE BOY AND A WHITE BLACK GIRL --BOTH OSTRACIZED, BOTH LEARNING THE SAME UGLY LESSON ABOUT...AMERICA.
"AT TEN, I SUFFERED THE ULTIMATE BLOW. MY PARENTS COULD NO LONGER BEAR THE BURDEN MY PRESENCE PLACED UPON THEM.
"SO MY FATHER DROVE ME OUT INTO THE DESERT ONE DAY...AND LEFT ME THERE TO DIE.
"I HATED HIM FOR THAT...BUT I DIDN'T BLAME HIM. WHY SHOULD HE HAVE TO SUFFER FOR WHAT I WAS?
"STILL, I DETERMINED THEN AND THERE TO KILL HIM--TO TREK BACK ACROSS THOSE ARID SANDS AND CRUSH HIM...WITH THE TERRIBLE STRENGTH THE RADIATION HAD IMBUED IN ME--

"--STRENGTH I'D HAD TO CONCEAL FOR FEAR OF BEING BRANDED AS MORE THAN A FREAK--A MONSTER!
"THAT STRENGTH--AND MY UNCANNY ENDURANCE SAVED ME. I MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY, BUT I NEVER WENT BACK TO THAT HATEFUL TOWN. FOR, SCANT MILES FROM MY PARENTS' HOME--A FATEFUL MEETING OCCURRED.
"SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY...FROM THE SAME HATRED THAT HAD PLAGUED ME.
"SHE OFFERED ME WATER--AND THE FIRST HONEST EMPATHY I'D EVER KNOWN. AND WE BECAME PARTNERS ON THE SPOT.
"OUR PLAN: TO KEEP FOREVER ON THE MOVE. TO PROTECT ONE ANOTHER AND SHUN ALL...HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP. WE WOULD BE GYPSIES---WANDERERS--AND LIVE BY OUR WITS AND STEALTH.
"WE EDUCATED OURSELVES BY LISTENING TO LESSONS FROM OUTSIDE SCHOOL WALLS...AND READING STOLEN BOOKS. AND IT WENT ON THAT WAY UNTIL ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE A TINY MISSOURI TOWN--
"--SOME SIX YEARS AFTER OUR FIRST MEETING--
"--WHAT WE HAD ALWAYS DREADED FINALLY CAME TO PASS. WE'D BEEN DISCOVERED.
SNAP

I'LL BE DANGED! THE KIDS SAID THEY SAW MONSTERS OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLHOUSE!
BUT I NEVER FIGGERED--!
AN' DON'T FIGGER NOW! LET'S JUST GET 'EM!
YOU! YOU'RE THE MONSTERS! NOT US!
YOUR FACES, TWISTED WITH HATE--ARE UGLIER THAN OURS COULD EVER BE!
WE HATE YOU! WE--
"I WAS CERTAIN NEKRA HAD GONE MAD. NEITHER OF US KNEW WHAT WAS TRULY GOING ON WITHIN HER.
HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!
"BUT WE LEARNED SOON ENOUGH--
"--WHEN ONE OF OUR ATTACKERS STABBED SAVAGELY AT HER WITH A STEEL PITCHFORK!
"WE WERE AS STUNNED AS HE WAS AT THE RESULT.
"BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO PONDER--
"--NOT WITH OUR VERY SURVIVAL AT STAKE!
"FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE UNLEASHED OUR OWN SEETHING HATRED, HATRED LOCKED WITHIN US...ALL THOSE YEARS.
"AND WE USED IT--TO KILL!

"JUST AS THEY EMPLOYED THEIR MOST POTENT WEAPONS IN AN EFFORT TO DESTROY US, HOWEVER, WE SUCCEEDED...
"...WHERE THEY FAILED.
"NEKRA COULD BECOME VIRTUALLY INVULNERABLE, WE REASONED LATER, IF SHE COULD WORK UP SUFFICIENT--
HATE!!
"THAT EMOTION RELEASED HER MUTANT POWER! AND SUDDENLY, WE WERE HELPLESS NO LONGER.
"IN THE TIME IT TOOK TO WIPE OUT OUR ASSAILANTS--
"I HAD CONCEIVED A DARING NEW LIFE-PLAN FOR US!

"WHEN WE DISCOVERED MY OWN PARTICULAR TALENT SOME TIME LATER, IT PUT THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THAT NEW GOAL SUDDENLY WITHIN REACH.
"IT WAS ODD, YOU KNOW. SHE HAD NEVER TRUSTED ANYONE BEFORE. SO WHY ME--UNLESS I HAD SOME SORT OF POWER OVER HER.?
"YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT TALENT, AREN'T YOU, MURDOCK.? OR HAS IT ALREADY STRUCK YOU AS ODD THAT YOUNG NEKRA TRUSTED ME COMPLETELY FROM THE MOMENT WE MET.?
"AND I DID--THOUGH I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF IT.
"YOU SEE...ALL WOMEN ARE MY SLAVES...WITHOUT MY HAVING TO DO ANYTHING TO MAKE IT THUS."


AND THAT'S HOW YOU RAISED YOUR ARMY OF FEMALE WARRIORS--AND PRIED MY SECRET FROM TASHA.
OBJECTION, COUNSELOR! I "PRIED" NOTHING! SHE TOLD ME--WITHOUT COERCION OF ANY SORT.
MY POWER HAS FAILED ME ONLY ONCE--AGAINST SHANNA O'HARA. BUT... NO MATTER.
AS THE SO-CALLED SHE-DEVIL HAS LIKELY TOLD YOU ALREADY, MY INITIAL PLAN...
...WAS TO TOPPLE SEVERAL AFRICAN GOVERNMENTS AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THOSE COUNTRIES MYSELF.
MY INTENT WAS TO CREATE A NEAR UTOPIA --AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE PERVERTED VALUE SYSTEM OF AMERICA.
WHEN SHANNA WRECKED THAT PLAN I RECONSIDERED... AND CAME UP WITH THE BLACK SPECTRE IDEA. SIMPLY PUT...
...WE'RE GOING TO OVERTHROW THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!
UH-UH. YOU'RE GOING TO THE PEANUT FARM--WHERE YOU BELONG!
'CAUSE, MANDY, YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND.
PITY. I HAD HOPED YOU MIGHT JOIN OUR CAUSE--
--AFTER HEARING MY TALE. FOR YOUR REFUSAL...
...LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO KILL YOU.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY HARDER THAN THAT, MANDY!
BUT NOT MUCH HARDER! -WHEW-

YOU'RE MORE AGILE THAN I IMAGINED, BUT THAT WON'T SAVE YOU!
R HILTON
AND WHY NOT, PRAY-TELL?
BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOOL! YOU'VE VASTLY UNDERESTIMATED MY STRENGTH!
SAD TO SAY--HE'S RIGHT, BLAST IT! LOSING MY BALANCE--
MANDRILL--LOOK OUT! THE CROWD! INNOCENT PEOPLE--
-UNNH!-
THAK!
GOT TO STOP HIM--BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!
LIKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE!
SIRENS! POLICE! MUSTN'T BE SEEN! MUST SWING UP--!
EEEE

DAREDEVIL
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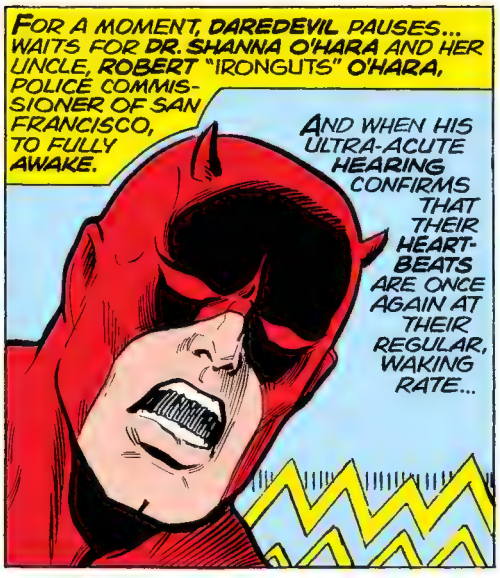
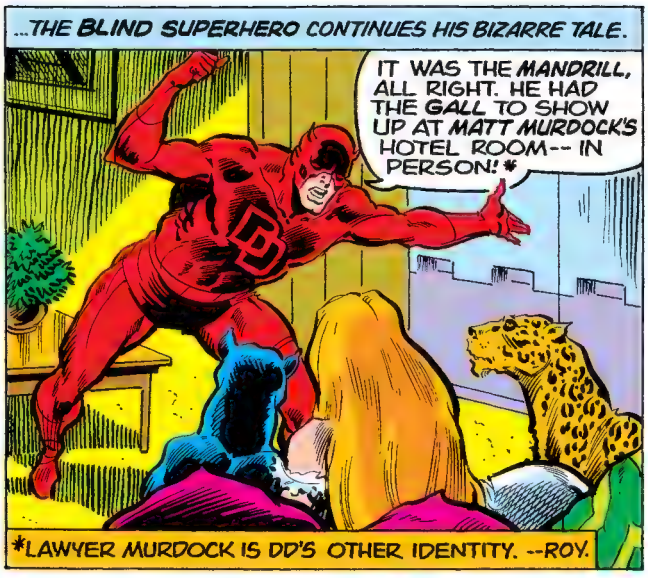
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
GUEST-STARRING:
SHANNA
THE SHE-DEVIL!
YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME HERE--IN THE SKY WHICH IS MY ELEMENT!
TELL YOUR MOURNERS, FOOL, THAT YOU FELL A HELPLESS VICTIM OF--
--THE SILVER SAMURAI!
MILE-HIGH MAYHEM!

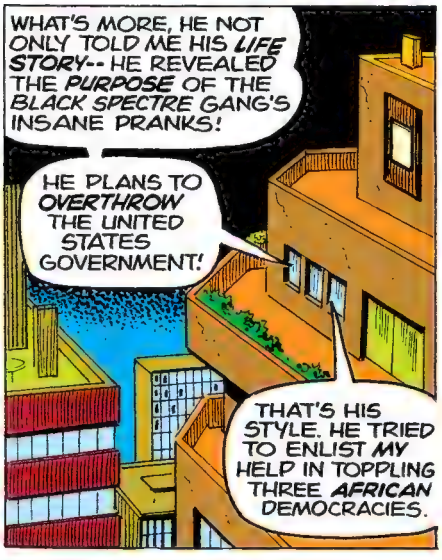
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

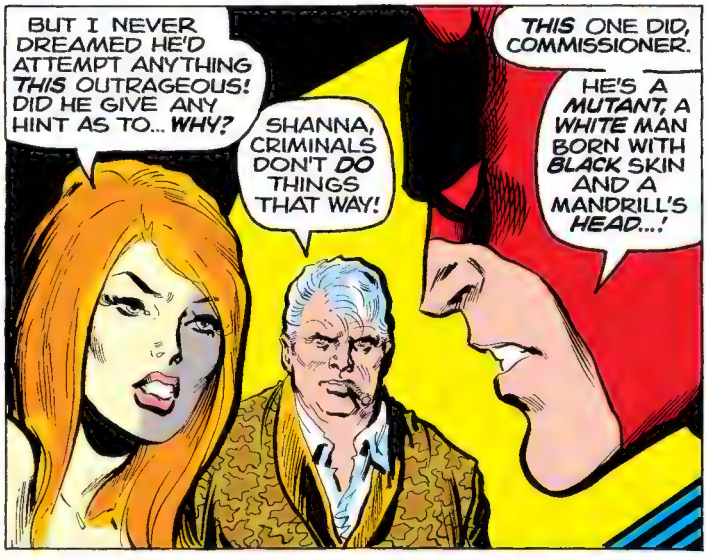
STEVE GERBER WRITER / BOB BROWN ARTIST / JIM MOONEY INKER / TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETT'G / L. LESSMANN, COLORIST / ROY THOMAS EDITOR

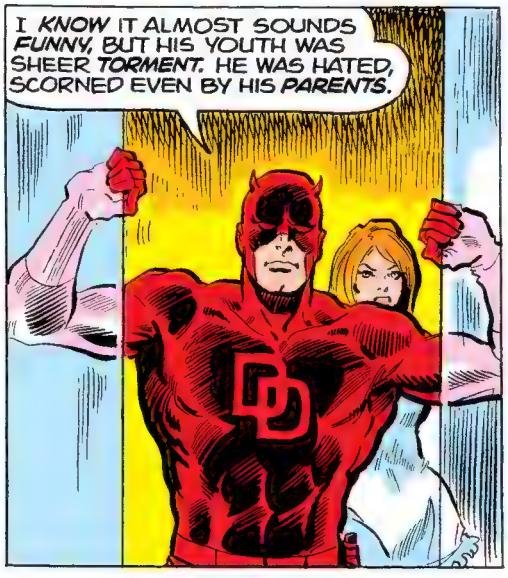
SWORD OF THE SAMURAI!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD REASON FOR COMING TO MY NIECE'S ROOM AT THREE A.M., HORN-HEAD!
GOOD ENOUGH! I'VE JUST MET THE LEADER OF BLACK SPECTRE!
WHAT? WAS IT WHO WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE?

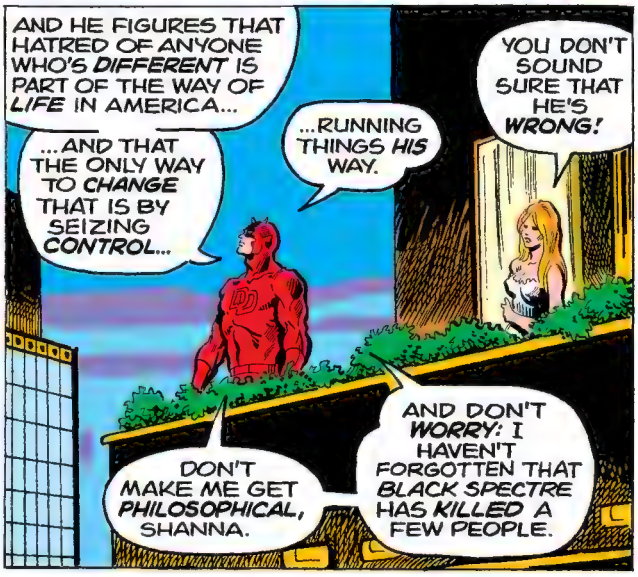

FOR A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL PAUSES... WAITS FOR DR. SHANNA O'HARA AND HER UNCLE, ROBERT "IRONGUTS" O'HARA, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF SAN FRANCISCO, TO FULLY AWAKE.
AND WHEN HIS ULTRA-ACUTE HEARING CONFIRMS THAT THEIR HEART-BEATS ARE ONCE AGAIN AT THEIR REGULAR, WAKING RATE...


...THE BLIND SUPERHERO CONTINUES HIS BIZARRE TALE.
IT WAS THE MANDRILL, ALL RIGHT. HE HAD THE GALL TO SHOW UP AT MATT MURDOCK'S HOTEL ROOM-- IN PERSON! *
*LAWYER MURDOCK IS DD'S OTHER IDENTITY. --ROY.

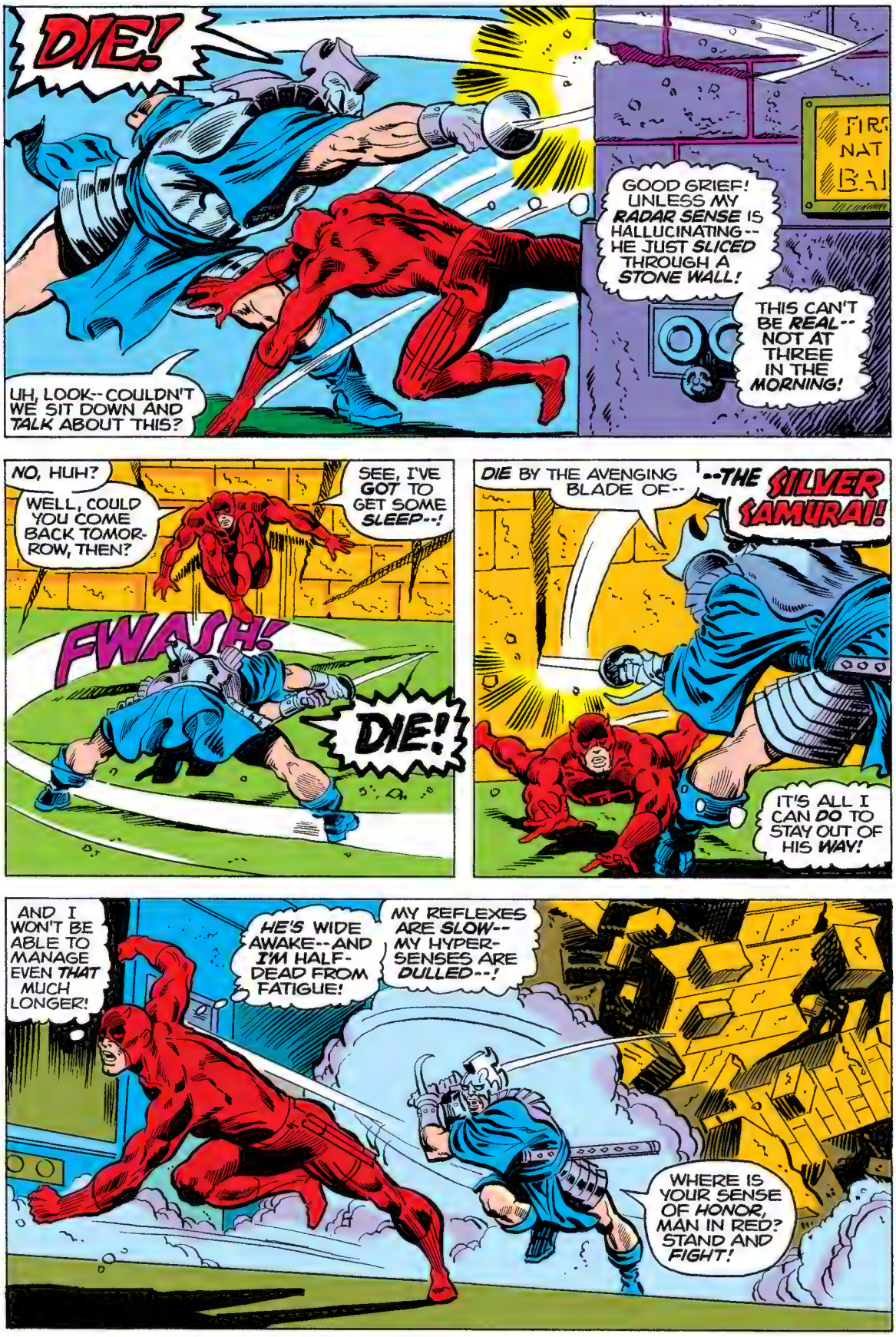

WHAT'S MORE, HE NOT ONLY TOLD ME HIS LIFE STORY-- HE REVEALED THE PURPOSE OF THE BLACK SPECTRE GANG'S INSANE PRANKS!
HE PLANS TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
THAT'S HIS STYLE. HE TRIED TO ENLIST MY HELP IN TOPPLING THREE AFRICAN DEMOCRACIES.

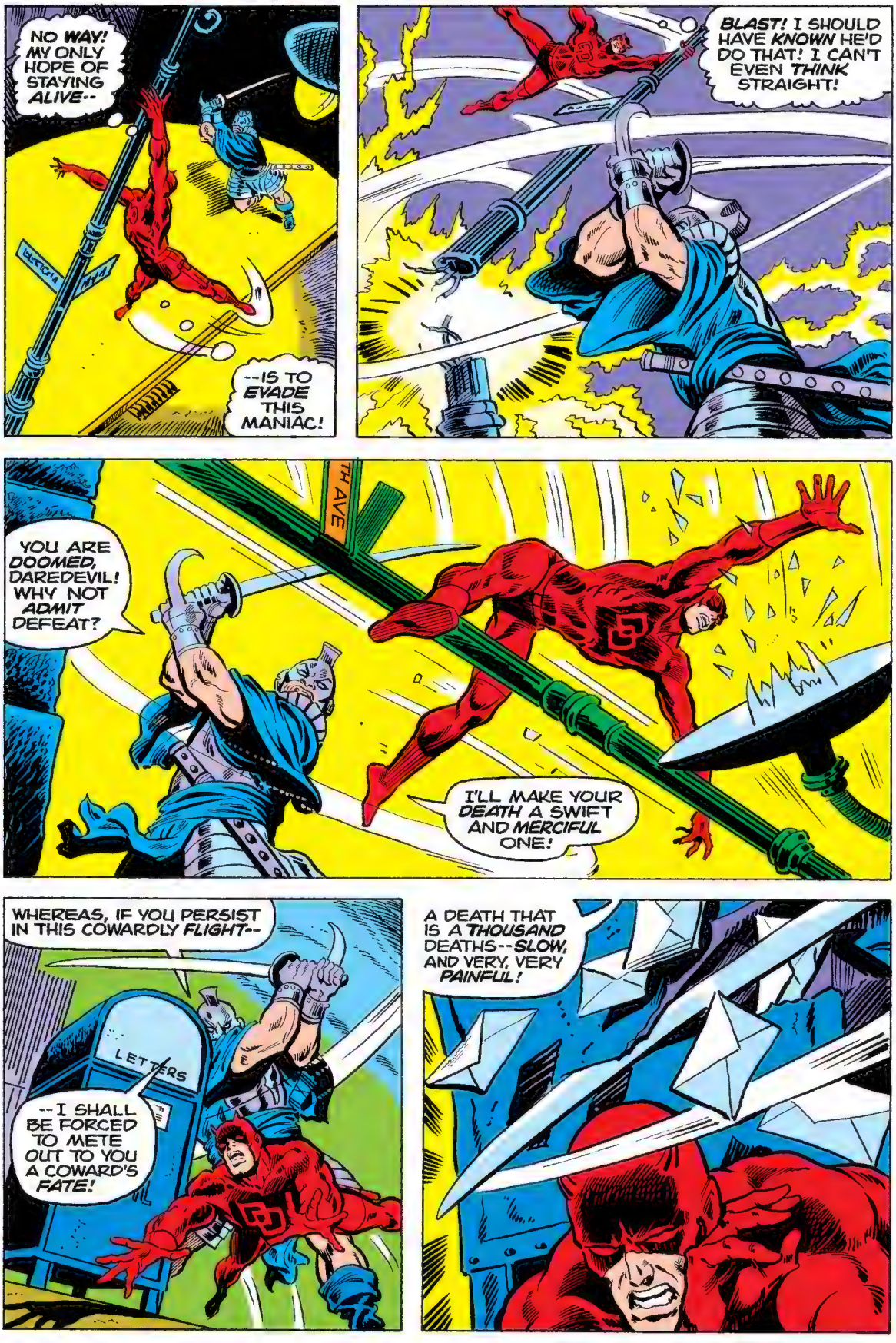

BUT I NEVER DREAMED HE'D ATTEMPT ANYTHING THIS OUTRAGEOUS! DID HE GIVE ANY HINT AS TO... WHY?
SHANNA, CRIMINALS DON'T DO THINGS THAT WAY!
THIS ONE DID, COMMISSIONER.
HE'S A MUTANT, A WHITE MAN BORN WITH BLACK SKIN AND A MANDRILL'S HEAD...!


I KNOW IT ALMOST SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT HIS YOUTH WAS SHEER TORMENT. HE WAS HATED, SCORNED EVEN BY HIS PARENTS.

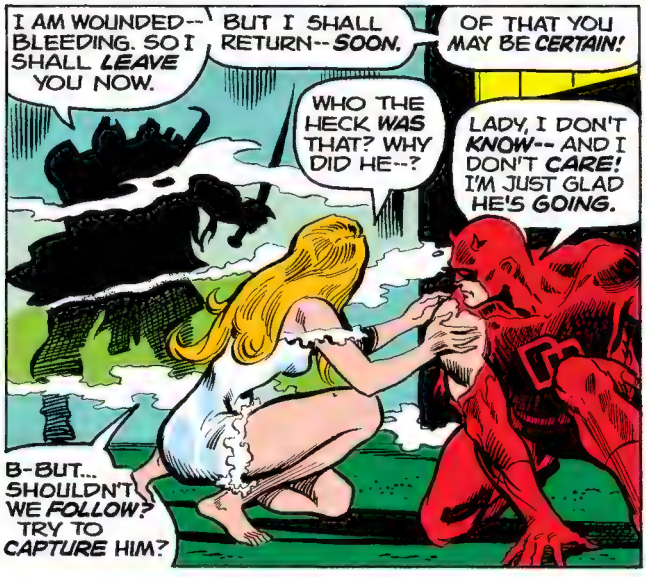

AND HE FIGURES THAT HATRED OF ANYONE WHO'S DIFFERENT IS PART OF THE WAY OF LIFE IN AMERICA...
...AND THAT THE ONLY WAY TO CHANGE THAT IS BY SEIZING CONTROL...
...RUNNING THINGS HIS WAY.
YOU DON'T SOUND SURE THAT HE'S WRONG!
DON'T MAKE ME GET PHILOSOPHICAL, SHANNA.
AND DON'T WORRY: I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT BLACK SPECTRE HAS KILLED A FEW PEOPLE.

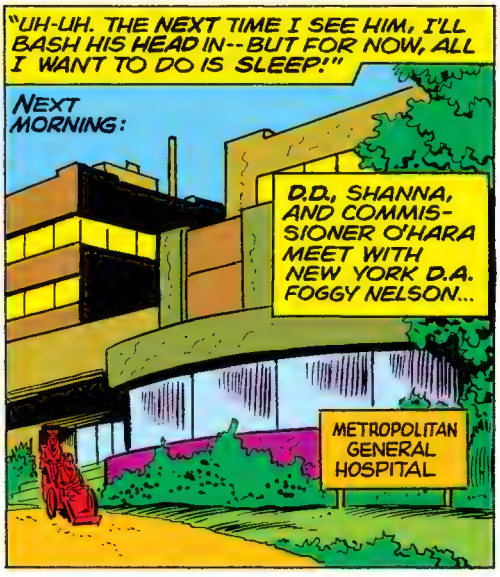
I'M JUST TIRED, THAT'S ALL. LOOK, LET'S MEET TOMORROW AT METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL.
WE CAN HASH IT ALL OUT WITH FOGGY NELSON AND DECIDE ON A BATTLE PLAN.
RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS SLEEP--
--AND NATASHA... THE WOMAN I THOUGHT I LOVED... WHO BETRAYED MY REAL IDENTITY TO MANDRILL.
LORD, HOW HE GLOATED OVER THAT!
MAYBE THAT BLACK WIDOW REPUTATION OF HERS ISN'T--
HAIIEEEEE!
AGGH!
BACK-- FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE--!
HAVE TO--
--RECOVER MY--
--BALANCE, OR IT'S ALL OVER!
WHEW THAT IS AS CLOSE AS I WANT TO COME TO DYING FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS OR SO!
WAIT--I HEAR FOOTSTEPS-- RUNNING-- MY ATTACKER!
EITHER THAT, OR IT'S JUST YOUR AVERAGE EIGHT-FOOT TALL, SWORD-SWINGING, 400-POUND GIANT!

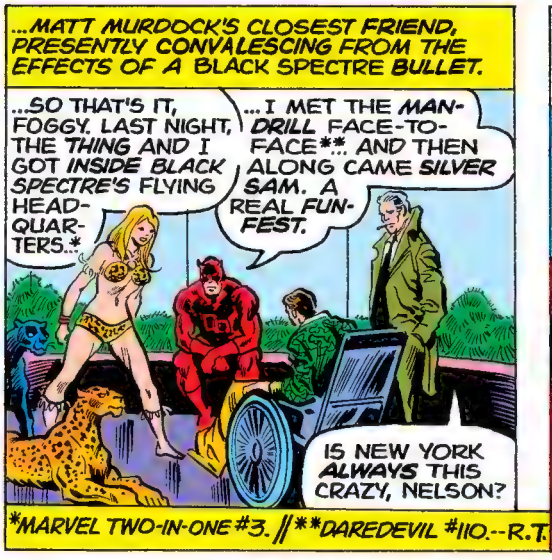

DIE!
UH, LOOK-- COULDN'T WE SIT DOWN AND TALK ABOUT THIS?
GOOD GRIEF! UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE IS HALLUCINATING-- HE JUST SLICED THROUGH A STONE WALL!
THIS CAN'T BE REAL-- NOT AT THREE IN THE MORNING!
NO, HUH?
WELL, COULD YOU COME BACK TOMORROW, THEN?
SEE, I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP--!
FWASH!
DIE!
DIE BY THE AVENGING BLADE OF--
--THE SILVER SAMURAI!
IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!
AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO MANAGE EVEN THAT MUCH LONGER!
HE'S WIDE AWAKE-- AND I'M HALF-DEAD FROM FATIGUE!
MY REFLEXES ARE SLOW-- MY HYPER-SENSES ARE DULLED--!
WHERE IS YOUR SENSE OF HONOR, MAN IN RED? STAND AND FIGHT!

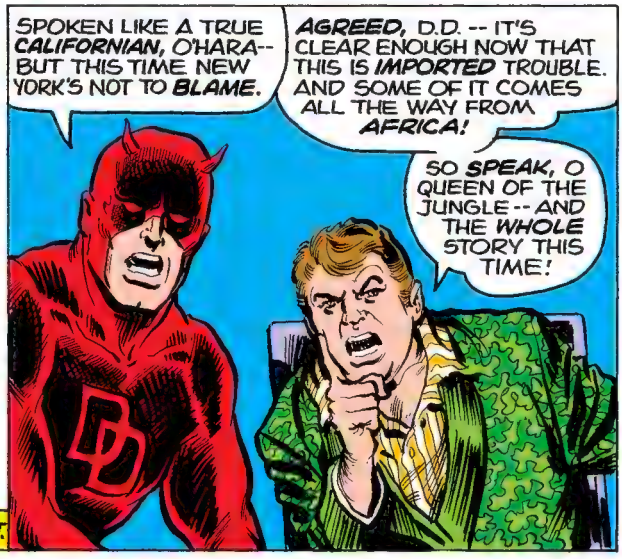

NO WAY! MY ONLY HOPE OF STAYING ALIVE--
--IS TO EVADE THIS MANIAC!
BLAST! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D DO THAT! I CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT!
TH AVE
YOU ARE DOOMED, DAREDEVIL! WHY NOT ADMIT DEFEAT?
I'LL MAKE YOUR DEATH A SWIFT AND MERCIFUL ONE!
WHEREAS, IF YOU PERSIST IN THIS COWARDLY FLIGHT--
LETTERS
--I SHALL BE FORCED TO METE OUT TO YOU A COWARD'S FATE!
A DEATH THAT IS A THOUSAND DEATHS--SLOW, AND VERY, VERY PAINFUL!

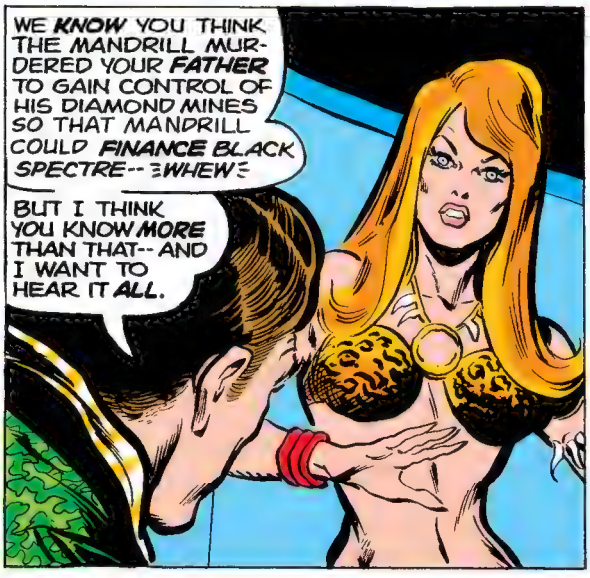
A DEATH BY DEGREES, SUCH AS NO MAN OF VALOR AND HONOR SHOULD HAVE TO ENDURE!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS, DAREDEVIL! WHICH SHALL IT BE?
FOR A MOMENT, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR WONDERS IF THOSE ARE HIS ONLY OPTIONS.
AND THEN, HE HEARS THE PAD OF FELINE PAWS--
--AND BIRI'S LOW, THROATY GROWL-- AND HE KNOWS: THE GAME IS NOT YET ENDED!
DAREDEVIL-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I HEARD THIS WEIRDO'S BATTLE CRY--
BUT IT TOOK A MOMENT BEFORE I REALIZED HE MUST BE AFTER YOU!
DAREDEVIL BARELY HEARS THE SHE-DEVIL'S WORDS--AND HE MAKES NO REPLY. RATHER, LIKE THE DESPERATE MAN HE IS, HE LEAPS UPON HIS FOE--
--AND POUNDS AND BATTERS THE GIANT WITH A FEROCITY HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE.
YET, EVEN THIS PROVES...
...INADEQUATE.
KEEP BACK-- I WARN YOU! I'LL SLASH THOSE CATS TO RIBBONS IF YOU SEND THEM AT ME AGAIN!


I AM WOUNDED--BLEEDING. SO I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW.
BUT I SHALL RETURN--SOON.
OF THAT YOU MAY BE CERTAIN!
WHO THE HECK WAS THAT? WHY DID HE--?
LADY, I DON'T KNOW-- AND I DON'T CARE! I'M JUST GLAD HE'S GOING.
B-BUT... SHOULDN'T WE FOLLOW? TRY TO CAPTURE HIM?


"UH-UH. THE NEXT TIME I SEE HIM, I'LL BASH HIS HEAD IN--BUT FOR NOW, ALL I WANT TO DO IS SLEEP!"
NEXT MORNING:
D.D., SHANNA, AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA MEET WITH NEW YORK D.A. FOGGY NELSON...
METROPOLITAN GENERAL HOSPITAL


...MATT MURDOCK'S CLOSEST FRIEND, PRESENTLY CONVALESCING FROM THE EFFECTS OF A BLACK SPECTRE BULLET.
...SO THAT'S IT, FOGGY. LAST NIGHT, THE THING AND I GOT INSIDE BLACK SPECTRE'S FLYING HEADQUARTERS.*
...I MET THE MANDRILL FACE-TO-FACE**. AND THEN ALONG CAME SILVER SAM. A REAL FUN-FEST.
IS NEW YORK ALWAYS THIS CRAZY, NELSON?
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3. //**DAREDEVIL #110.--R.T.


SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE CALIFORNIAN, O'HARA--BUT THIS TIME NEW YORK'S NOT TO BLAME.
AGREED, D.D. -- IT'S CLEAR ENOUGH NOW THAT THIS IS IMPORTED TROUBLE. AND SOME OF IT COMES ALL THE WAY FROM AFRICA!
SO SPEAK, O QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE -- AND THE WHOLE STORY THIS TIME!


WE KNOW YOU THINK THE MANDRILL MURDERED YOUR FATHER TO GAIN CONTROL OF HIS DIAMOND MINES SO THAT MANDRILL COULD FINANCE BLACK SPECTRE-- WHEW
BUT I THINK YOU KNOW MORE THAN THAT-- AND I WANT TO HEAR IT ALL.

ALL RIGHT-- I GIVE. I WAS HOPING TO TACKLE MANDRILL MYSELF-- CLAIM MY OWN REVENGE.
BUT I SEE NOW... THAT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
SO HERE IT IS, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY-- EVERYTHING I CAN TELL YOU:

"ACTUALLY, THE STORY BEGINS **MONTHS** AGO. MANDRILL HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY **SHIELD**, BUT **NEKRA**, HIS PRIESTESS, CAME AFTER ME, SEEKING VENGEANCE. **PATRICK McSHANE**, THE GAME WARDEN AT DAHOMEY RESERVE, HELPED ME DEFEAT **HER**.*

"BUT SHE REFUSED, EVEN AT **GUNPOINT**, TO TELL ME WHERE MANDRILL'S FEMALE **ARMY** WAS HOLDING MY **FATHER** PRISONER.

*SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL #5.--R.T.

"WHEN WE WERE **SURE** SHE WASN'T GOING TO TALK, THERE WAS **ANOTHER** PROBLEM TO DEAL WITH:

"GETTING HER TO THE **AUTHORITIES**.

"SO I TOOK OFF FOR THE **CITY** TO RADIO MY FRIEND **JAKUNA SINGH**, A SHIELD AGENT, FOR HELP.

"BY THE TIME JAKUNA AND I RETURNED TO THE PRESERVE, NEKRA HAD **ESCAPED**... AND PATRICK... WAS **DEAD**. SHE'D KILLED HIM WITH HER **BARE HANDS**.

"I WAS TOO **ANGRY** EVEN... TO CRY.

"INSTEAD, I QUIETLY SWORE **VENGEANCE**... AND SET ABOUT FOLLOWING UP EVERY **LEAD**...

"...CONTACTING **ANYONE** I EVER MET WHO MIGHT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT **MANDRILL**... AND THEREFORE ABOUT **NEKRA**. THERE WERE THREE MEN ALONG WITH ME AND PATRICK WHOM MANDRILL HAD TRIED TO ENLIST IN HIS **AFRICAN** OPERATION.*

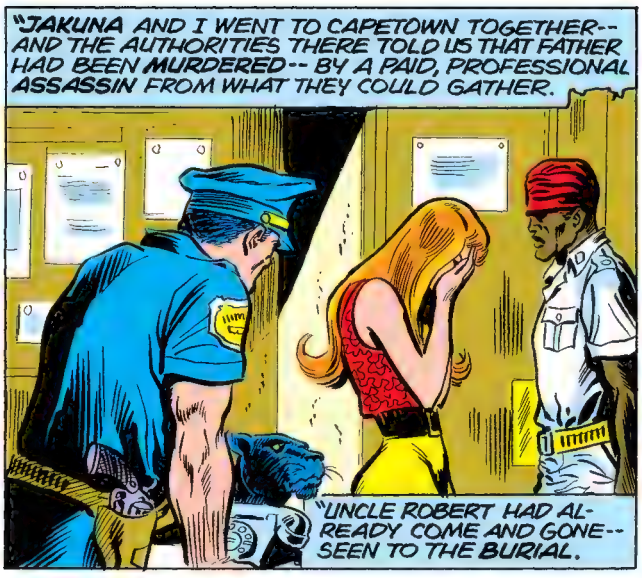
"I SPOKE TO EACH OF THEM: **LEM STOKER**, DIAMOND MERCHANT... **LORD AINSLEY**, THE DIPLOMAT... **GENERAL MOJO** OF JAPAN... BUT NONE COULD HELP ME.

*SHANNA #4.--R.T.

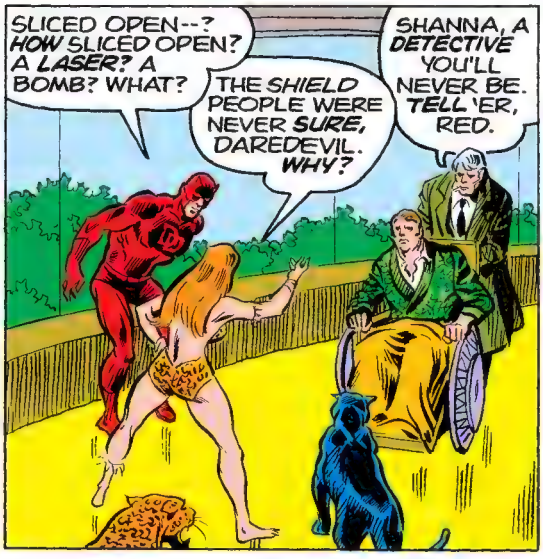
"SO I RETURNED TO AFRICA DES-PONDENTLY...AND WAS PROMPTLY **KIDNAPPED** INTO AN ADVENTURE WITH **KA-ZAR**!*

*KA-ZAR #1&2.--R.T.

"BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. WHEN I CAME **BACK** FROM THE **SAVAGE LAND**... THE NEW PRESERVE WARDEN HANDED ME A **TELEGRAM** WITH THE NEWS THAT MY FATHER HAD BEEN FOUND **DEAD** IN CAPETOWN.


"JAKUNA AND I WENT TO CAPETOWN TOGETHER--AND THE AUTHORITIES THERE TOLD US THAT FATHER HAD BEEN MURDERED-- BY A PAID, PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN FROM WHAT THEY COULD GATHER.
"UNCLE ROBERT HAD ALREADY COME AND GONE--SEEN TO THE BURIAL.

"BUT THERE WAS MORE BAD NEWS TO COME. JAKUNA HADN'T EVEN WANTED TO TELL ME--THAT MANDRILL HAD ESCAPED FROM SHIELD WITH THE AID OF--ARE YOU READY?--SOMEONE WHO CUT OPEN THE WALL OF HIS PRISON CELL!"


SLICED OPEN--? HOW SLICED OPEN? A LASER? A BOMB? WHAT?
THE SHIELD PEOPLE WERE NEVER SURE, DAREDEVIL. WHY?
SHANNA, A DETECTIVE YOU'LL NEVER BE. TELL 'ER, RED.

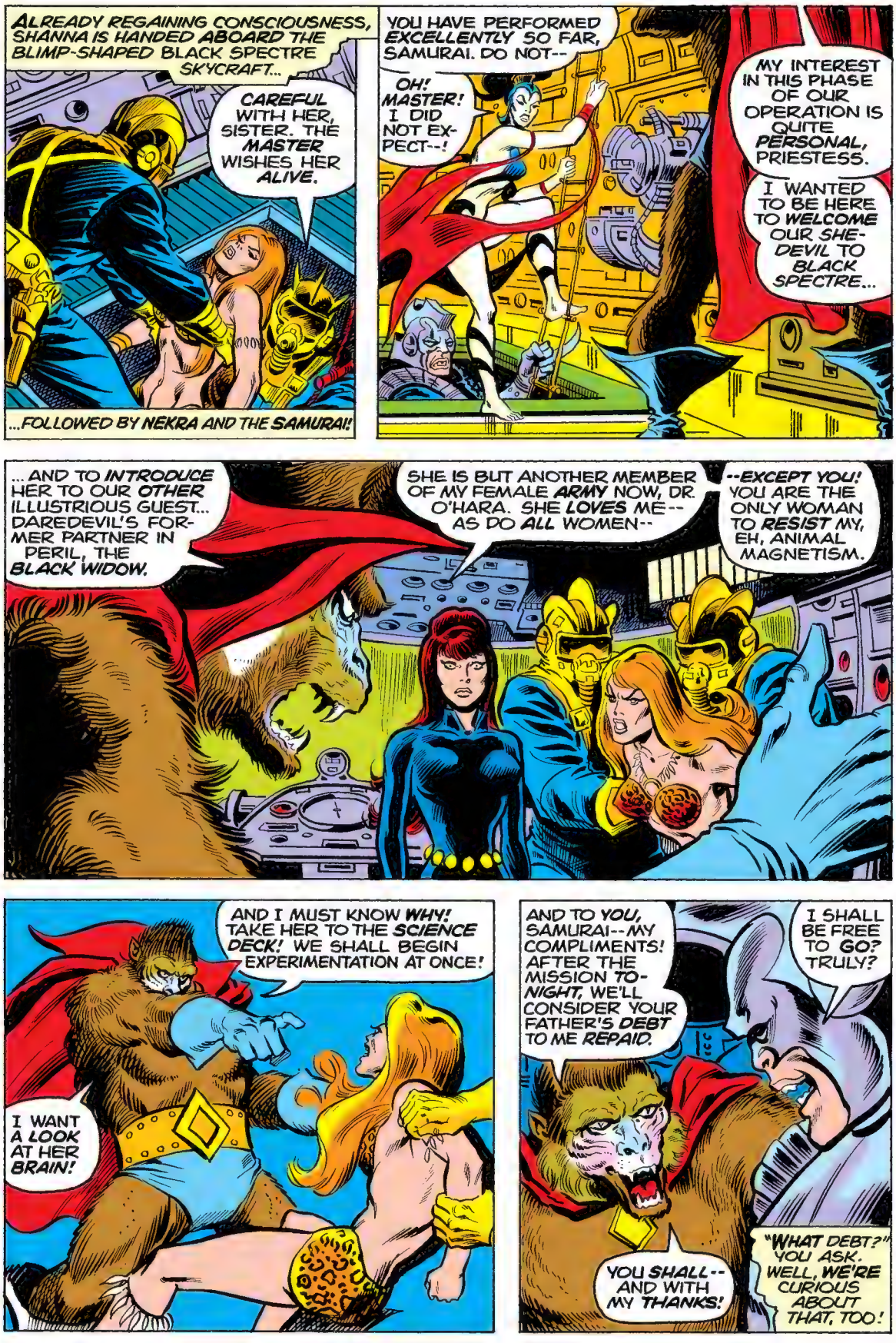
DON'T YOU SEE, SHANNA? THE SHIELD AGENTS OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS--
--BECAUSE THEY CONSIDERED IT IMPOSSIBLE. THAT PRISON WALL WAS SLICED OPEN WITH A BLADE!

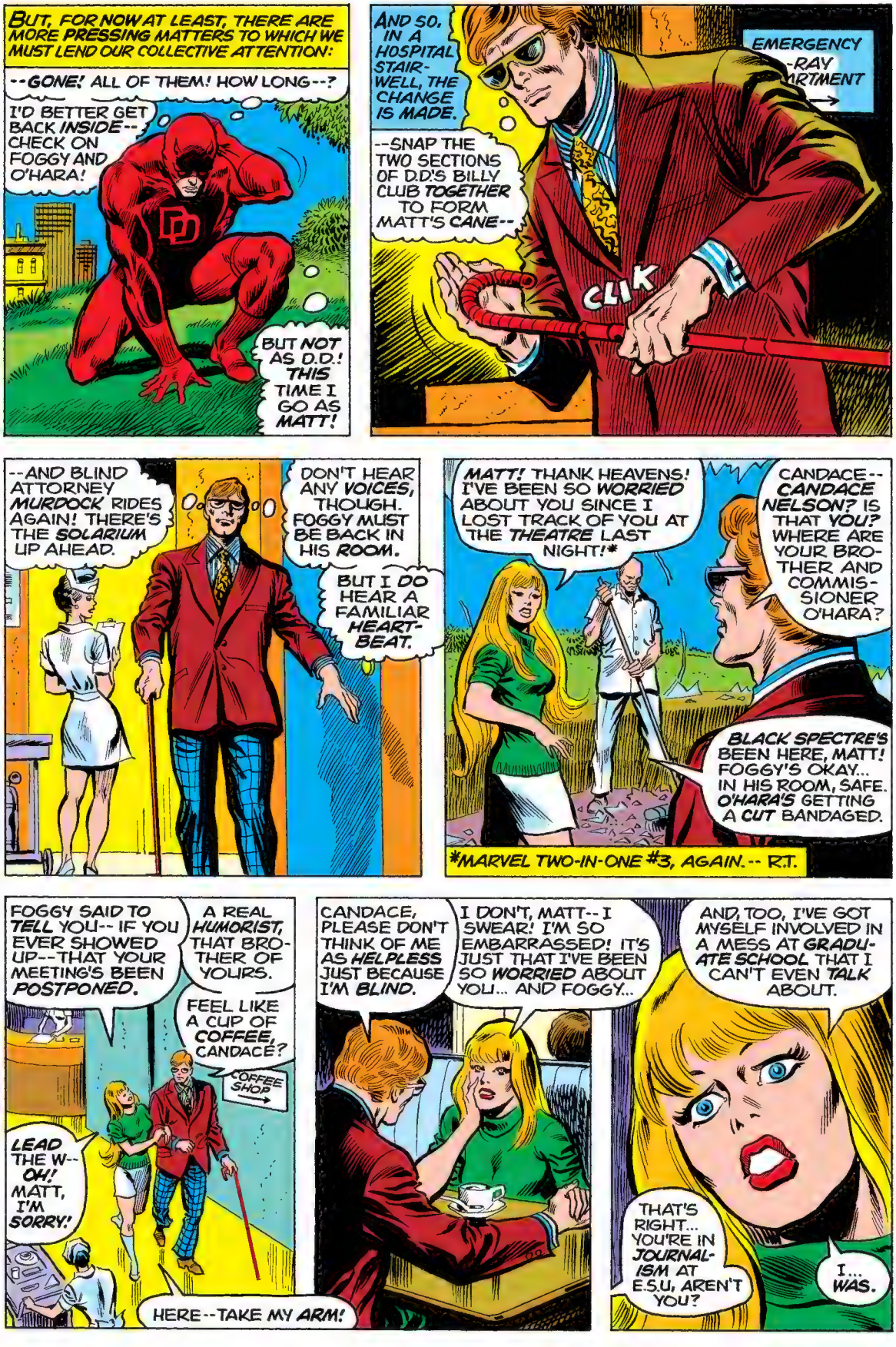
OOH!
THE SILVER SAMURAI! HE'S PART OF BLACK SPECTRE!

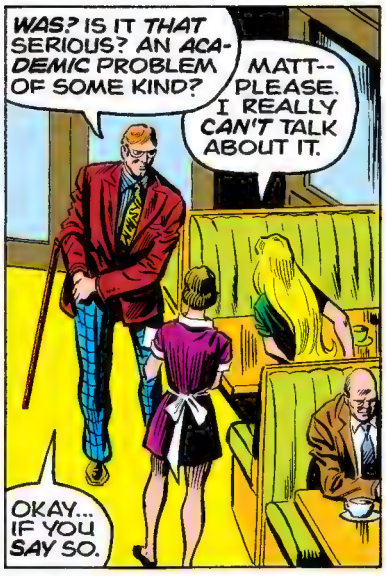
AND POSSIBLY--ACTING ON MANDRILL'S ORDERS--YOUR FATHER'S MURDERER! I'LL HAVE MATT MURDOCK GET IN TOUCH WITH SHIELD AND CHECK--HEY!
THAT REMINDS ME--WHERE IS MATT? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AT THIS MEETING, TOO!
UH...
BUT BEFORE D.D. CAN EVEN UTTER HIS LAME ALIBI...

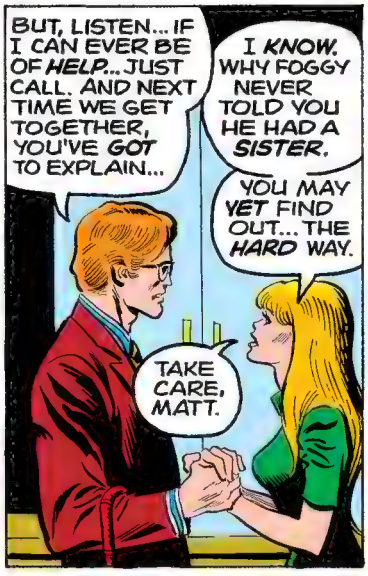
HAIIEEEE
--ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!
SHARDS OF GLASS FLY IN EVERY DIRECTION... RAY GUNS BLAST, STUNNING THE LEOPARDS... AND THE SILVER SAMURAI SEIZES THEIR MISTRESS!
SHANNA!

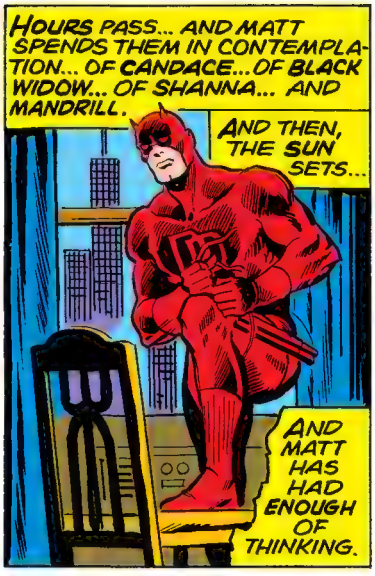
BLAST IT, THIS TIME HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY! I'M FULLY RESTED-- IN TOP FORM NOW!
TAKE HER UP INTO THE CRAFT! I HAVE A KILL TO MAKE!
BUT THE MASTER SAID--
BE SILENT-- OR YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEAD AS WELL!
NO!!
YOU'RE A MEMBER OF BLACK SPECTRE, SAMURAI--AND YOU'LL OBEY THE MANDRILL AND ME!
WHAT? WHO--? I WAS CONCENTRATING SO HARD ON SAM--
--I DIDN'T HEAR--!
UNNGH
HATE!!
TO THE JET-CRAFT-- AT ONCE! YOU, TOO, SAMURAI! NOW!
UNLESS YOU'D CARE TO MATCH YOUR POWER AGAINST THAT OF NEKRA!
N-NO, PRIESTESS, I WOULD NOT--!
YOU ARE WISE, THEN. FOR NOT EVEN YOUR BLADE COULD HARM ME!
NOW, COME... LET US RETURN TO THE MASTER WITH THE NEWS OF OUR SUCCESS!

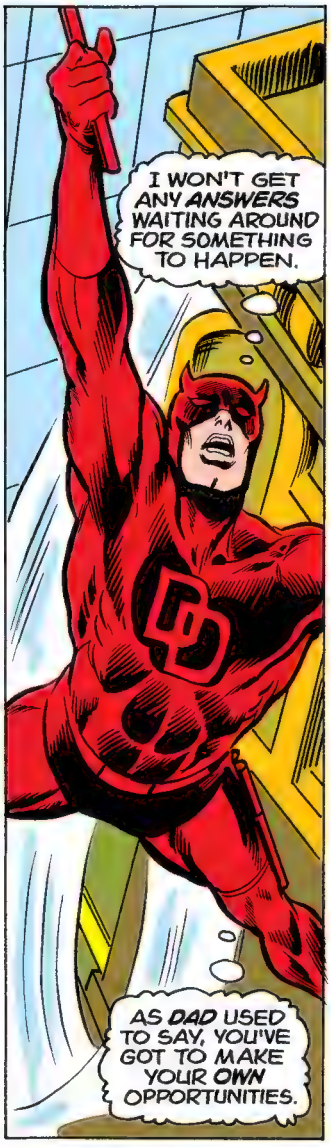

ALREADY REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SHANNA IS HANDED ABOARD THE BLIMP-SHAPED BLACK SPECTRE SKYCRAFT...
CAREFUL WITH HER, SISTER. THE MASTER WISHES HER ALIVE.
...FOLLOWED BY NEKRA AND THE SAMURAI!
YOU HAVE PERFORMED EXCELLENTLY SO FAR, SAMURAI. DO NOT--
OH! MASTER! I DID NOT EXPECT--!
MY INTEREST IN THIS PHASE OF OUR OPERATION IS QUITE PERSONAL, PRIESTESS.
I WANTED TO BE HERE TO WELCOME OUR SHE-DEVIL TO BLACK SPECTRE...
...AND TO INTRODUCE HER TO OUR OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS GUEST... DAREDEVIL'S FORMER PARTNER IN PERIL, THE BLACK WIDOW.
SHE IS BUT ANOTHER MEMBER OF MY FEMALE ARMY NOW, DR. O'HARA. SHE LOVES ME--AS DO ALL WOMEN--
--EXCEPT YOU! YOU ARE THE ONLY WOMAN TO RESIST MY, EH, ANIMAL MAGNETISM.
I WANT A LOOK AT HER BRAIN!
AND I MUST KNOW WHY! TAKE HER TO THE SCIENCE DECK! WE SHALL BEGIN EXPERIMENTATION AT ONCE!
AND TO YOU, SAMURAI--MY COMPLIMENTS! AFTER THE MISSION TONIGHT, WE'LL CONSIDER YOUR FATHER'S DEBT TO ME REPAID.
I SHALL BE FREE TO GO? TRULY?
YOU SHALL--AND WITH MY THANKS!
"WHAT DEBT?" YOU ASK. WELL, WE'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THAT, TOO!

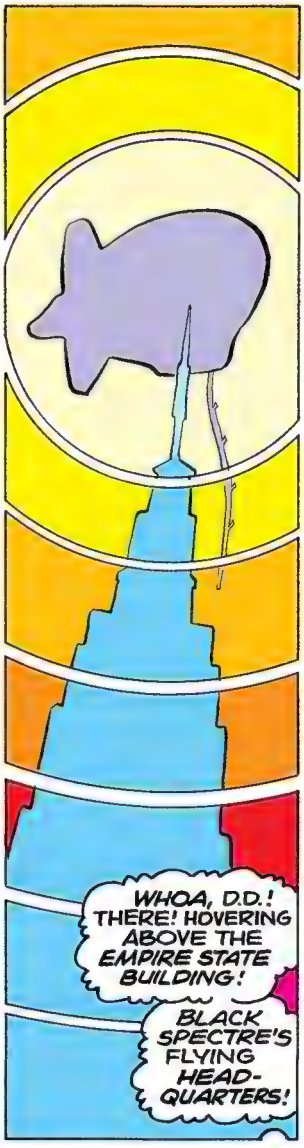

BUT, FOR NOW AT LEAST, THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS TO WHICH WE MUST LEND OUR COLLECTIVE ATTENTION:
--GONE! ALL OF THEM! HOW LONG--?
I'D BETTER GET BACK INSIDE--CHECK ON FOGGY AND O'HARA!
BUT NOT AS D.D.! THIS TIME I GO AS MATT!
AND SO, IN A HOSPITAL STAIR-WELL, THE CHANGE IS MADE.
--SNAP THE TWO SECTIONS OF D.D'S BILLY CLUB TOGETHER TO FORM MATT'S CANE--
CLIK
EMERGENCY -RAY RTMENT
--AND BLIND ATTORNEY MURDOCK RIDES AGAIN! THERE'S THE SOLARIUM UP AHEAD.
DON'T HEAR ANY VOICES, THOUGH. FOGGY MUST BE BACK IN HIS ROOM.
BUT I DO HEAR A FAMILIAR HEART-BEAT.
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU SINCE I LOST TRACK OF YOU AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT!*
CANDACE--CANDACE NELSON? IS THAT YOU? WHERE ARE YOUR BROTHER AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA?
BLACK SPECTRE'S BEEN HERE, MATT! FOGGY'S OKAY... IN HIS ROOM, SAFE. O'HARA'S GETTING A CUT BANDAGED.
*MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #3, AGAIN.-- R.T.
FOGGY SAID TO TELL YOU-- IF YOU EVER SHOWED UP--THAT YOUR MEETING'S BEEN POSTPONED.
A REAL HUMORIST, THAT BROTHER OF YOURS.
FEEL LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE, CANDACE?
COFFEE SHOP
LEAD THE W--OH! MATT, I'M SORRY!
HERE--TAKE MY ARM!
CANDACE, PLEASE DON'T THINK OF ME AS HELPLESS JUST BECAUSE I'M BLIND.
I DON'T, MATT--I SWEAR! I'M SO EMBARRASSED! IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU... AND FOGGY...
AND, TOO, I'VE GOT MYSELF INVOLVED IN A MESS AT GRADUATE SCHOOL THAT I CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT.
THAT'S RIGHT... YOU'RE IN JOURNALISM AT E.S.U, AREN'T YOU?
I... WAS.


WAS? IS IT THAT SERIOUS? AN ACADEMIC PROBLEM OF SOME KIND?
MATT--PLEASE. I REALLY CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT.
OKAY... IF YOU SAY SO.


BUT, LISTEN... IF I CAN EVER BE OF HELP... JUST CALL. AND NEXT TIME WE GET TOGETHER, YOU'VE GOT TO EXPLAIN...
I KNOW. WHY FOGGY NEVER TOLD YOU HE HAD A SISTER.
YOU MAY YET FIND OUT... THE HARD WAY.
TAKE CARE, MATT.


HOURS PASS... AND MATT SPENDS THEM IN CONTEMPLATION... OF CANDACE... OF BLACK WIDOW... OF SHANNA... AND MANDRILL.
AND THEN, THE SUN SETS...
AND MATT HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THINKING.


I WON'T GET ANY ANSWERS WAITING AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.
AS DAD USED TO SAY, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE YOUR OWN OPPORTUNITIES.


WHOA, D.D.! THERE! HOVERING ABOVE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
BLACK SPECTRE'S FLYING HEADQUARTERS!

SO IT IS. AND DESCENDING FROM IT...TWO OF MANDRILL'S FEMALE WARRIORS... AND THE SILVER SAMURAI!
REMEMBER... OUR TARGET IS THE TELEVISION TOWER! NO LIVES ARE TO BE TAKEN... UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.
WE KNOW OUR ORDERS.

I CAN ONLY GUESS AT WHAT MANDRILL WANTS UP THERE!
BUT IF HE'S HALF AS INTELLIGENT AS I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR--
--HE MUST KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T TOPPLE THIS COUNTRY WITHOUT FIRST CRUSHING ITS COMMUNICATIONS FACILITIES.
AND SINCE THE TV NETWORKS ALL SHARE THIS TOWER--YEP! ALL THIS AND SAMURAI, TOO!
DAREDEVIL!
HI YO, SILVER. LONG TIME NO SEE.
NOT LONG ENOUGH, THOUGH! I KEEP FORGETTING WHAT THIS GUY CAN DO!
PREPARE TO MEET YOUR ANCESTORS, DAREDEVIL!
THIS IS TO BE OUR LAST BATTLE!
THAM
YOU SAY THAT, SAM--BUT YOU KEEP COMING BACK, AGAIN AND AGAIN.
I'M NOT SURE I CAN BELIEVE YOU, ANYMORE!

HOW 'BOUT THAT! ALL MY 187 POUNDS FLAT IN THE FACE ACTUALLY DAZED HIM--A LITTLE.
AND JUST IN TIME FOR ME TO SPOT THE REAL THREAT!
BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS-- WITH LASER PISTOLS!
HANG THE MANDRILL'S REVOLUTION! IF THAT TOWER FALLS--
--DOZENS OF PEOPLE ON THE STREETS BELOW WILL BE KILLED!
IN FACT, SOMEBODY UP HERE COULD GET TOTALLED IF HE ISN'T MORE CAREFUL!
ZAK
I HAVE A HUNCH THE DIRECT APPROACH ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
NOT WHILE THEY KNOW WHERE I AM!
KZAK
SO LET'S TRY SOMETHING SNEAKY-- LIKE SWINGING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TOWER!
NOT THE MOST ORIGINAL STRATEGEM I'VE EVER CONCEIVED-- BUT IT WORKED.
NOW-- IF I MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY-- I'VE GOT 'EM!
AND MAYBE, WITH THE AID OF THAT LADDER, A CHANCE TO FREE SHANNA, TOO!

OKAY--NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO PULL MYSELF UP AND OVER AND--
BEHIND YOU, YOU FOOLS!
OH NO.
CLANG
BLAST! THEY HEARD HIM, ALL RIGHT!
THEY'D HAVE TO BE DEAFER THAN I AM BLIND NOT TO HAVE HEARD!
SO I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE--AND A LEAP...
...AND PRAY THEY WON'T RISK DESTROYING THE LADDER--THEIR MEANS OF ESCAPE!
RADAR SENSE--DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
MADE IT! AND I'VE MADE A DECISION, TOO! I'VE BEEN BEATEN AND BATTERED AND CONFUSED AND TOYED WITH LONG ENOUGH!
I'M GOING UP INTO THAT CRAFT AND PUT AN END TO THIS LUNACY--OR DIE TRYING!
THIS IS WAR, MANDRILL! DAREDEVIL'S WAR--AS OF RIGHT NOW!!
NEXT DIRECT FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.--THE WHIRLWIND WIND-UP TO THE BLACK SPECTRE SAGA: DEATH OF A NATION?

DAREDEVIL
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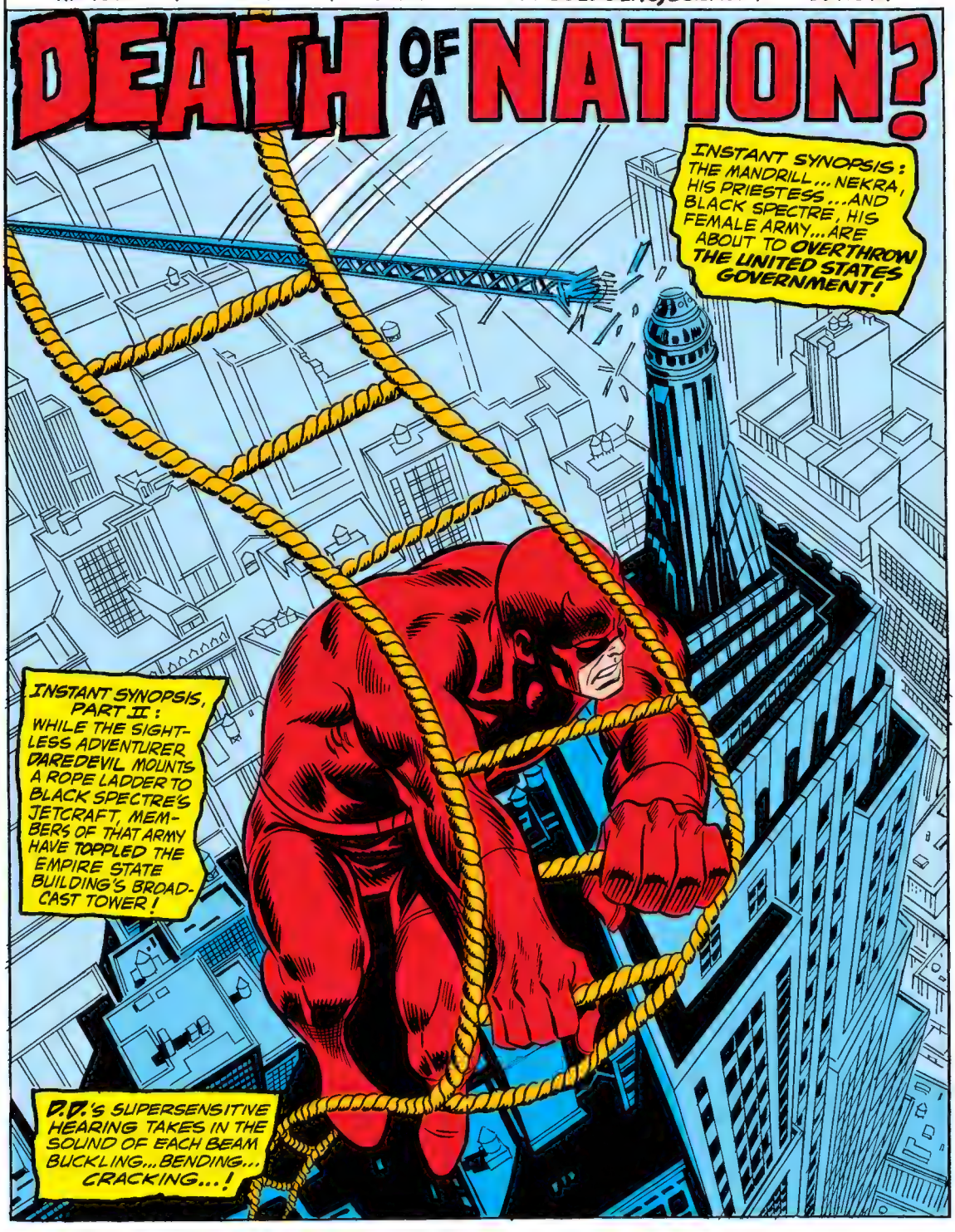
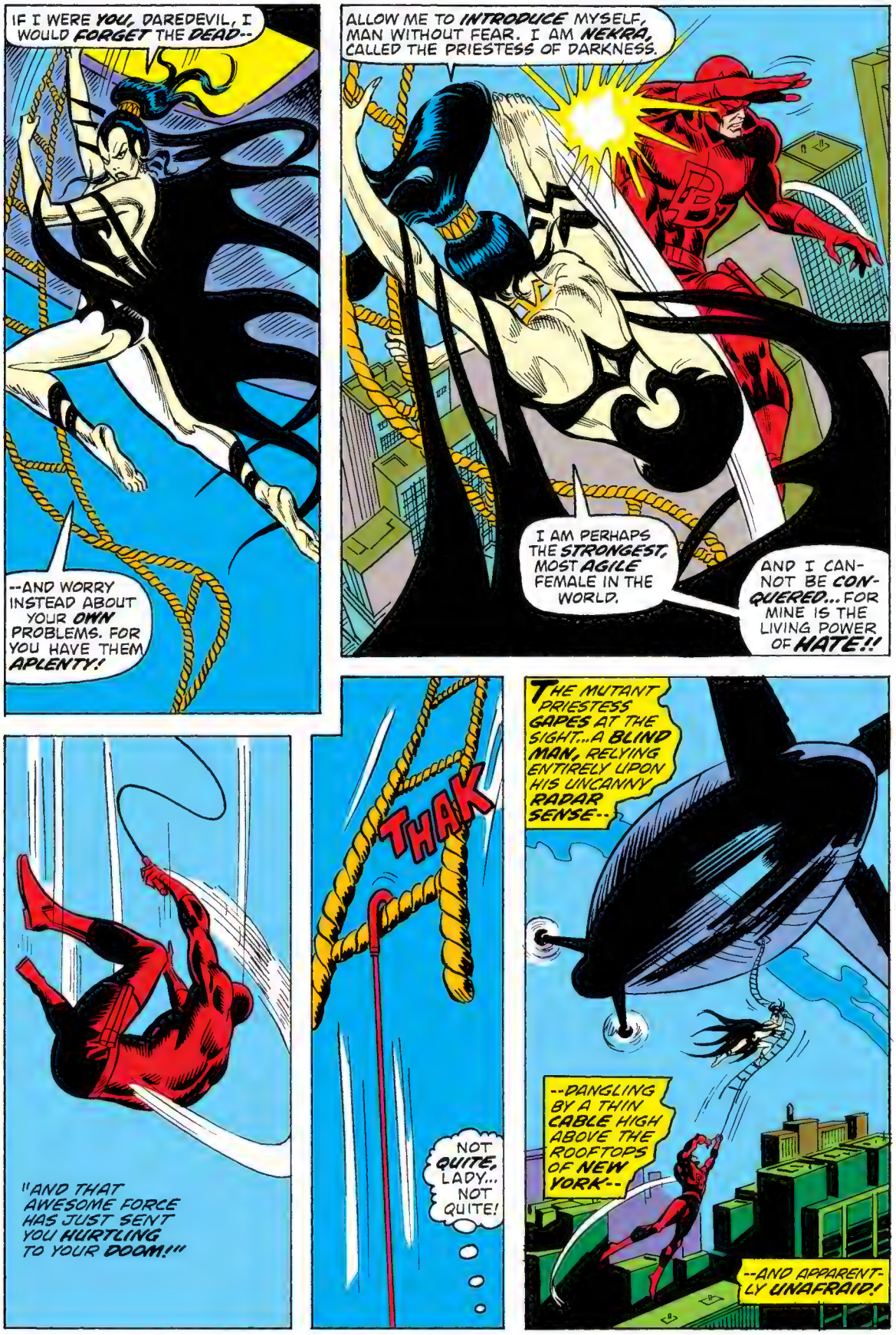
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
YOU TRACKED ME HALFWAY ACROSS A CONTINENT, MASKED MAN--
--ONLY TO MEET YOUR FIERY DOOM!
"MURDER!" CRIES THE MANDRILL!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

STEVE GERBER WRITER / GENE COLAN ARTIST / FRANK GIACOIA INKER / A. KAWECKI, Letterer P. GOLDBERG, Colorist / ROY THOMAS EDITOR


DEATH OF A NATION?
INSTANT SYNOPSIS: THE MANDRILL... NEKRA, HIS PRIESTESS ...AND BLACK SPECTRE, HIS FEMALE ARMY...ARE ABOUT TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
INSTANT SYNOPSIS, PART II: WHILE THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER DAREDEVIL MOUNTS A ROPE LADDER TO BLACK SPECTRE'S JETCRAFT, MEMBERS OF THAT ARMY HAVE TOPPLED THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING'S BROADCAST TOWER!
D.D.'s SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING TAKES IN THE SOUND OF EACH BEAM BUCKLING...BENDING... CRACKING...!

HE HEARS THE RUSH OF AIR PAST THE MAMMOTH METAL LATTICE AS IT PLUMMETS TO 34th STREET, EIGHTY-ODD STORIES BELOW.
AND HE EVEN HEARS THE TERROR-FRAUGHT SCREAMS...
...THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE...
...THE PROVERBIAL "INNOCENT BYSTANDERS"...
...WHO HAVE ALL TOO SUDDENLY BECOME A MADMAN'S--
--VICTIMS!!
HE HEARS THE TOWER CRASH UPON THE ASPHALT STREET.
AND PERHAPS IT IS ONLY HIS IMAGINATION...BUT HE SWEARS HE CAN HEAR EVERY BONE THAT IT CRUSHES TO POWDER... EVERY HEARTBEAT IT CAUSES TO STOP...EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THAT TRICKLES FROM EVERY WOUND TO MOISTEN THE PAVEMENT'S GRIME.
AND HE IS HORRIFIED!
THEY DID IT! THOSE LUNATICS ACTUALLY DID IT!!
I ONLY HOPE YOU WERE LISTENING, MANDRILL--SO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU'RE PAYING FOR WHEN I--

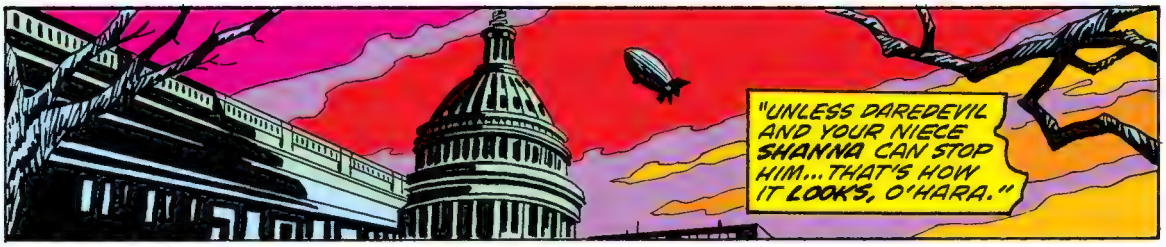

IF I WERE YOU, DAREDEVIL, I WOULD FORGET THE DEAD--
--AND WORRY INSTEAD ABOUT YOUR OWN PROBLEMS. FOR YOU HAVE THEM APLENTY!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, MAN WITHOUT FEAR. I AM NEKRA, CALLED THE PRIESTESS OF DARKNESS.
I AM PERHAPS THE STRONGEST, MOST AGILE FEMALE IN THE WORLD.
AND I CANNOT BE CONQUERED... FOR MINE IS THE LIVING POWER OF HATE!!
"AND THAT AWESOME FORCE HAS JUST SENT YOU HURTLING TO YOUR DOOM!"
THAK
NOT QUITE, LADY... NOT QUITE!
THE MUTANT PRIESTESS GAPES AT THE SIGHT...A BLIND MAN, RELYING ENTIRELY UPON HIS UNCANNY RADAR SENSE--
--DANGLING BY A THIN CABLE HIGH ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS OF NEW YORK--
--AND APPARENTLY UNAFRAID!

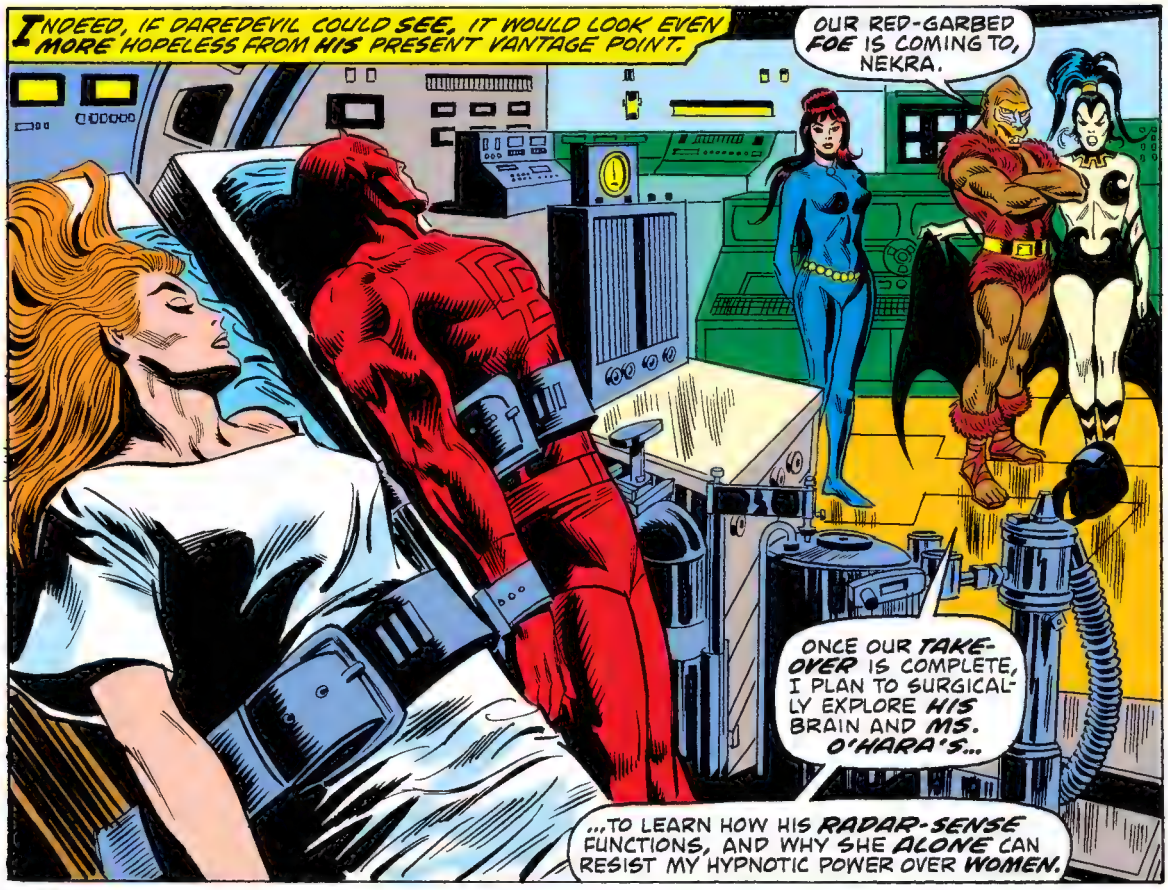
WHICH IS NOT TO SAY HE ISN'T CONCERNED!
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...LOSING MY GRIP EVEN NOW..!
BUT I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF PANIC, EITHER... CAN'T RISK LOSING THE CHANCE TO SMASH IN MANDRILL'S LEERING FACE!
THERE IS A WAY OUT OF THIS... I THINK.
IF I CAN GET MYSELF SWINGING IN A WIDE ENOUGH ARC...
I MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO--
HIS HANDS TIGHTEN ABOUT THE BILLY CLUB... AND LIKE A LIVING PENDULUM, HE LURCHES FIRST BACKWARD, THEN FORWARD...
...AND IN A SINGLE, BREATH-TAKING MOTION, HE HURLS HIMSELF IN A DEEP, SWOOPING ARC AROUND THE ROPE LADDER...
NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
...TO A RUNG HIGH ABOVE NEKRA'S!
Y'KNOW... I BET THAT'S TRUE!

BUT WHAT SAY WE TABLE THE QUESTION FOR NOW, HUH?
AT LEAST TIL I'M SAFELY INSIDE YOUR LEAD BALLOON?
"SAFELY," DAREDEVIL? A POOR CHOICE OF WORDS, THAT... AS YOU'VE CLIMBED DIRECTLY IN-TO MY CLUTCHES!
MANDRILL!
I WAS HOPING TO CATCH MY BREATH BEFORE DEALING WITH YOU, UGLY--

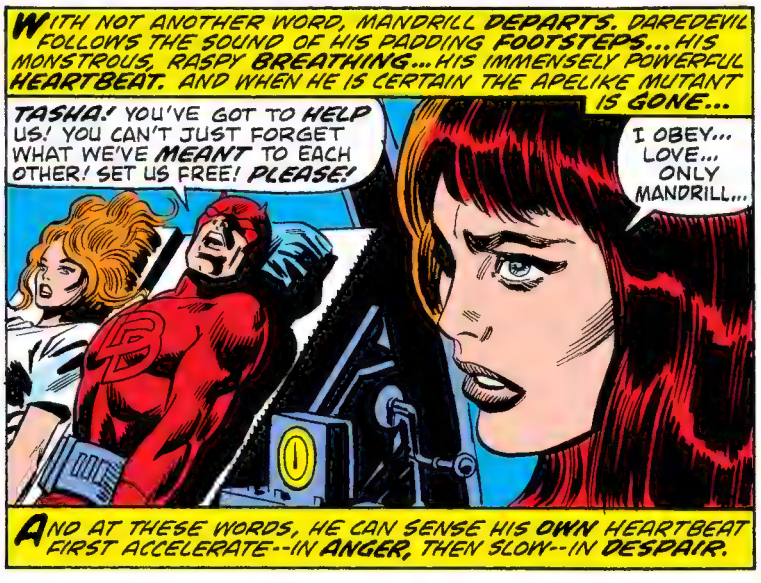
BUT IF YOU INSIS--HUH?!
FOOL! I AM AS AGILE AND ACROBATIC AS YOU ARE--AND FAR STRONGER!
AND MORE VICIOUS, MAN IN RED!
THAT I DON'T DOUBT. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO STAND STILL WHILE YOU DROP A TOWER ON ME!
FWAP
NO MATTER. THIS WILL DO JUST AS WELL.
THUK
AND THIS WILL BRING THE BATTLE TO A CLOSE.

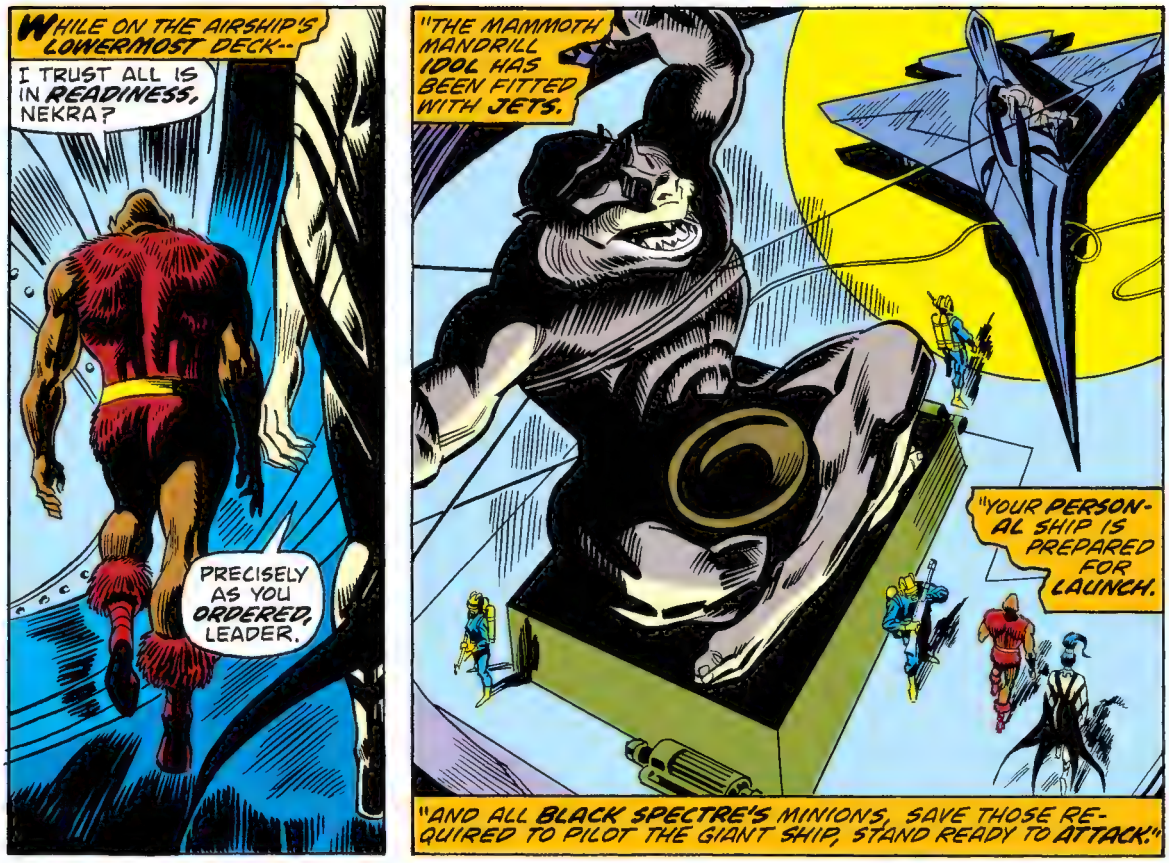
EXCELLENT, NEKRA. MY THANKS.
YOU--TAKE DARE-DEVIL TO THE SCIENCE DECK--THEN ADVISE CONTROL TO SET COURSE FOR WASHINGTON!
YES, LEADER.
THEN THE HOUR OF INVASION IS AT HAND?
EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN. TELEVISION STATIONS IN EVERY MAJOR CITY HAVE BEEN FORCED OFF THE AIR--
--THEIR TOWERS HAVING SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS THE ONE FORMERLY ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.
"LONG-DISTANCE PHONE CABLES HAVE BEEN SLASHED--OUR JAMMING STATIONS ARE MAKING EVEN SHORTWAVE RADIO COMMUNICATIONS IMPOSSIBLE.
"IN SHORT, MY DEAR--THE NATION IS IN A STATE OF PANIC--AND RIPE FOR OUR COUP!"
AND BACK ON THE GROUND, IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM OF NEW YORK D.A. FOGGY NELSON--
--"IRONGUTS" O'HARA LISTENS GRIMLY TO ONE END OF A CONVERSATION WITH THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FANTASTIC FOUR--THE AVENGERS--THE MARINES, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?! CAN'T ANYBODY--?
OH, YEAH. I SEE. THANKS.
WHAT'S THE BUZZ, PROSECUTOR? WHERE'RE OUR HEROES NOW THAT WE NEED 'EM?
THE MANDRILL'S SENT THREATS TO THE F.F. AND THE AVENGERS. HE CLAIMS TO HAVE PLANTED AN A-BOMB UNDER MANHATTAN!
UNTIL THEY KNOW IF IT'S A BLUFF, THEY'RE HELPLESS TO ACT--FOR FEAR HE'LL SET THE THING OFF!
SO WHEN WE WAKE UP TOMORROW, IT'LL BE "PRESIDENT MANDRILL," HUH?

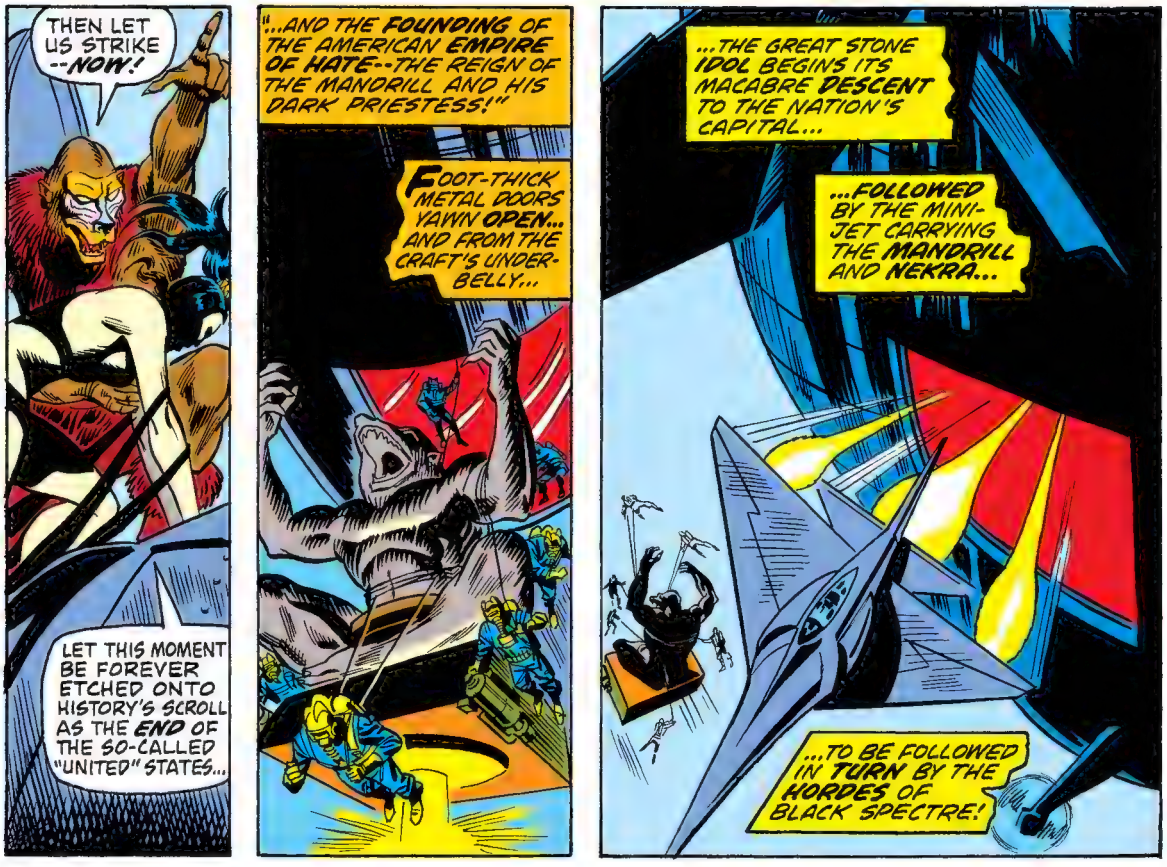

"UNLESS DAREDEVIL AND YOUR NIECE SHANNA CAN STOP HIM...THAT'S HOW IT LOOKS, O'HARA."


INDEED, IF DAREDEVIL COULD SEE, IT WOULD LOOK EVEN MORE HOPELESS FROM HIS PRESENT VANTAGE POINT.
OUR RED-GARBED FOE IS COMING TO, NEKRA.
ONCE OUR TAKE-OVER IS COMPLETE, I PLAN TO SURGICALLY EXPLORE HIS BRAIN AND MS. O'HARA'S...
...TO LEARN HOW HIS RADAR-SENSE FUNCTIONS, AND WHY SHE ALONE CAN RESIST MY HYPNOTIC POWER OVER WOMEN.

UNTIL THEN, D.D., YOUR FORMER PARTNER--AND LOVER--
--THE BLACK WIDOW, NOW UNDER MY CONTROL, WILL GUARD YOU.
WE ARE OVER THE TARGET AREA NOW, LEADER.


WITH NOT ANOTHER WORD, MANDRILL DEPARTS. DAREDEVIL FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF HIS PADDING FOOTSTEPS... HIS MONSTROUS, RASPY BREATHING... HIS IMMENSELY POWERFUL HEARTBEAT. AND WHEN HE IS CERTAIN THE APELIKE MUTANT IS GONE...
TASHA! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! YOU CAN'T JUST FORGET WHAT WE'VE MEANT TO EACH OTHER! SET US FREE! PLEASE!
I OBEY... LOVE... ONLY MANDRILL...
AND AT THESE WORDS, HE CAN SENSE HIS OWN HEARTBEAT FIRST ACCELERATE--IN ANGER, THEN SLOW--IN DESPAIR.


WHILE ON THE AIRSHIP'S LOWERMOST DECK--
I TRUST ALL IS IN READINESS, NEKRA?
PRECISELY AS YOU ORDERED, LEADER.
"THE MAMMOTH MANDRILL IDOL HAS BEEN FITTED WITH JETS.
"YOUR PERSONAL SHIP IS PREPARED FOR LAUNCH.
"AND ALL BLACK SPECTRE'S MINIONS, SAVE THOSE REQUIRED TO PILOT THE GIANT SHIP, STAND READY TO ATTACK."


THEN LET US STRIKE --NOW!
LET THIS MOMENT BE FOREVER ETCHED ONTO HISTORY'S SCROLL AS THE END OF THE SO-CALLED "UNITED" STATES...
"...AND THE FOUNDING OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE OF HATE--THE REIGN OF THE MANDRILL AND HIS DARK PRIESTESS!"
FOOT-THICK METAL DOORS YAWN OPEN... AND FROM THE CRAFT'S UNDERBELLY...
...THE GREAT STONE IDOL BEGINS ITS MACABRE DESCENT TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL...
...FOLLOWED BY THE MINI-JET CARRYING THE MANDRILL AND NEKRA...
...TO BE FOLLOWED IN TURN BY THE HORDES OF BLACK SPECTRE!

AND THE OCCUPATION OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION REACHES ITS BIZARRE **CLIMAX:** THE BOWL IN THE IDOL'S **LAP** IS **LIGHTED.** BLACK SPECTRE'S AGENTS **DOFF** THEIR BULKY UNIFORMS AND REVEAL THEMSELVES AS THE TATTOOED **WOMEN** OF MANDRILL'S ARMY.

THE **PRESIDENT**...HIS **FAMILY**...THE WHITE HOUSE **STAFF** HAVE LONG SINCE BEEN **EVACUATED.** THE **TROOPS** THAT REMAIN ON GUARD HAVE BEEN ORDERED **NOT** TO FIRE, LEST NEW YORK BE BLASTED INTO **ATOMS** AS A CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR RESISTANCE. THEY ARE MERELY A **TOKEN** FORCE...PARALYZED...UNABLE TO **ACT.**

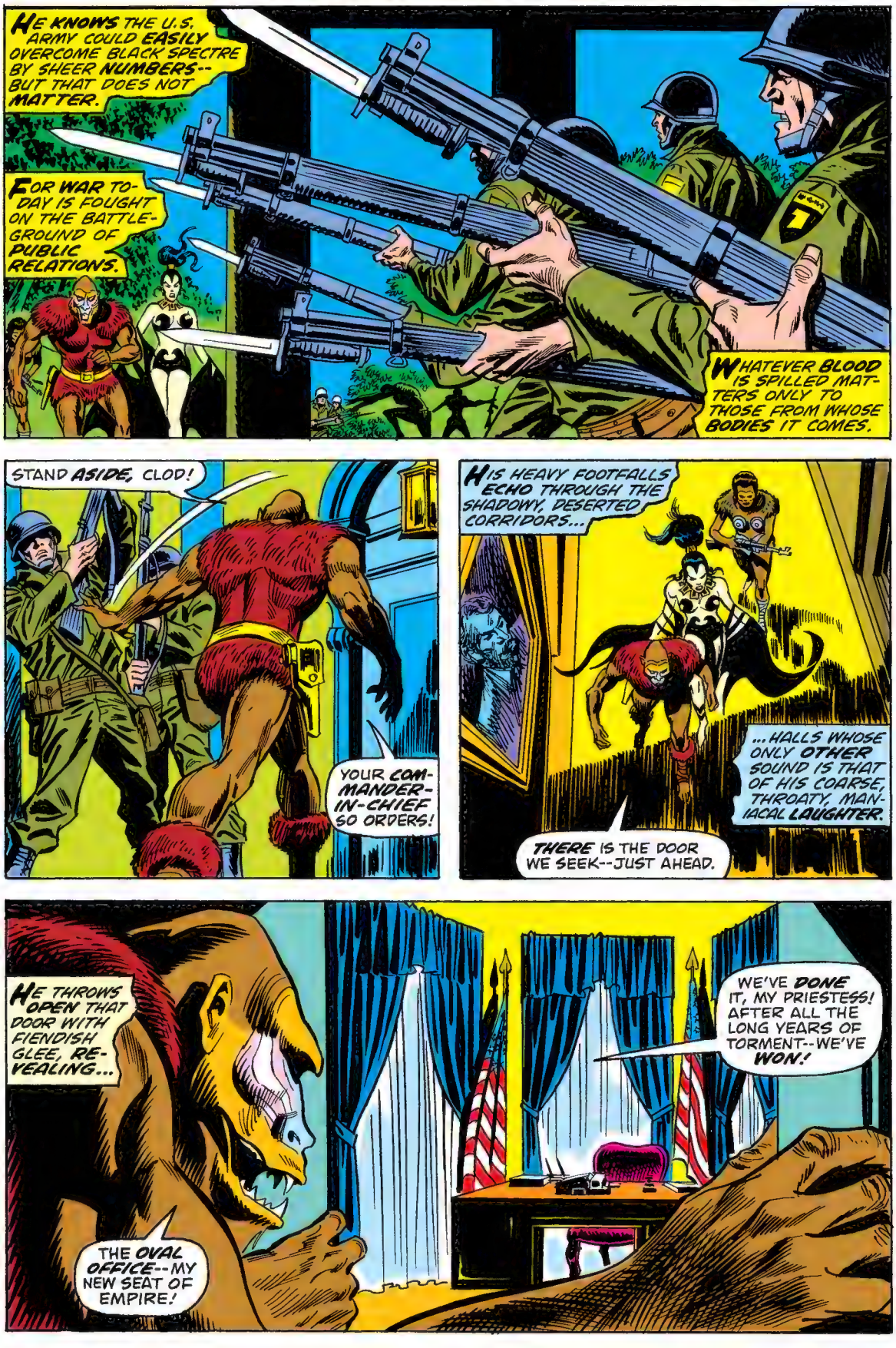
ALL THE MACHINATIONS OF **BLACK SPECTRE** HAVE LED TO THIS. THE SYSTEMATIC ASSAULT ON THE NATION'S **LANDMARKS,** STRIPPING THEM OF THEIR SACROSANCT QUALITY...

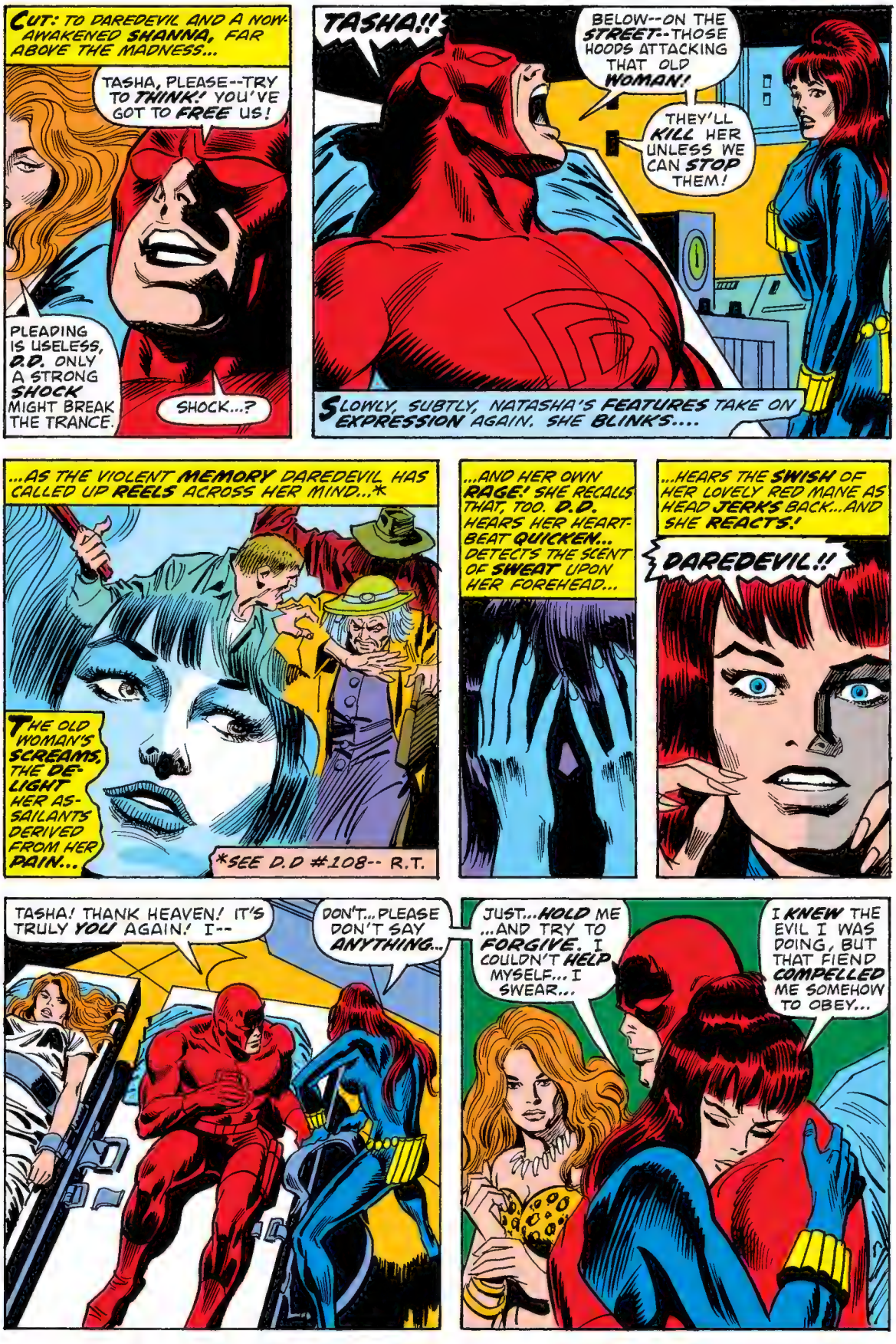
...THE **MONEY RIOT** ON WALL STREET, LAYING **BARE** THE **GREED** AT THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM, EATING AWAY AT THE PUBLIC'S ALREADY-SHAKEN **CONFIDENCE** IN AN OFFICIALDOM WHICH SEEMS TO **THRIVE** ON **CORRUPTION**...

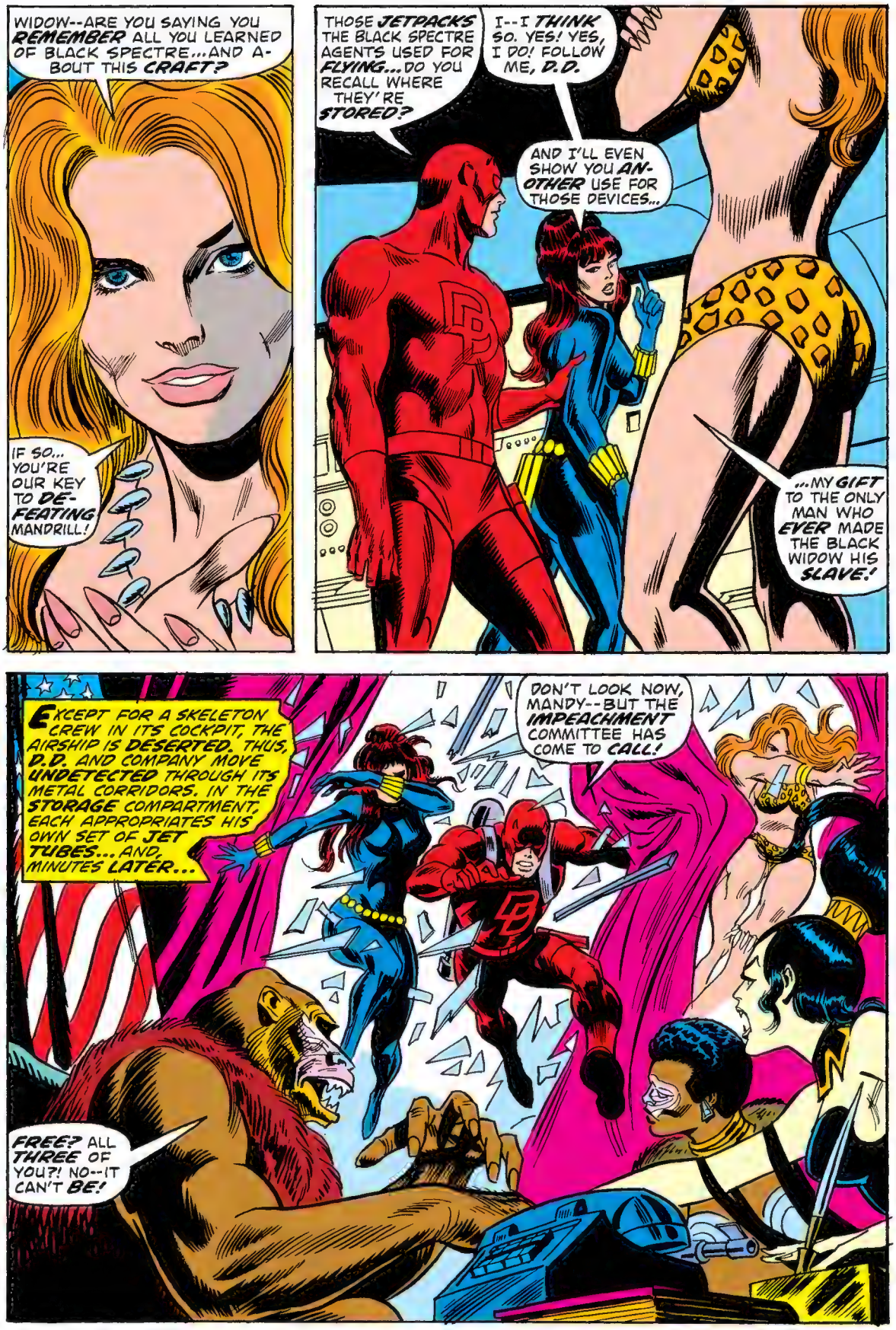
...THE **CRIPPLING** OF THE **MEDIA,** THE LAST LINE OF **DEFENSE** AGAINST DEMAGOGUERY...

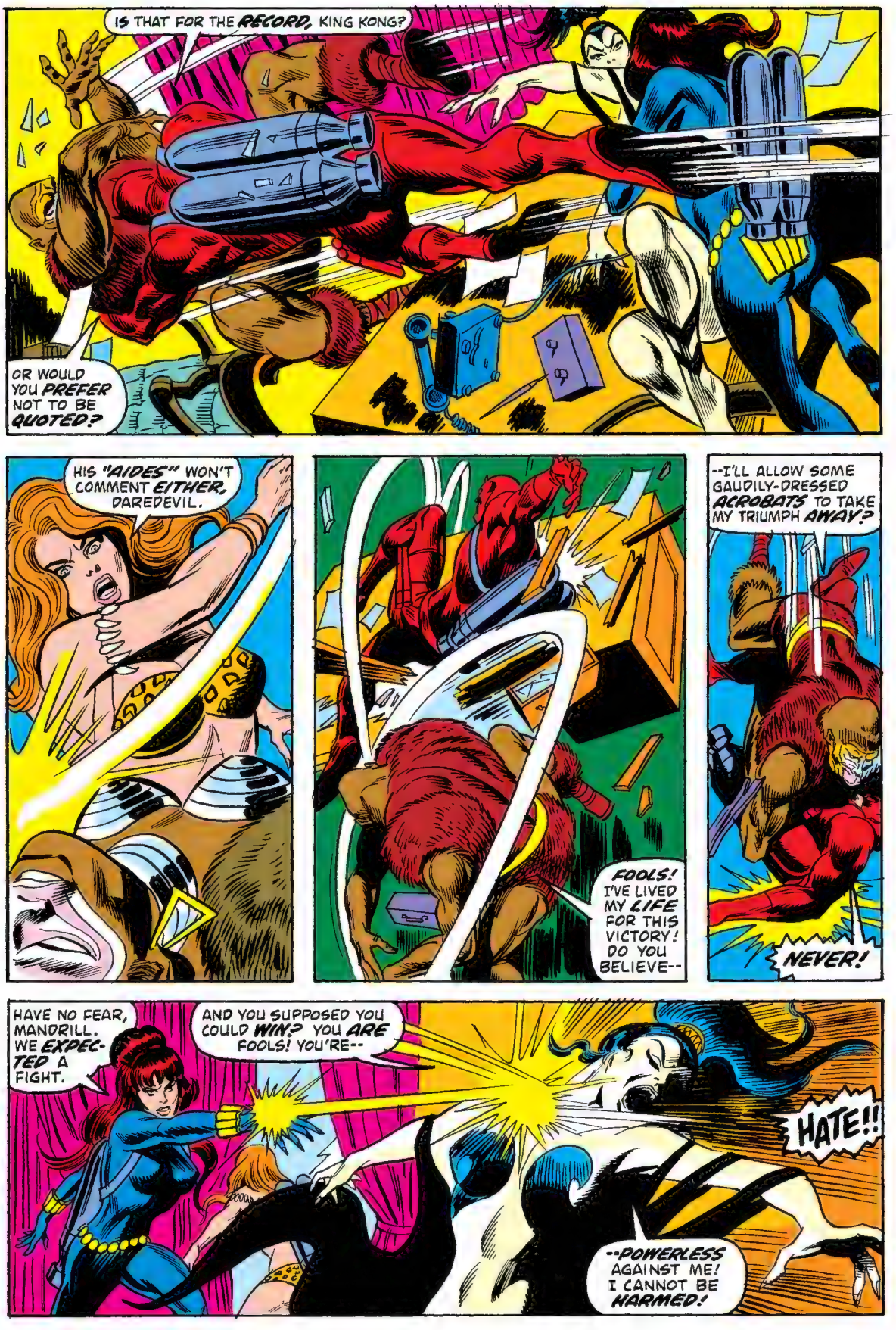
...AND NOW, THE **SYMBOLIC ACT** OF SEIZING THE STRUCTURE WHICH IS **SYNONYMOUS** WITH **POWER.**

OH, YES...THE MANDRILL **KNOWS** THAT THE **WHITE HOUSE** IS ONLY A PLASTER **SHELL,** NOT POWER IN **ITSELF.** BUT HE KNOWS, TOO, THAT OURS IS A NATION WHERE **"IMAGE"** IS OFTEN VALUED ABOVE **FACT**...IN WHICH THE **PRESTIGE** OF AN OFFICE CAN CREATE ITS OWN **MIGHT**...AND ITS OWN **RIGHT.**

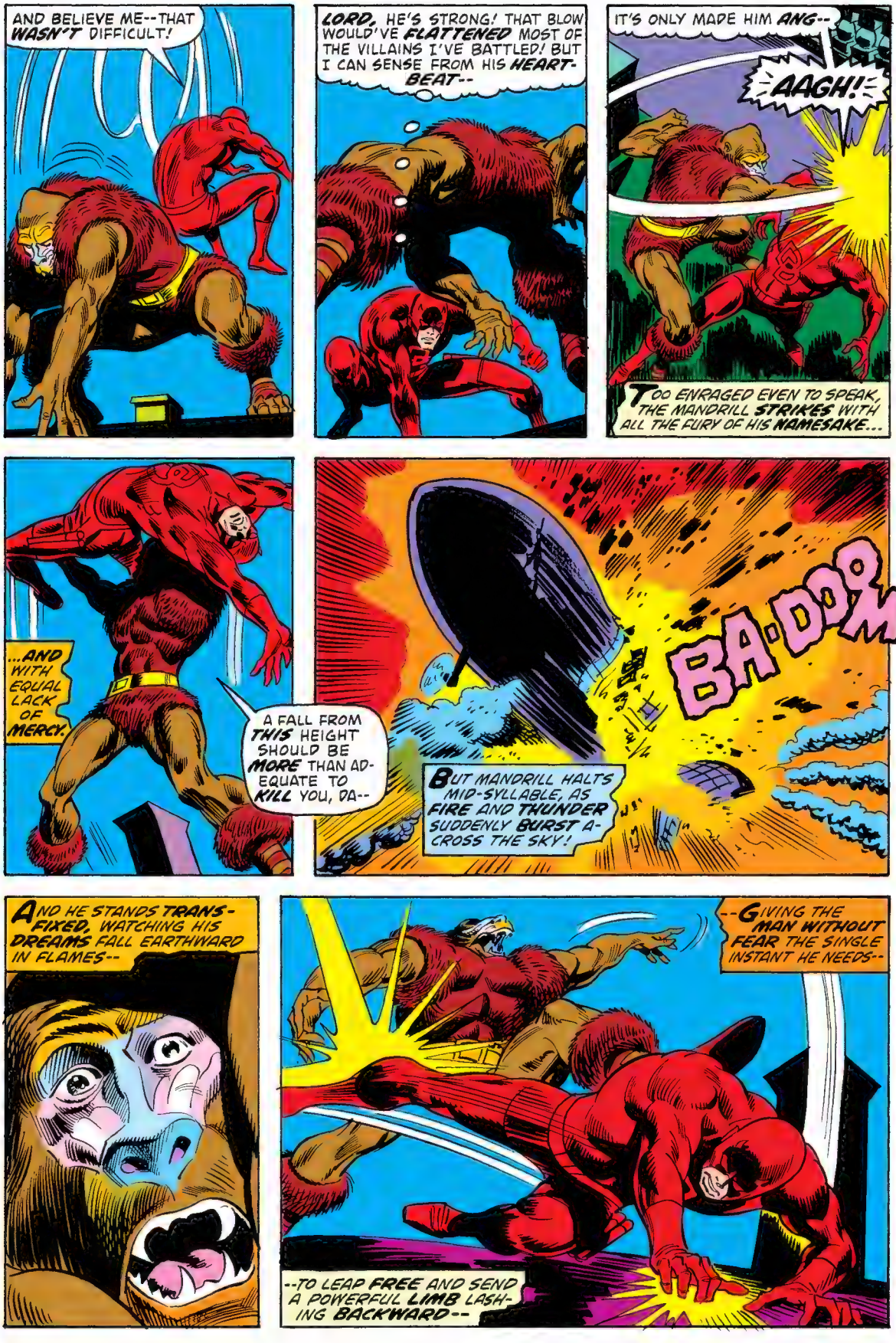

HE KNOWS THE U.S. ARMY COULD EASILY OVERCOME BLACK SPECTRE BY SHEER NUMBERS--BUT THAT DOES NOT MATTER.
FOR WAR TODAY IS FOUGHT ON THE BATTLEGROUND OF PUBLIC RELATIONS.
WHATEVER BLOOD IS SPILLED MATTERS ONLY TO THOSE FROM WHOSE BODIES IT COMES.
STAND ASIDE, CLOD!
YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SO ORDERS!
HIS HEAVY FOOTFALLS ECHO THROUGH THE SHADOWY, DESERTED CORRIDORS...
...HALLS WHOSE ONLY OTHER SOUND IS THAT OF HIS COARSE, THROATY, MANIACAL LAUGHTER.
THERE IS THE DOOR WE SEEK--JUST AHEAD.
HE THROWS OPEN THAT DOOR WITH FIENDISH GLEE, REVEALING...
THE OVAL OFFICE--MY NEW SEAT OF EMPIRE!
WE'VE DONE IT, MY PRIESTESS! AFTER ALL THE LONG YEARS OF TORMENT--WE'VE WON!


CUT: TO DAREDEVIL AND A NOW-AWAKENED SHANNA, FAR ABOVE THE MADNESS...
TASHA, PLEASE--TRY TO THINK! YOU'VE GOT TO FREE US!
PLEADING IS USELESS, D.D. ONLY A STRONG SHOCK MIGHT BREAK THE TRANCE.
SHOCK...?
TASHA!!
BELOW--ON THE STREET--THOSE HOODS ATTACKING THAT OLD WOMAN!
THEY'LL KILL HER UNLESS WE CAN STOP THEM!
SLOWLY, SUBTLY, NATASHA'S FEATURES TAKE ON EXPRESSION AGAIN. SHE BLINKS....
...AS THE VIOLENT MEMORY DAREDEVIL HAS CALLED UP REELS ACROSS HER MIND...*
THE OLD WOMAN'S SCREAMS, THE DE-LIGHT HER AS-SAILANTS DERIVED FROM HER PAIN...
*SEE D.D #108-- R.T.
...AND HER OWN RAGE! SHE RECALLS THAT, TOO. D.D. HEARS HER HEART-BEAT QUICKEN... DETECTS THE SCENT OF SWEAT UPON HER FOREHEAD...
...HEARS THE SWISH OF HER LOVELY RED MANE AS HEAD JERKS BACK...AND SHE REACTS!
DAREDEVIL!!
TASHA! THANK HEAVEN! IT'S TRULY YOU AGAIN! I--
DON'T...PLEASE DON'T SAY ANYTHING...
JUST...HOLD ME ...AND TRY TO FORGIVE. I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... I SWEAR...
I KNEW THE EVIL I WAS DOING, BUT THAT FIEND COMPELLED ME SOMEHOW TO OBEY...


WIDOW--ARE YOU SAYING YOU REMEMBER ALL YOU LEARNED OF BLACK SPECTRE...AND ABOUT THIS CRAFT?
IF SO... YOU'RE OUR KEY TO DEFEATING MANDRILL!
THOSE JETPACKS THE BLACK SPECTRE AGENTS USED FOR FLYING...DO YOU RECALL WHERE THEY'RE STORED?
I--I THINK SO. YES! YES, I DO! FOLLOW ME, D.D.
AND I'LL EVEN SHOW YOU ANOTHER USE FOR THOSE DEVICES...
...MY GIFT TO THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER MADE THE BLACK WIDOW HIS SLAVE!
EXCEPT FOR A SKELETON CREW IN ITS COCKPIT, THE AIRSHIP IS DESERTED. THUS, D.D. AND COMPANY MOVE UNDETECTED THROUGH ITS METAL CORRIDORS. IN THE STORAGE COMPARTMENT, EACH APPROPRIATES HIS OWN SET OF JET TUBES...AND, MINUTES LATER...
DON'T LOOK NOW, MANDY--BUT THE IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE HAS COME TO CALL!
FREE? ALL THREE OF YOU?! NO--IT CAN'T BE!

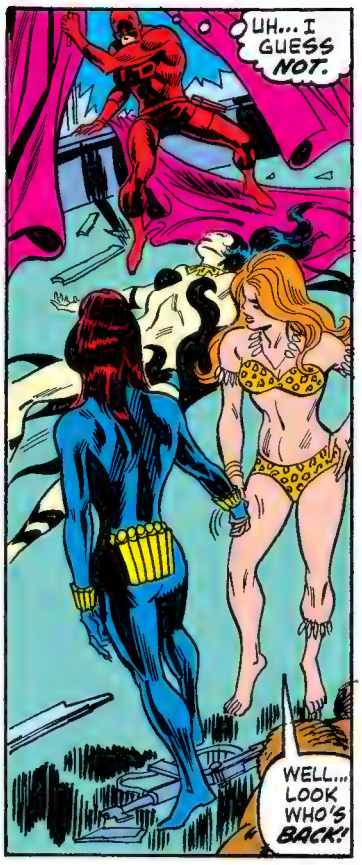

IS THAT FOR THE RECORD, KING KONG?
OR WOULD YOU PREFER NOT TO BE QUOTED?
HIS "AIDES" WON'T COMMENT EITHER, DAREDEVIL.
FOOLS! I'VE LIVED MY LIFE FOR THIS VICTORY! DO YOU BELIEVE--
--I'LL ALLOW SOME GAUDILY-DRESSED ACROBATS TO TAKE MY TRIUMPH AWAY?
NEVER!
HAVE NO FEAR, MANDRILL. WE EXPECTED A FIGHT.
AND YOU SUPPOSED YOU COULD WIN? YOU ARE FOOLS! YOU'RE--
HATE!!
--POWERLESS AGAINST ME! I CANNOT BE HARMED!

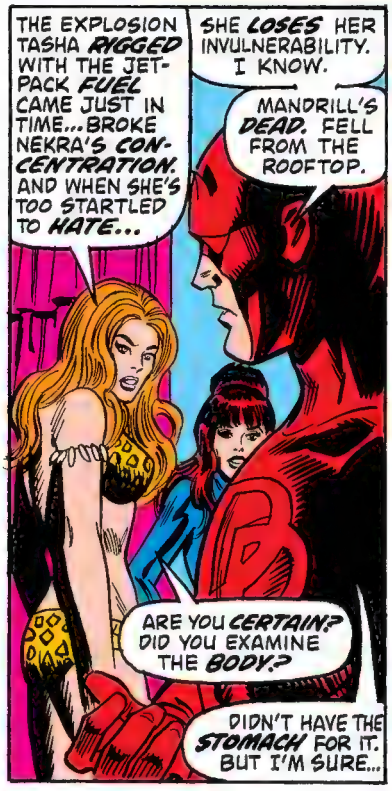
THOK
:UNNGH:
BLAST! IT'S LIKE FIGHTING A GORILLA!
THE IDIOT! BY THE TIME HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, I'LL HAVE REACHED THE ROOF--
--WHILE HE WILL ALL TOO LOGICALLY ASSUME I'VE JOINED MY WARRIORS ON THE GROUND!
I NEED ONLY WAIT UNTIL HE ATTEMPTS TO PURSUE--THEN GIVE THE ORDER TO HAVE HIM SH--
THWIP
WHA--?
THIS IS IT, MANDRILL--THE GRAND FINALE! EITHER YOU KILL ME--OR SURRENDER TO ME! NO MORE COMPROMISES!
B-BUT YOU COULDN'T... HOW DID YOU KNOW...?
YOUR BRAIN MUST BE THAT OF AN APE, TOO, MANDRILL!
FWAK
YOU KNOW ABOUT MY BLINDNESS, MY HYPER-SENSES...
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW YOUR SCENT UP HERE!

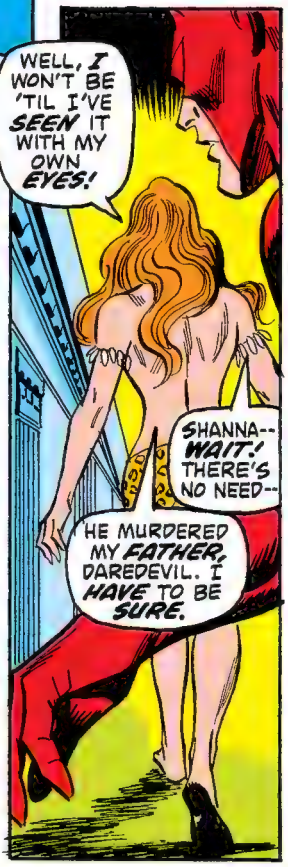

AND BELIEVE ME--THAT WASN'T DIFFICULT!
LORD, HE'S STRONG! THAT BLOW WOULD'VE FLATTENED MOST OF THE VILLAINS I'VE BATTLED! BUT I CAN SENSE FROM HIS HEART-BEAT--
IT'S ONLY MADE HIM ANG--
AAGH!
TOO ENRAGED EVEN TO SPEAK, THE MANDRILL STRIKES WITH ALL THE FURY OF HIS NAMESAKE...
...AND WITH EQUAL LACK OF MERCY.
A FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT SHOULD BE MORE THAN ADEQUATE TO KILL YOU, DA--
BUT MANDRILL HALTS MID-SYLLABLE, AS FIRE AND THUNDER SUDDENLY BURST ACROSS THE SKY!
BA-DOOM
AND HE STANDS TRANSFIXED, WATCHING HIS DREAMS FALL EARTHWARD IN FLAMES--
--GIVING THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR THE SINGLE INSTANT HE NEEDS--
--TO LEAP FREE AND SEND A POWERFUL LIMB LASHING BACKWARD--

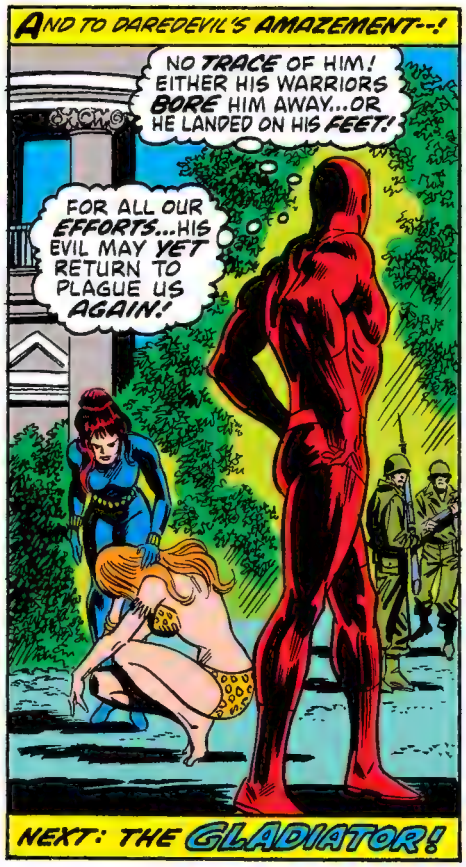
DAREDEVIL'S KICK SENDS MANDRILL STAGGERING... SOMEWHAT FURTHER THAN DESIRED. HE TUMBLES BACKWARD. HE SCREAMS.

AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE.
HE FELL HEAD-FIRST. NO WAY HE COULD'VE SURVIVED. BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM...
I LOATHED HIM... HOPED HE'D ROT IN JAIL FOREVER, BUT...!
NO... NO TIME FOR REGRETS. NATASHA AND SHANNA MAY NEED ME!


UH... I GUESS NOT.
WELL... LOOK WHO'S BACK!


THE EXPLOSION TASHA RIGGED WITH THE JET-PACK FUEL CAME JUST IN TIME... BROKE NEKRA'S CONCENTRATION. AND WHEN SHE'S TOO STARTLED TO HATE...
SHE LOSES HER INVULNERABILITY. I KNOW.
MANDRILL'S DEAD. FELL FROM THE ROOFTOP.
ARE YOU CERTAIN? DID YOU EXAMINE THE BODY?
DIDN'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT. BUT I'M SURE...


WELL, I WON'T BE 'TIL I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
SHANNA-- WAIT! THERE'S NO NEED--
HE MURDERED MY FATHER, DAREDEVIL. I HAVE TO BE SURE.


AND TO DAREDEVIL'S AMAZEMENT--!
NO TRACE OF HIM! EITHER HIS WARRIORS BORE HIM AWAY... OR HE LANDED ON HIS FEET!
FOR ALL OUR EFFORTS... HIS EVIL MAY YET RETURN TO PLAGUE US AGAIN!
NEXT: THE GLADIATOR!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
113
SEPT
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
YOU'D NEVER AVOID THESE DEADLY DISCS OF MINE--
--NOT EVEN IF YOU HAD EYES IN BACK OF YOUR HEAD!
THE GLADIATOR STRIKES BACK!
WITH MY RADAR SENSE-- I PRACTICALLY DO!
BUT--THOUGH I KNOW WHAT'S COMING-- HE'S MOVING TOO FAST!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

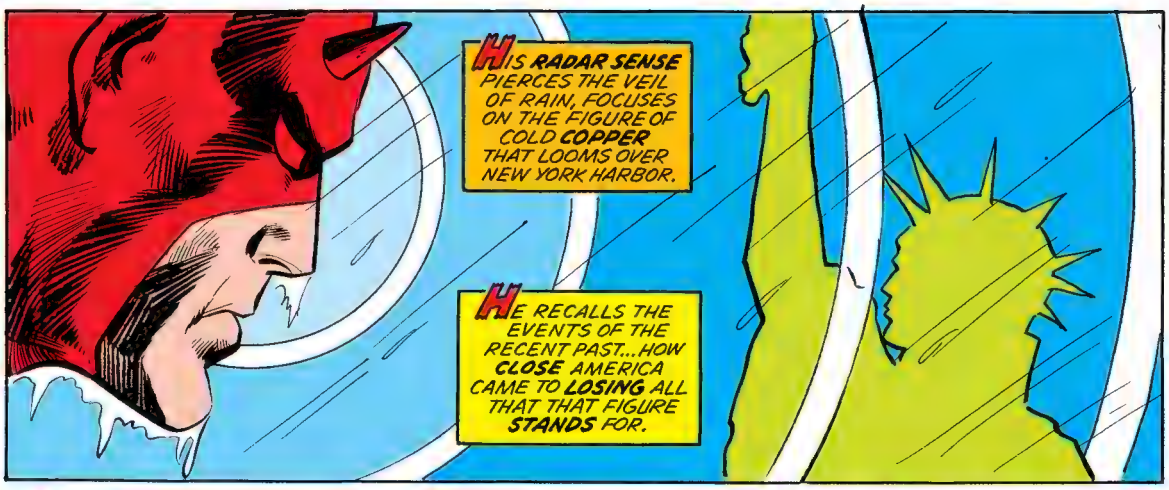
STEVE GERBER, WRITER | BOB BROWN, ARTIST | VINCE COLLETTA, INKER | ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER; L. LESSMANN, COLORIST | ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

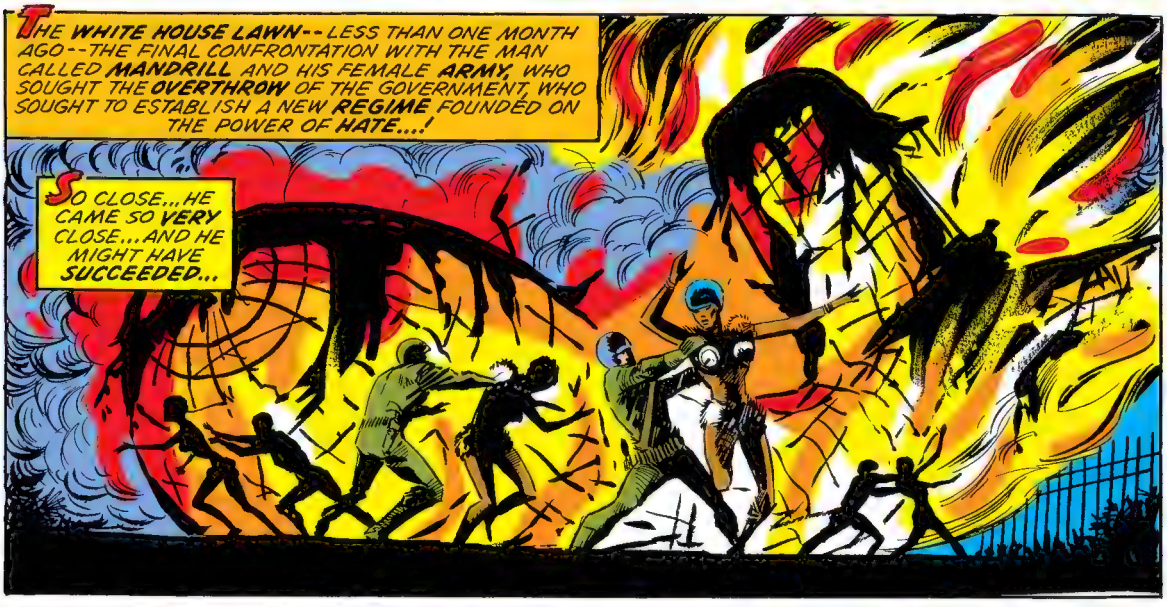
WHEN STRIKES THE GLADIATOR!

A STORM RAGES OVER MANHATTAN THIS NIGHT.

BUT FOR ALL ITS PYROTECHNICS, FOR ALL THE FORCE OF ITS SWIRLING GALES AND POUNDING RAIN...

...IT CANNOT MATCH THE SHEER FEROCITY OF THE TEMPEST IN THIS MAN'S SOUL, IN HIS BROODING, ALMOST DESPERATE SILENCE.


HIS RADAR SENSE PIERCES THE VEIL OF RAIN, FOCUSES ON THE FIGURE OF COLD COPPER THAT LOOMS OVER NEW YORK HARBOR.
HE RECALLS THE EVENTS OF THE RECENT PAST...HOW CLOSE AMERICA CAME TO LOSING ALL THAT THAT FIGURE STANDS FOR.

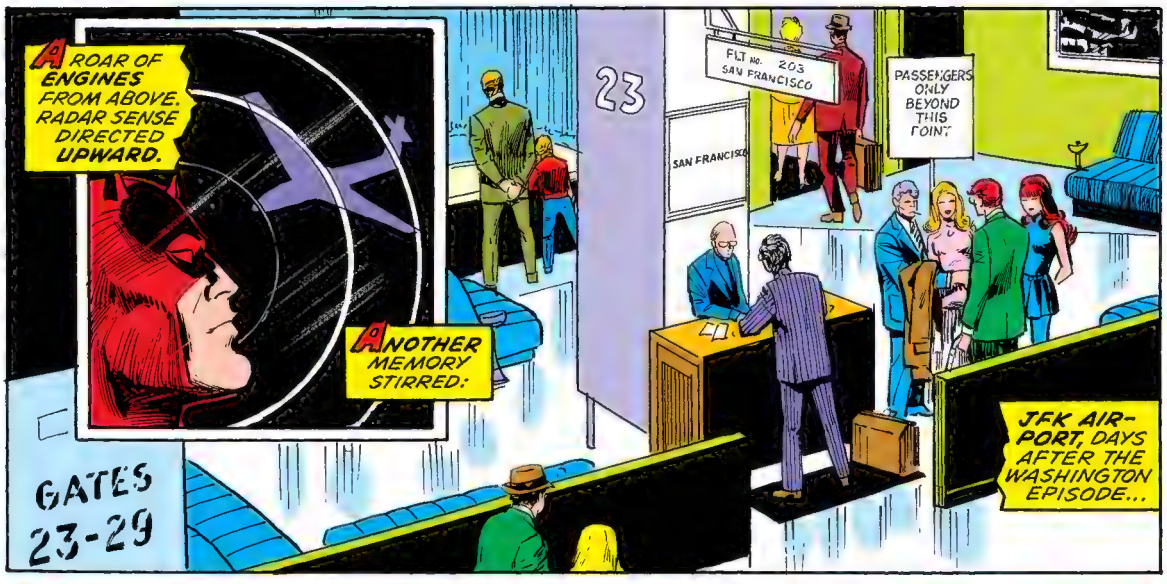

THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN--LESS THAN ONE MONTH AGO--THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE MAN CALLED MANDRILL AND HIS FEMALE ARMY, WHO SOUGHT THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT, WHO SOUGHT TO ESTABLISH A NEW REGIME FOUNDED ON THE POWER OF HATE...!
SO CLOSE...HE CAME SO VERY CLOSE...AND HE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED...

...IF NOT FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL, AND YOUR TWO LADY FRIENDS, THIS COUNTRY OWES YOU ALL A TREMENDOUS DEBT.
IT JUST GOES TO SHOW...WE HAVE TO KEEP CLOSER WATCH THAN EVER.

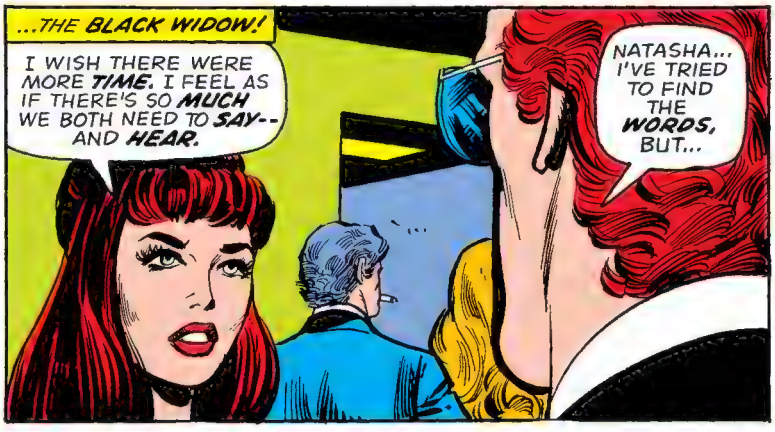
"YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY ANYMORE," THE GENERAL SIGHED. "SOMEBODY ALWAYS WANTS TO DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY. WE CAN'T ALLOW IT. WE'VE GOT TO CRACK DOWN..."
HE DIDN'T.. UNDERSTAND.

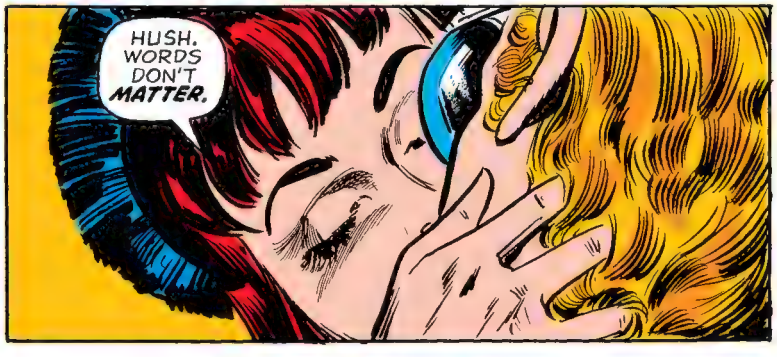
YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS, MISTER. I'LL SEE TO THAT.
DO ME A FAVOR, GENERAL--DON'T BOTHER, PLEASE?

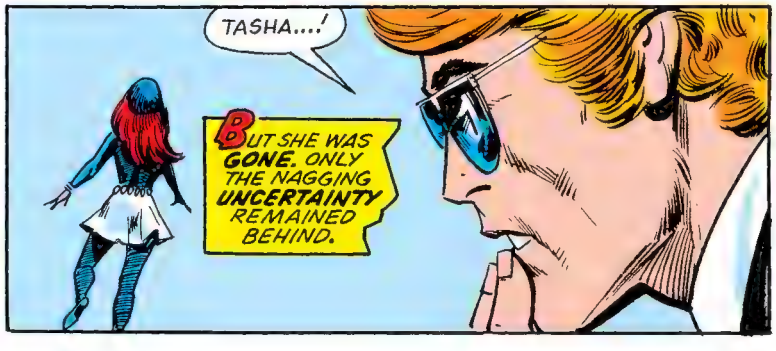
THE MANDRILL'S HATE, HIS LUST FOR POWER...WERE SPAWNED BY FEAR, REPRESSION, MISTRUST...
...BY THE LOATHING HE INSPIRED ONLY BECAUSE HE WAS DIFFERENT.
BUT WOULD THE GENERAL HAVE BELIEVED THAT?
NOPE, FORCE WAS HIS ONLY SOLUTION, JUST AS IT BECAME MAN-DRILL'S.
STILL... I SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO MAKE HIM UNDER-STAND. I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO NUMB THE WAY I DID.
BUT RIGHT THEN... I FELT AS IF ALL WE'D ACCOMPLISHED HAD BEEN A WASTE. THE OLD "WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND HE IS US" ROUTINE.
How Good it is!
MUTUAL

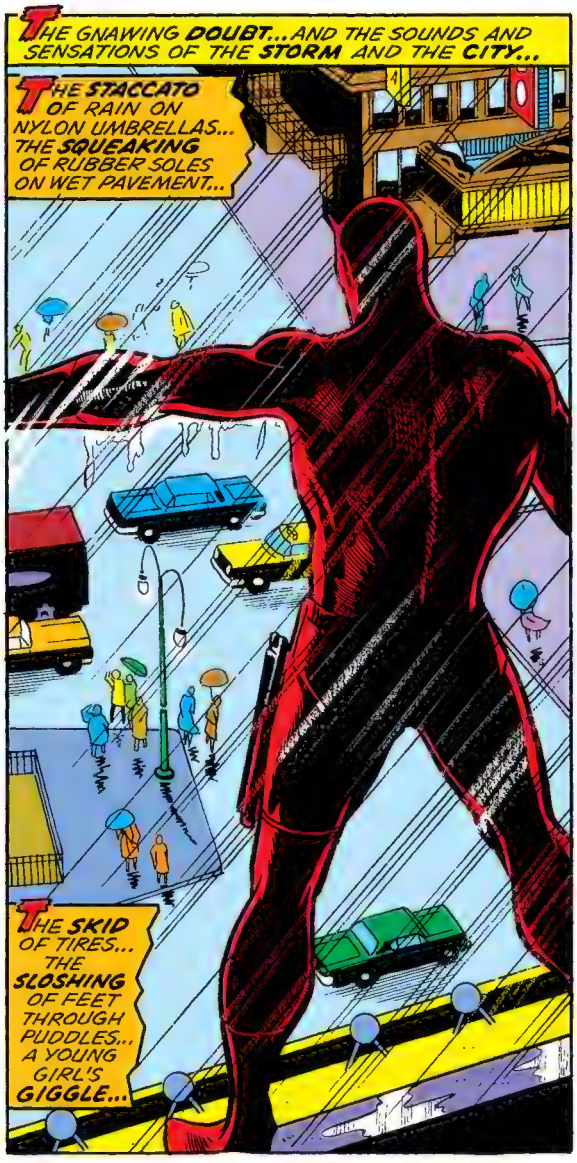

A ROAR OF ENGINES FROM ABOVE. RADAR SENSE DIRECTED UPWARD.
ANOTHER MEMORY STIRRED:
GATES 23-29
23
FLT NO. 203 SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO
PASSENGERS ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT.
JFK AIRPORT, DAYS AFTER THE WASHINGTON EPISODE...

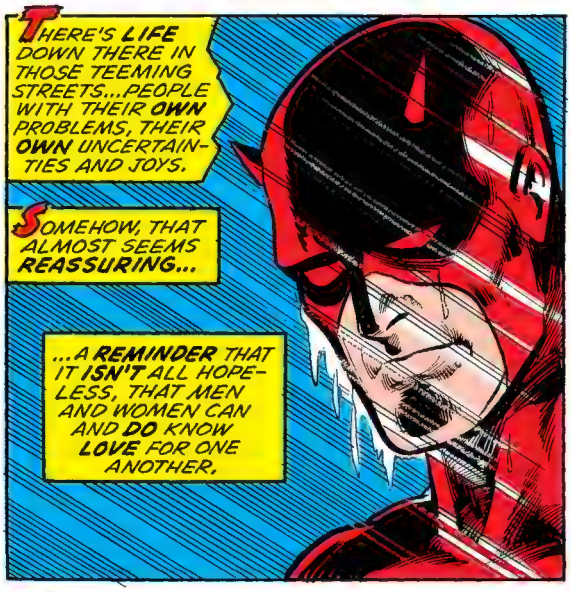
MATT MURDOCK BIDS FAREWELL TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA... HIS NIECE SHANNA... AND ONE OTHER.
I'LL BE HEADING BACK OUT TO THE COAST EVENTUALLY, SIR. AFTER FOGGY NELSON AND I GET HIS DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE BACK IN ORDER HERE.
HOPE YOU'LL BE BACK TO STAY THIS TIME, COUNSELOR.
I CAN'T REALLY SAY, SIR. IT DEPENDS... ON A LOT OF THINGS.
BUT PRIMARILY UPON THE STATE OF THE RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT "ONE OTHER..."

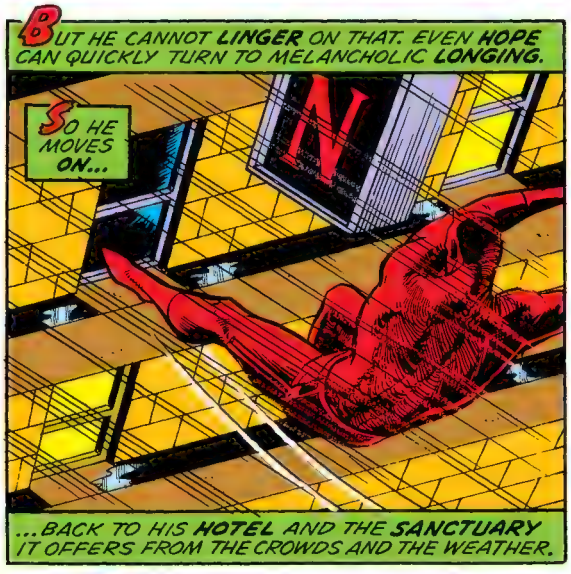

...THE BLACK WIDOW!
I WISH THERE WERE MORE TIME. I FEEL AS IF THERE'S SO MUCH WE BOTH NEED TO SAY-- AND HEAR.
NATASHA... I'VE TRIED TO FIND THE WORDS, BUT...

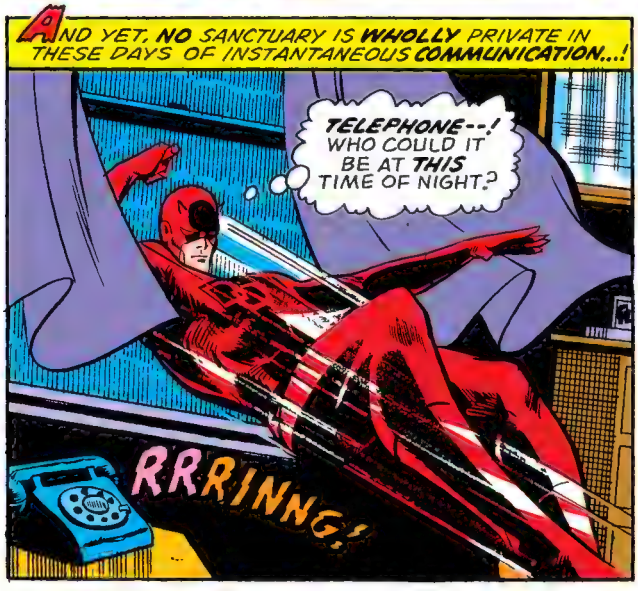

HUSH. WORDS DON'T MATTER.


TASHA....!
BUT SHE WAS GONE. ONLY THE NAGGING UNCERTAINTY REMAINED BEHIND.


THE GNAWING DOUBT...AND THE SOUNDS AND SENSATIONS OF THE STORM AND THE CITY...
THE STACCATO OF RAIN ON NYLON UMBRELLAS... THE SQUEAKING OF RUBBER SOLES ON WET PAVEMENT...
THE SKID OF TIRES... THE SLOSHING OF FEET THROUGH PUDDLES... A YOUNG GIRL'S GIGGLE...


THERE'S LIFE DOWN THERE IN THOSE TEEMING STREETS...PEOPLE WITH THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, THEIR OWN UNCERTAINTIES AND JOYS.
SOMEHOW, THAT ALMOST SEEMS REASSURING...
...A REMINDER THAT IT ISN'T ALL HOPELESS, THAT MEN AND WOMEN CAN AND DO KNOW LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER.


BUT HE CANNOT LINGER ON THAT. EVEN HOPE CAN QUICKLY TURN TO MELANCHOLIC LONGING.
SO HE MOVES ON...
...BACK TO HIS HOTEL AND THE SANCTUARY IT OFFERS FROM THE CROWDS AND THE WEATHER.


AND YET, NO SANCTUARY IS WHOLLY PRIVATE IN THESE DAYS OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION...!
TELEPHONE--! WHO COULD IT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
RRRINNG!

BUT AS HE LIFTS THE RECEIVER...
BLAST--THEY HUNG UP! IT MUST'VE BEEN RINGING FOR SOME TIME BEFORE I GOT BACK.
AND SOMEHOW, I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING...IT WAS IMPORTANT.
CLICK
BZZZZZ

MY *LAWYER*... DOESN'T *ANSWER*, GENTLEMEN.

YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO PHONE HIM *LATER*, MISS NELSON--FROM OUR HEADQUARTERS.

WE'LL *SEE* TO IT, MA'AM. YOU'VE BEEN VERY COOPERATIVE.

ALWAYS *HAPPY* TO HELP OUT THE *F.B.I.*, FELLOWS.

DROP THE SARCASM, MISS. IT CAN ONLY *HURT* YOUR CASE.

WE'RE *IMPOUNDING* THESE PAPERS...

...AND PLACING YOU UNDER *ARREST*. COME ALONG NOW.

ALL RIGHT...

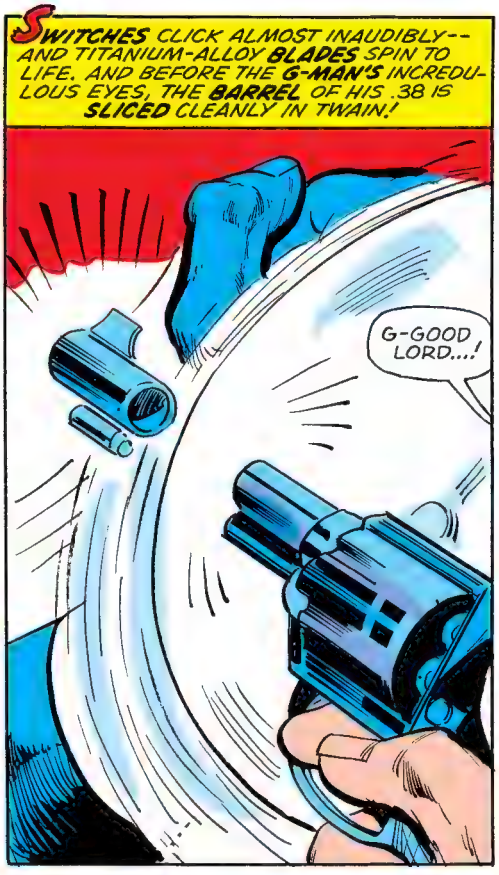
NOT ALL RIGHT, LADY! YOU'RE NOT *THEIR* PRISONER....!

AS OF *NOW*, YOU BELONG TO THE...

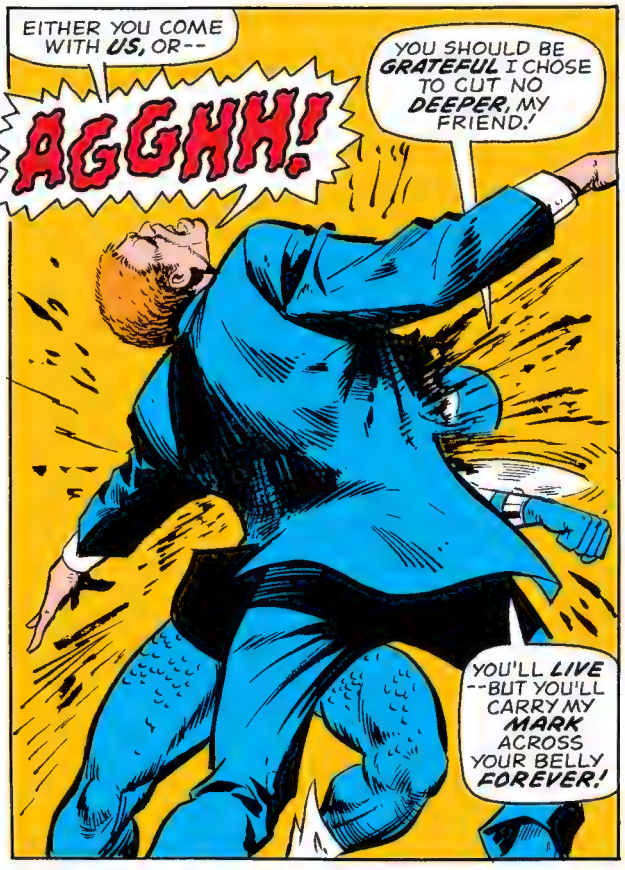
GLADIATOR!!

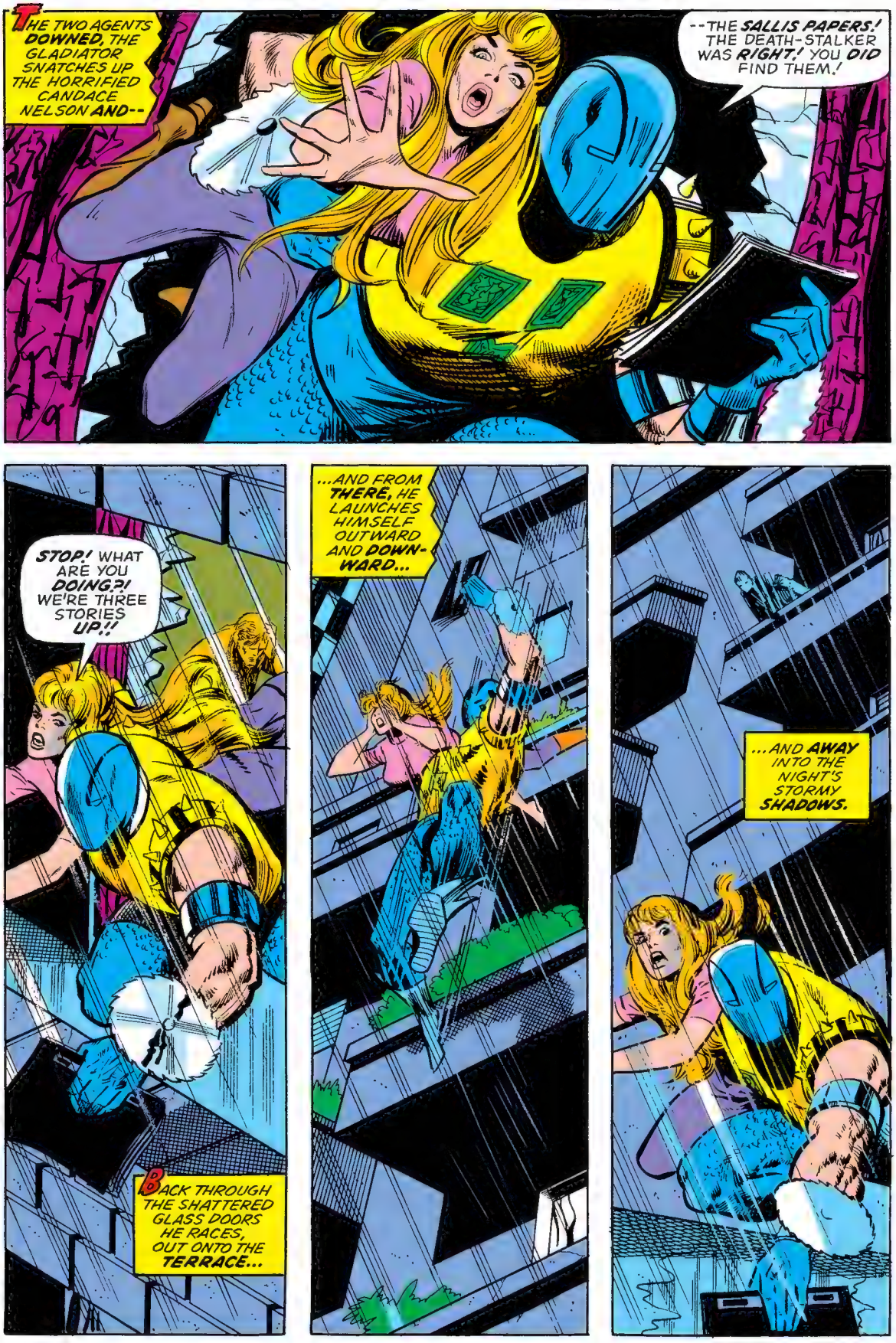
*LIKE A SILVER-AND-BLUE BOLT OF LIGHTNING **SPEWED** FROM THE STORMY SKY, HE **BURSTS** INTO **CANDACE NELSON'S** TINY APARTMENT...AND THE ROOM ITSELF SEEMS TO **GROW** TO ACCOMODATE THE **SHOCK WAVES** HE CREATES!*

S-STAY BACK, MISTER! I WARN YOU-- I'LL USE THIS IF I HAVE TO! SO JUST TURN AROUND...
...AND LEAVE, OR WE'LL RUN YOU IN FOR OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE!
MUFFLED LAUGHTER EMANATES FROM BEHIND THE GLADIATOR'S ALL-CONCEALING IRON MASK.

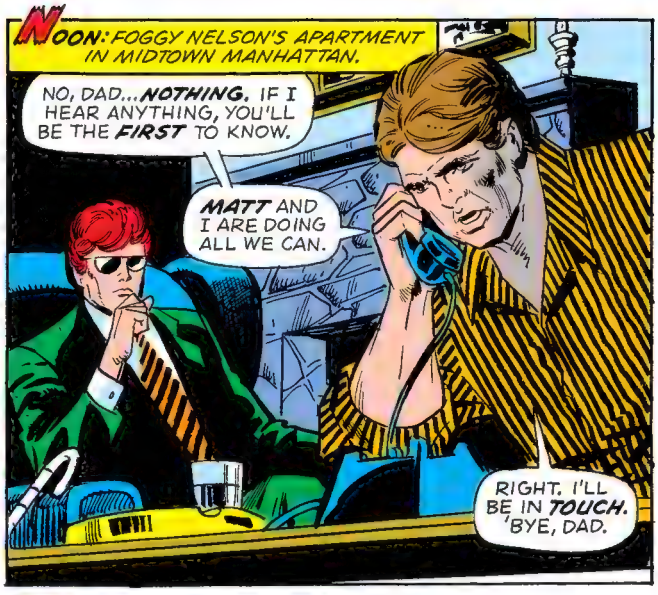

SWITCHES CLICK ALMOST INAUDIBLY-- AND TITANIUM-ALLOY BLADES SPIN TO LIFE. AND BEFORE THE G-MAN'S INCREDULOUS EYES, THE BARREL OF HIS .38 IS SLICED CLEANLY IN TWAIN!
G-GOOD LORD...!

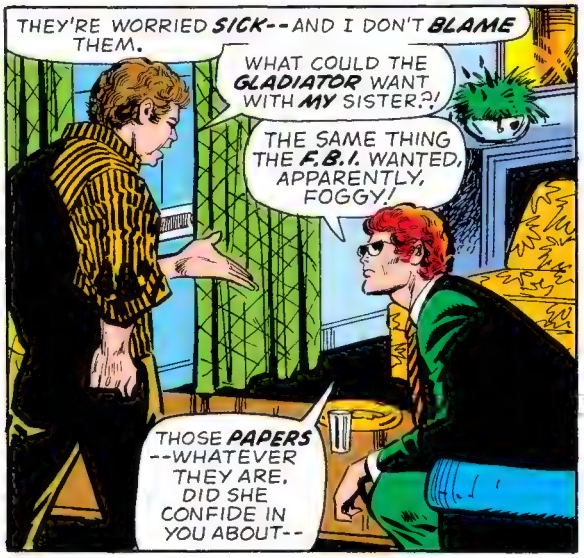
THAT COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BEEN YOUR HAND, FOOL! NOW STAND ASIDE, OR NEXT TIME--
UNNH
THERE'S NOT GONNA BE A "NEXT TIME!"


EITHER YOU COME WITH US, OR--
AGGHH!
YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL I CHOSE TO CUT NO DEEPER, MY FRIEND!
YOU'LL LIVE --BUT YOU'LL CARRY MY MARK ACROSS YOUR BELLY FOREVER!


THE TWO AGENTS DOWNED, THE GLADIATOR SNATCHES UP THE HORRIFIED CANDACE NELSON AND--
--THE SALLIS PAPERS! THE DEATH-STALKER WAS RIGHT! YOU DID FIND THEM!
STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! WE'RE THREE STORIES UP!!
BACK THROUGH THE SHATTERED GLASS DOORS HE RACES, OUT ONTO THE TERRACE...
...AND FROM THERE, HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF OUTWARD AND DOWNWARD...
...AND AWAY INTO THE NIGHT'S STORMY SHADOWS.

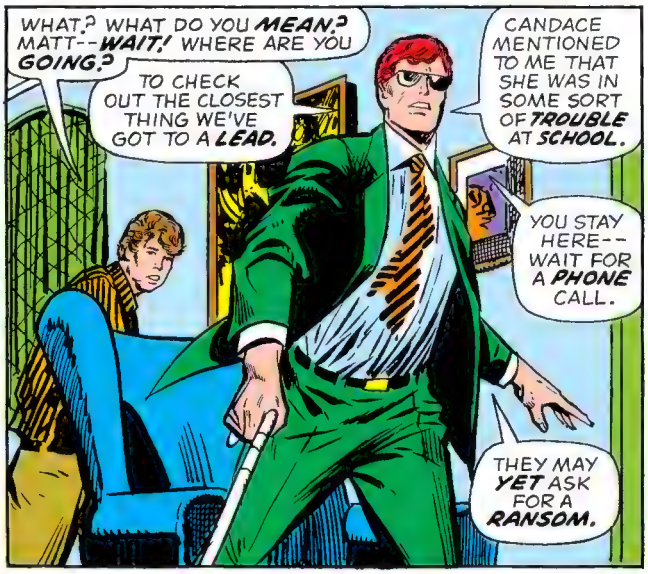
DAWN: THE STORM BREAKS.
New York
New York
New York Daily Bugle
D.A.'S SISTER KIDNAPPED FROM HANDS OF F.B.I.!
AND SO DOES THE STORY-- IN THE ONE-STAR EDITION OF THE BUGLE.

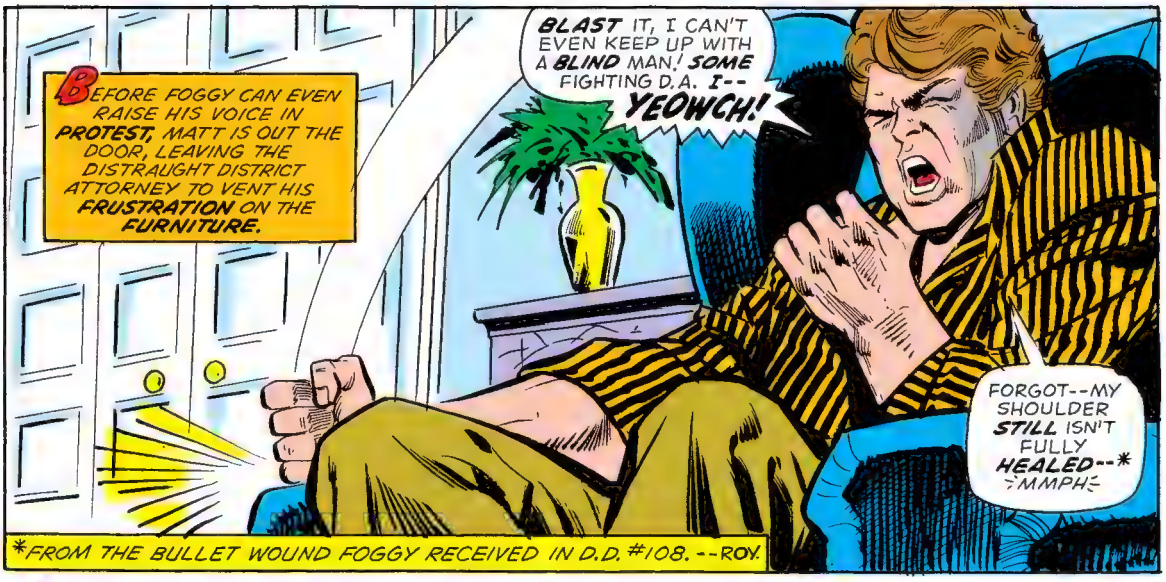

NOON: FOGGY NELSON'S APARTMENT IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
NO, DAD...NOTHING. IF I HEAR ANYTHING, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.
MATT AND I ARE DOING ALL WE CAN.
RIGHT. I'LL BE IN TOUCH. 'BYE, DAD.

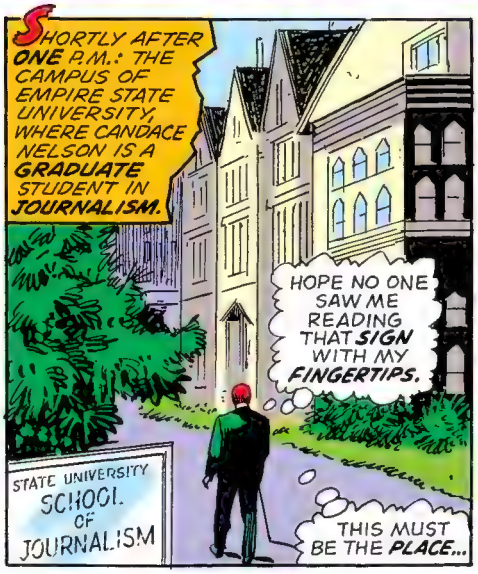

THEY'RE WORRIED SICK--AND I DON'T BLAME THEM.
WHAT COULD THE GLADIATOR WANT WITH MY SISTER?!
THE SAME THING THE F.B.I. WANTED, APPARENTLY, FOGGY!
THOSE PAPERS --WHATEVER THEY ARE, DID SHE CONFIDE IN YOU ABOUT--

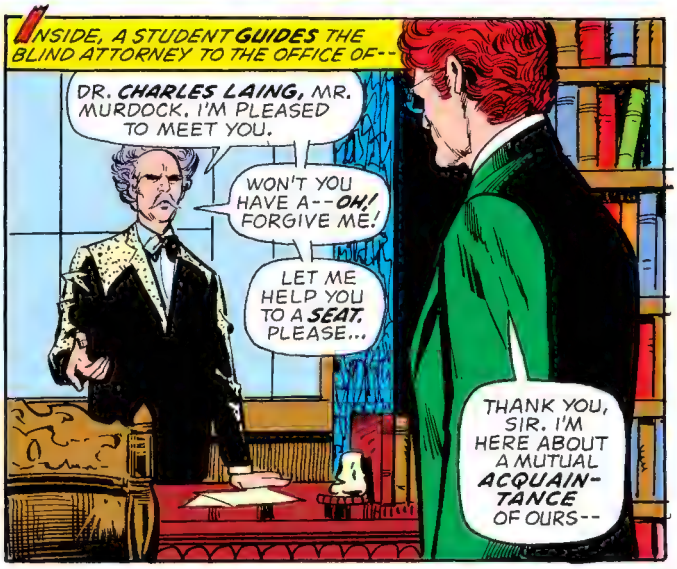
SHE NEVER CONFIDES IN ME--ABOUT ANYTHING.
THE LAST TIME WE ACTUALLY TALKED TO EACH OTHER WAS SIX OR SEVEN YEARS AGO!

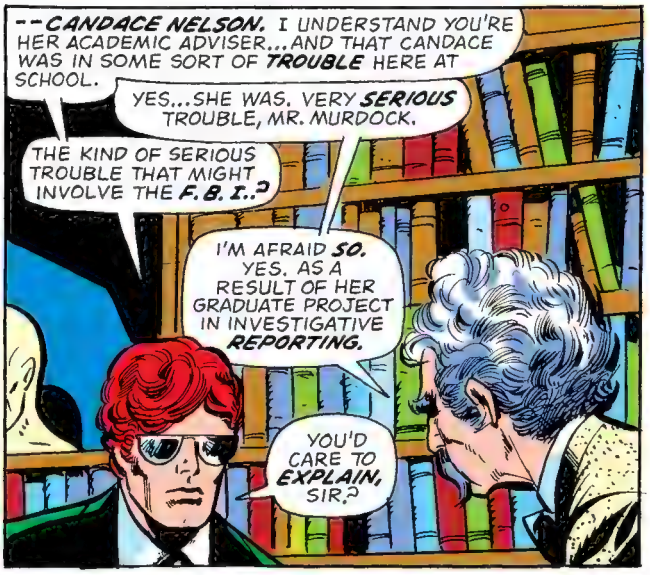
SHE SEES ME AS "THE ESTABLISHMENT," MATT--AS PART OF CITY HALL--MR. CONSERVATIVE--MR. LAW-AND-ORDER--MR. D.A.
AND SHE FANCIES HERSELF THE CRUSADING JOURNALIST, FERRETING OUT CORRUPTION IN THE SYSTEM.
IT MAY BE MORE THAN "FANCY," OLD FRIEND.


WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? MATT--WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO CHECK OUT THE CLOSEST THING WE'VE GOT TO A LEAD.
CANDACE MENTIONED TO ME THAT SHE WAS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.
YOU STAY HERE-- WAIT FOR A PHONE CALL.
THEY MAY YET ASK FOR A RANSOM.

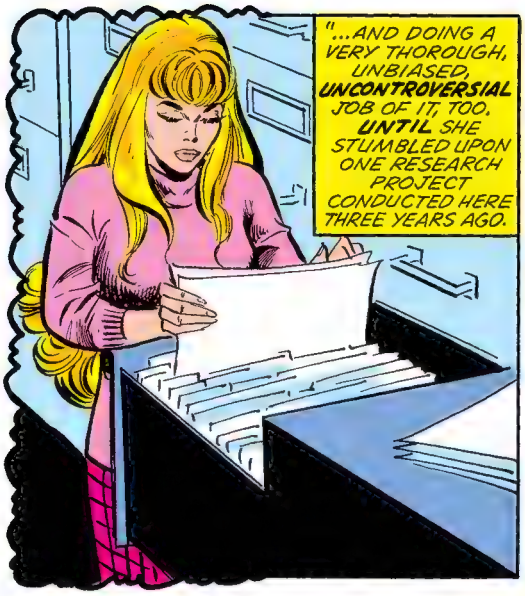

BEFORE FOGGY CAN EVEN RAISE HIS VOICE IN PROTEST, MATT IS OUT THE DOOR, LEAVING THE DISTRAUGHT DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO VENT HIS FRUSTRATION ON THE FURNITURE.
BLAST IT, I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP WITH A BLIND MAN! SOME FIGHTING D.A. I--
YEOWCH!
FORGOT--MY SHOULDER STILL ISN'T FULLY HEALED--*
=MMPH=
*FROM THE BULLET WOUND FOGGY RECEIVED IN D.D. #108. --ROY.

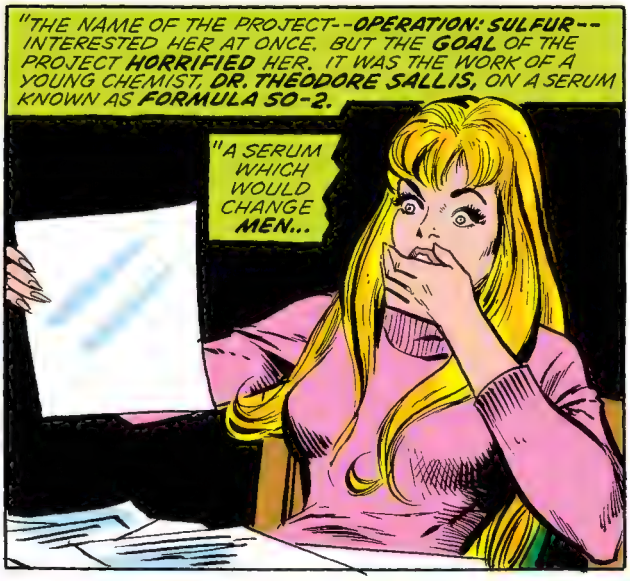

SHORTLY AFTER ONE P.M.: THE CAMPUS OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY, WHERE CANDACE NELSON IS A GRADUATE STUDENT IN JOURNALISM.
HOPE NO ONE SAW ME READING THAT SIGN WITH MY FINGERTIPS.
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE...
STATE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

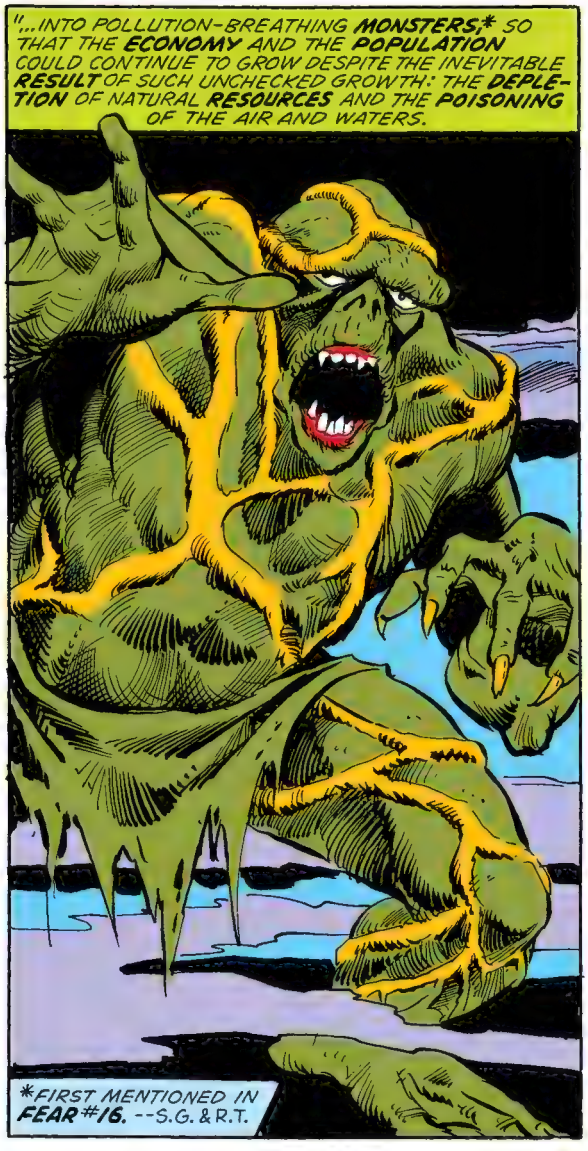

INSIDE, A STUDENT GUIDES THE BLIND ATTORNEY TO THE OFFICE OF--
DR. CHARLES LAING, MR. MURDOCK. I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
WON'T YOU HAVE A--OH! FORGIVE ME!
LET ME HELP YOU TO A SEAT, PLEASE...
THANK YOU, SIR. I'M HERE ABOUT A MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE OF OURS--

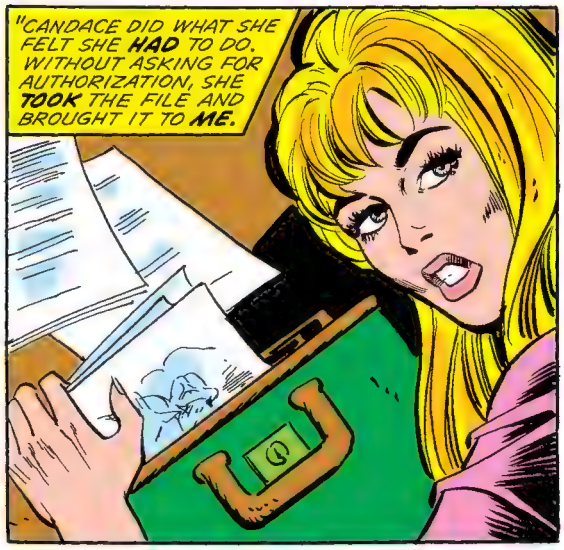

--CANDACE NELSON. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE HER ACADEMIC ADVISER...AND THAT CANDACE WAS IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE HERE AT SCHOOL.
YES...SHE WAS. VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, MR. MURDOCK.
THE KIND OF SERIOUS TROUBLE THAT MIGHT INVOLVE THE F.B.I.?
I'M AFRAID SO. YES. AS A RESULT OF HER GRADUATE PROJECT IN INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING.
YOU'D CARE TO EXPLAIN, SIR?

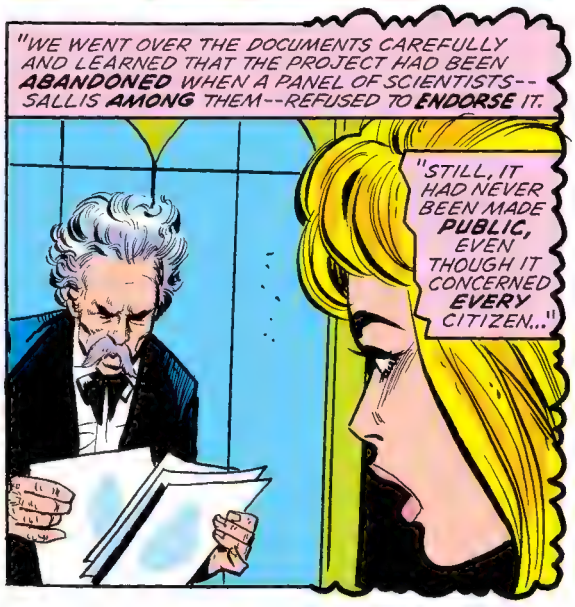
I WOULD, BUT I HAVE MY DOUBTS THAT YOU'LL BELIEVE ME.
CANDACE WAS INVESTIGATING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE CAMPUS TO THE MILITARY...

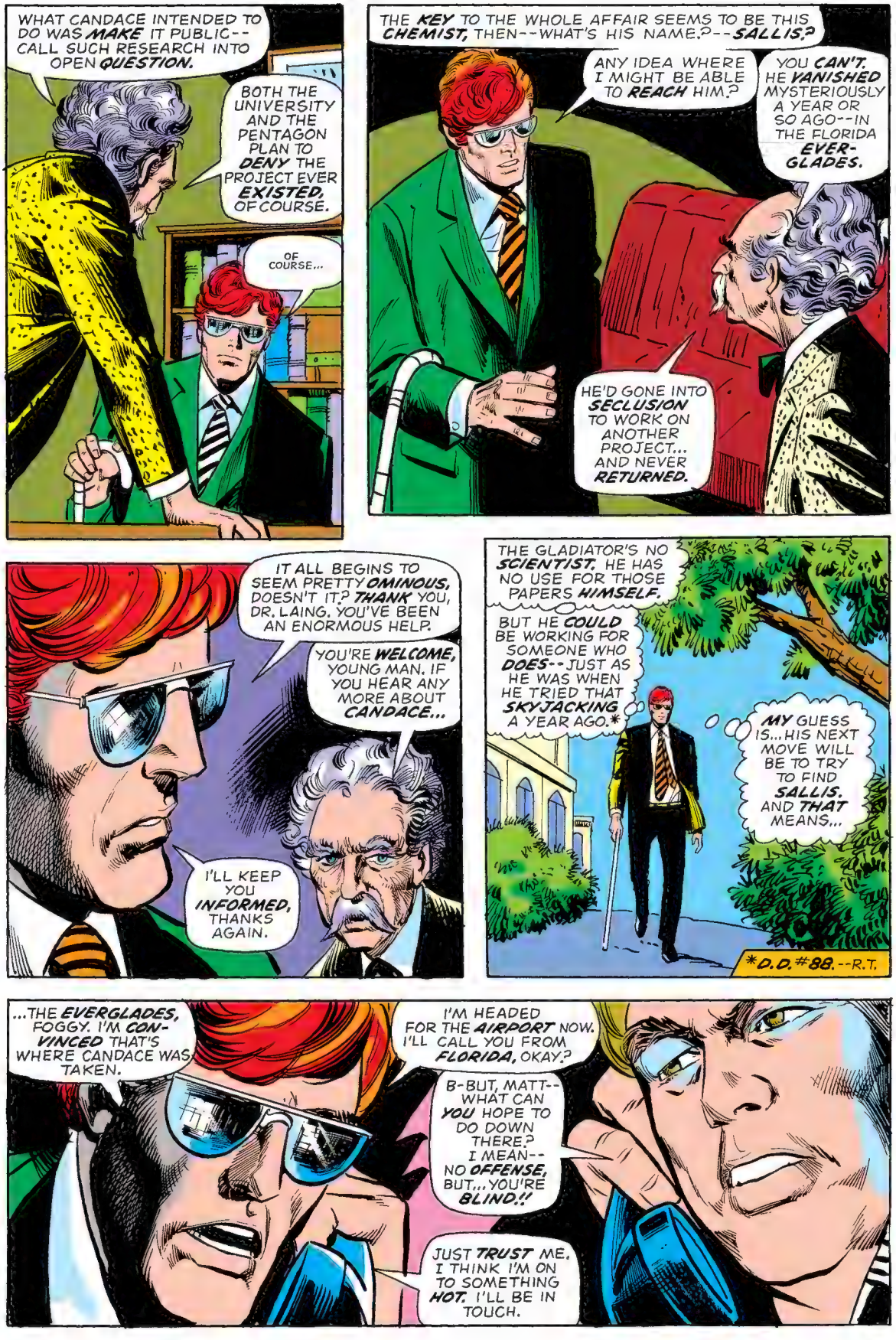

"...AND DOING A VERY THOROUGH, UNBIASED, UNCONTROVERSIAL JOB OF IT, TOO. UNTIL SHE STUMBLED UPON ONE RESEARCH PROJECT CONDUCTED HERE THREE YEARS AGO.

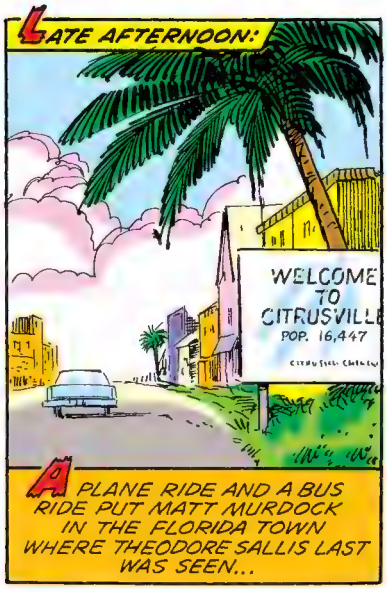

"THE NAME OF THE PROJECT--OPERATION: SULFUR--INTERESTED HER AT ONCE. BUT THE GOAL OF THE PROJECT HORRIFIED HER. IT WAS THE WORK OF A YOUNG CHEMIST, DR. THEODORE SALLIS, ON A SERUM KNOWN AS FORMULA SO-2.
"A SERUM WHICH WOULD CHANGE MEN...


"...INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING MONSTERS;* SO THAT THE ECONOMY AND THE POPULATION COULD CONTINUE TO GROW DESPITE THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF SUCH UNCHECKED GROWTH: THE DEPLETION OF NATURAL RESOURCES AND THE POISONING OF THE AIR AND WATERS.
*FIRST MENTIONED IN FEAR #16. --S.G. & R.T.


"CANDACE DID WHAT SHE FELT SHE HAD TO DO. WITHOUT ASKING FOR AUTHORIZATION, SHE TOOK THE FILE AND BROUGHT IT TO ME.


"WE WENT OVER THE DOCUMENTS CAREFULLY AND LEARNED THAT THE PROJECT HAD BEEN ABANDONED WHEN A PANEL OF SCIENTISTS--SALLIS AMONG THEM--REFUSED TO ENDORSE IT.
"STILL, IT HAD NEVER BEEN MADE PUBLIC, EVEN THOUGH IT CONCERNED EVERY CITIZEN..."

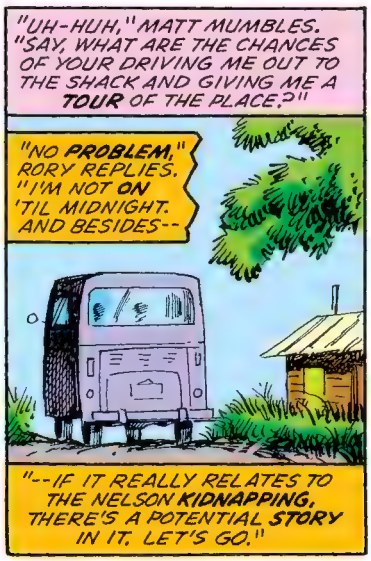

WHAT CANDACE INTENDED TO DO WAS MAKE IT PUBLIC--CALL SUCH RESEARCH INTO OPEN QUESTION.
BOTH THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PENTAGON PLAN TO DENY THE PROJECT EVER EXISTED, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE...
THE KEY TO THE WHOLE AFFAIR SEEMS TO BE THIS CHEMIST, THEN--WHAT'S HIS NAME?--SALLIS?
ANY IDEA WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO REACH HIM?
YOU CAN'T. HE VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY A YEAR OR SO AGO--IN THE FLORIDA EVER-GLADES.
HE'D GONE INTO SECLUSION TO WORK ON ANOTHER PROJECT... AND NEVER RETURNED.
IT ALL BEGINS TO SEEM PRETTY OMINOUS, DOESN'T IT? THANK YOU, DR. LAING. YOU'VE BEEN AN ENORMOUS HELP.
YOU'RE WELCOME, YOUNG MAN. IF YOU HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT CANDACE...
I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED, THANKS AGAIN.
THE GLADIATOR'S NO SCIENTIST. HE HAS NO USE FOR THOSE PAPERS HIMSELF.
BUT HE COULD BE WORKING FOR SOMEONE WHO DOES--JUST AS HE WAS WHEN HE TRIED THAT SKYJACKING A YEAR AGO.*
MY GUESS IS...HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO TRY TO FIND SALLIS. AND THAT MEANS...
*D.D.#88.--R.T.
...THE EVERGLADES, FOGGY. I'M CONVINCED THAT'S WHERE CANDACE WAS TAKEN.
I'M HEADED FOR THE AIRPORT NOW. I'LL CALL YOU FROM FLORIDA, OKAY?
B-BUT, MATT--WHAT CAN YOU HOPE TO DO DOWN THERE? I MEAN--NO OFFENSE, BUT...YOU'RE BLIND!!
JUST TRUST ME. I THINK I'M ON TO SOMETHING HOT. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

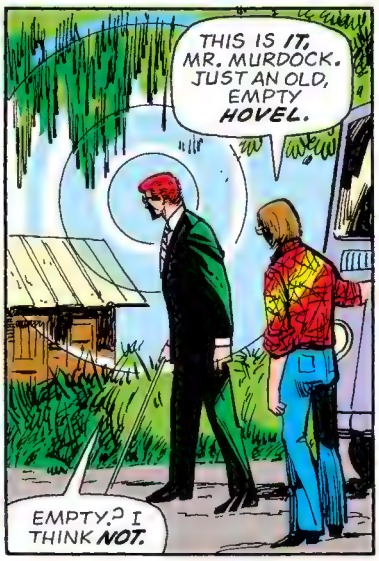

LATE AFTERNOON:
WELCOME TO CITRUSVILLE POP. 16,447
A PLANE RIDE AND A BUS RIDE PUT MATT MURDOCK IN THE FLORIDA TOWN WHERE THEODORE SALLIS LAST WAS SEEN...

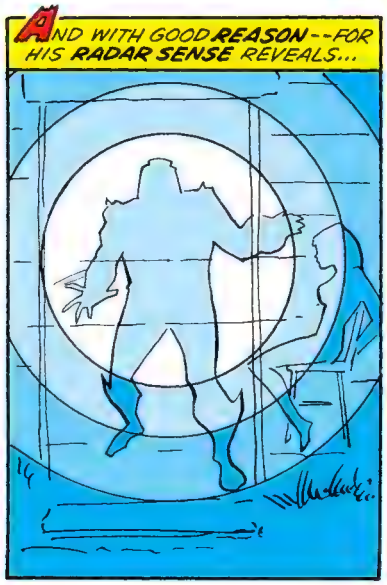
...AND HIS INVESTIGATION TAKES HIM TO THE LOCAL RADIO STATION, AND NEWSMAN-DISC JOCKEY RICHARD RORY.
RIGHT. I DID A STORY ON THE SHACK SALLIS USED TO RENT. IT'S BEEN THE SITE OF THREE MORE DEATHS RECENTLY.*
"MORE?" THEN YOU THINK SALLIS HIMSELF IS DEAD?
*SEE TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #6. --R.T.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH-- NOBODY REALLY KNOWS. HE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE JUST ABOUT THE TIME THE MAN-THING FIRST APPEARED.

PARDON ME-- THE WHAT APPEARED?
MAN-THING. IT'S... A MONSTER THAT LIVES OUT IN THE GLADES. AND DON'T LAUGH--IT'S FOR REAL. I'VE MET IT.*
*SEE MAN-THING #2-6. --R.T.

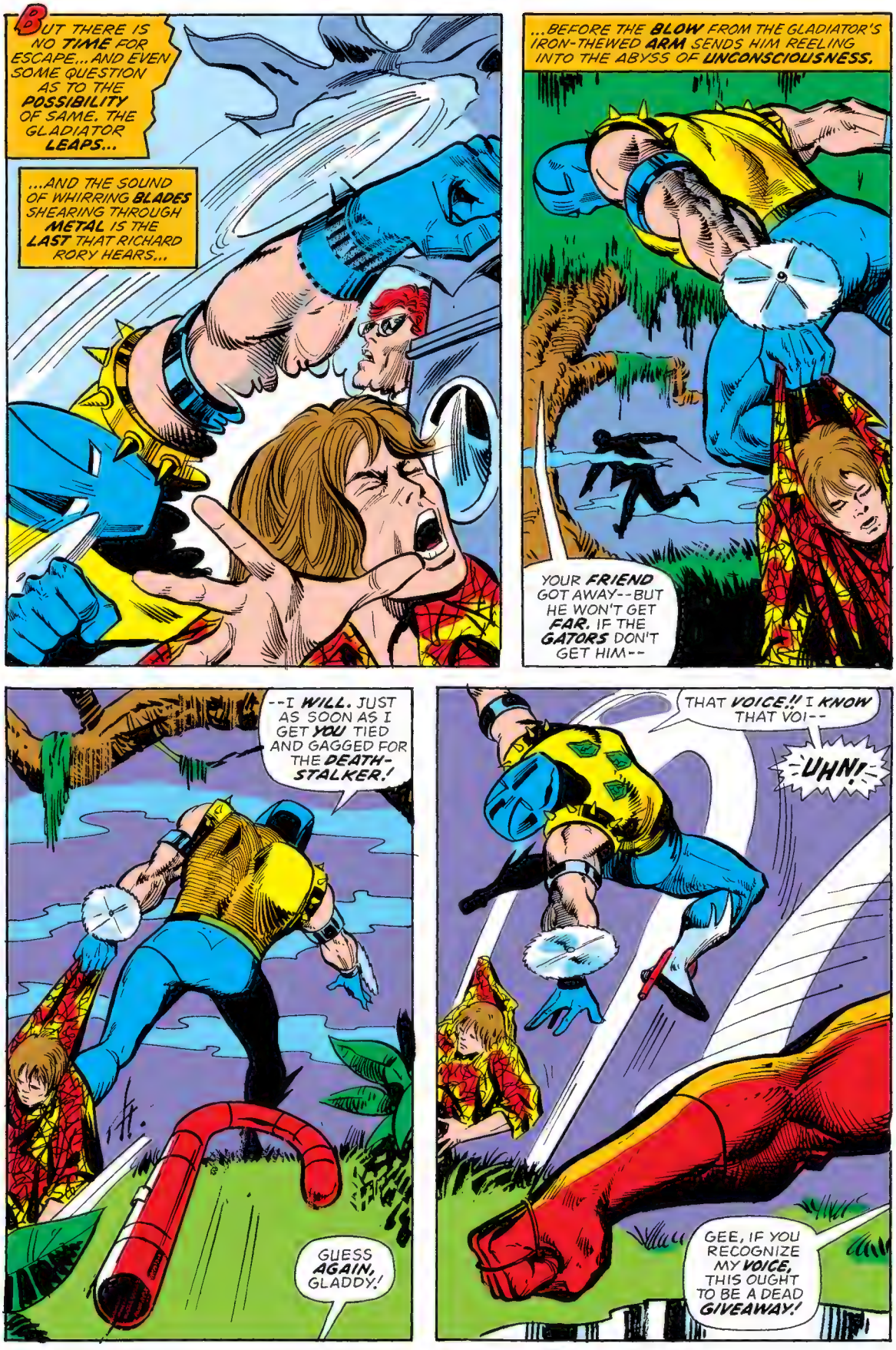

"UH-UH," MATT MUMBLES. "SAY, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF YOUR DRIVING ME OUT TO THE SHACK AND GIVING ME A TOUR OF THE PLACE?"
"NO PROBLEM," RORY REPLIES. "I'M NOT ON 'TIL MIDNIGHT. AND BESIDES--
"--IF IT REALLY RELATES TO THE NELSON KIDNAPPING, THERE'S A POTENTIAL STORY IN IT. LET'S GO."


THIS IS IT, MR. MURDOCK. JUST AN OLD, EMPTY HOVEL.
EMPTY? I THINK NOT.


AND WITH GOOD REASON--FOR HIS RADAR SENSE REVEALS...

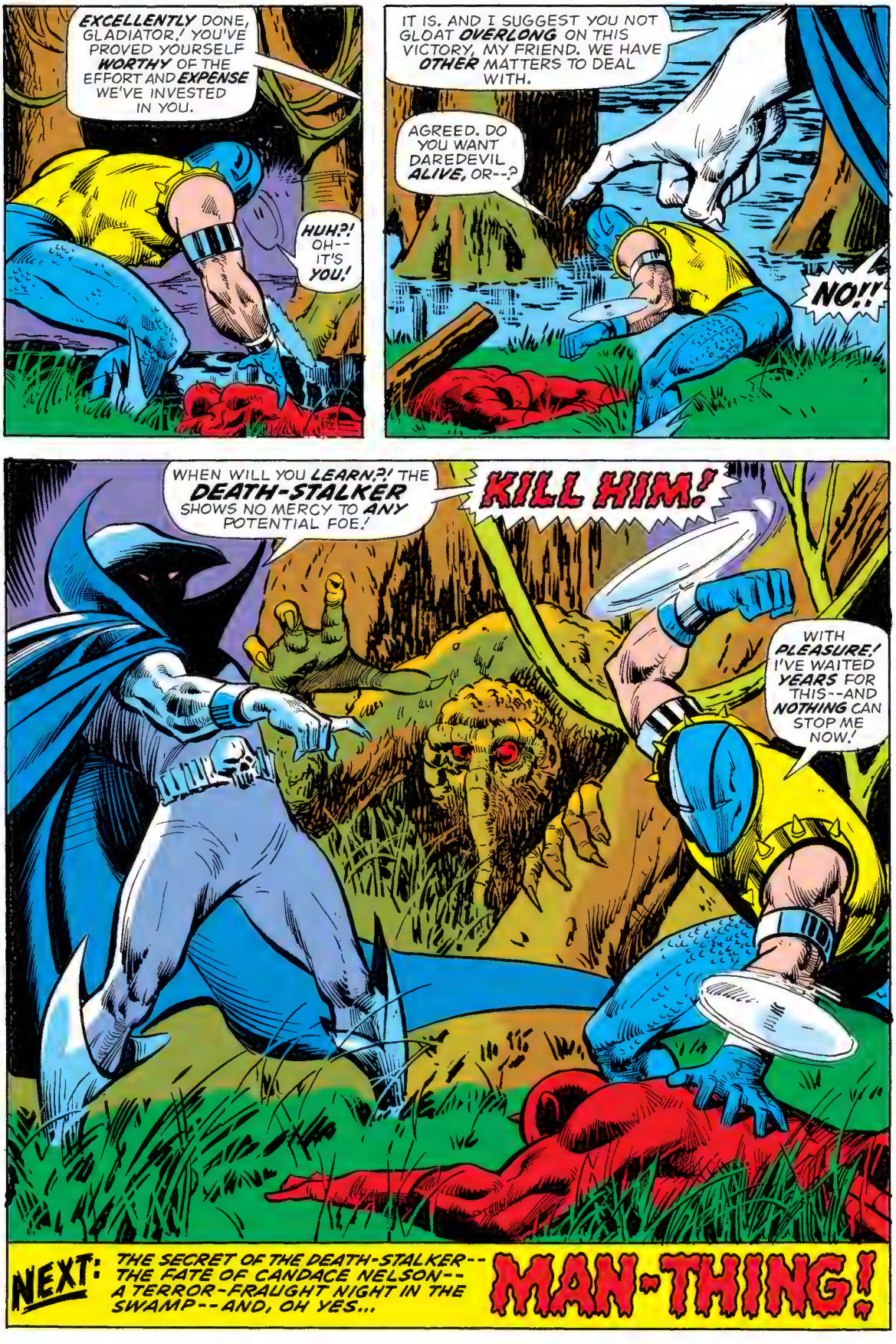
...THE PRESENCE OF THE GLADIATOR, WHO, A MOMENT LATER, THROWS OPEN THE SQUEAKING DOOR OF THE OLD SHACK--
I THOUGHT I HEARD A CAR OUT HERE!

--AND, HIS FOOTSTEPS POUNDING LIKE THUNDER IN MATT'S EARS, CHARGES AT THE BLIND MAN AND HIS AWED COMPANION!
RUN, MAN-- THIS WAY! BACK TO MY BUS!


BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR ESCAPE... AND EVEN SOME QUESTION AS TO THE POSSIBILITY OF SAME. THE GLADIATOR LEAPS...
...AND THE SOUND OF WHIRRING BLADES SHEARING THROUGH METAL IS THE LAST THAT RICHARD RORY HEARS...
...BEFORE THE BLOW FROM THE GLADIATOR'S IRON-THEWED ARM SENDS HIM REELING INTO THE ABYSS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
YOUR FRIEND GOT AWAY--BUT HE WON'T GET FAR. IF THE GATORS DON'T GET HIM--
--I WILL. JUST AS SOON AS I GET YOU TIED AND GAGGED FOR THE DEATH-STALKER!
GUESS AGAIN, GLADDY!
THAT VOICE!! I KNOW THAT VOI--
-UHN!
GEE, IF YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE, THIS OUGHT TO BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY!

DAREDEVIL!
IT WAS YOU WHO--! IF ONLY I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION TO YOUR FACE--!
AND YET, I'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH WHO YOU ARE--
--AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU!
THE IRON HELMET LANDS HARD AGAINST DAREDEVIL'S MIDSECTION...
...BUT HE ROLLS WITH THE BLOW...!
...BACKFLIP! FEET LANCE UPWARD INTO GLADIATOR'S CHEST...!
SOUNDS: MASSIVE FORM ROLLING ON MOIST EARTH... BOOTS STAMPING DOWNWARD... PAUSE... STRIKE THE EARTH AGAIN... A LEAP!
ANOTHER ASSAULT!
FOOTFALLS... HEAVY BREATHING... SINGING STEEL...!

HOW COULD YOU TELL WHERE MY BLADE WOULD STRIKE? I MOVED TOO FAST--
--FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW? I KNOW.
LET'S JUST SAY I--
-AAKH!-
--FORGOT? THAT THE "ORNAMENTATION" ON MY BOOTS IS ALSO RAZOR-SHARP?
YOU CAN'T AVOID ME MUCH LONGER, FOOL! NOT NOW!
HE'S RIGHT... LOSING BLOOD... HARD TO KEEP... ON MY FEET...
THUS, DISTRACTED BY THE TERRIBLE PAIN, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR FAILS TO SENSE THE GLADIATOR'S INDIRECT ATTACK FROM ABOVE--
--AND IS FELLED. HE LISTENS TO HIS OWN HEART-BEAT SLOW... HEARS HIS OWN BREATHING GROW THIN, LABORED, LESS FREQUENT. HE FEELS THE PAIN AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL AND AT HIS CALF WITH HORRIFY-ING ACUTENESS.
AND FINALLY, HE FEELS AND HEARS NOTHING AT ALL.


EXCELLENTLY DONE, GLADIATOR! YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF WORTHY OF THE EFFORT AND EXPENSE WE'VE INVESTED IN YOU.
HUH?! OH-- IT'S YOU!
IT IS, AND I SUGGEST YOU NOT GLOAT OVERLONG ON THIS VICTORY, MY FRIEND. WE HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO DEAL WITH.
AGREED. DO YOU WANT DAREDEVIL ALIVE, OR--?
NO!!
WHEN WILL YOU LEARN?! THE DEATH-STALKER SHOWS NO MERCY TO ANY POTENTIAL FOE!
KILL HIM!
WITH PLEASURE! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS--AND NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
NEXT: THE SECRET OF THE DEATH-STALKER-- THE FATE OF CANDACE NELSON-- A TERROR-FRAUGHT NIGHT IN THE SWAMP--AND, OH YES...
MAN-THING!

DAREDEVIL
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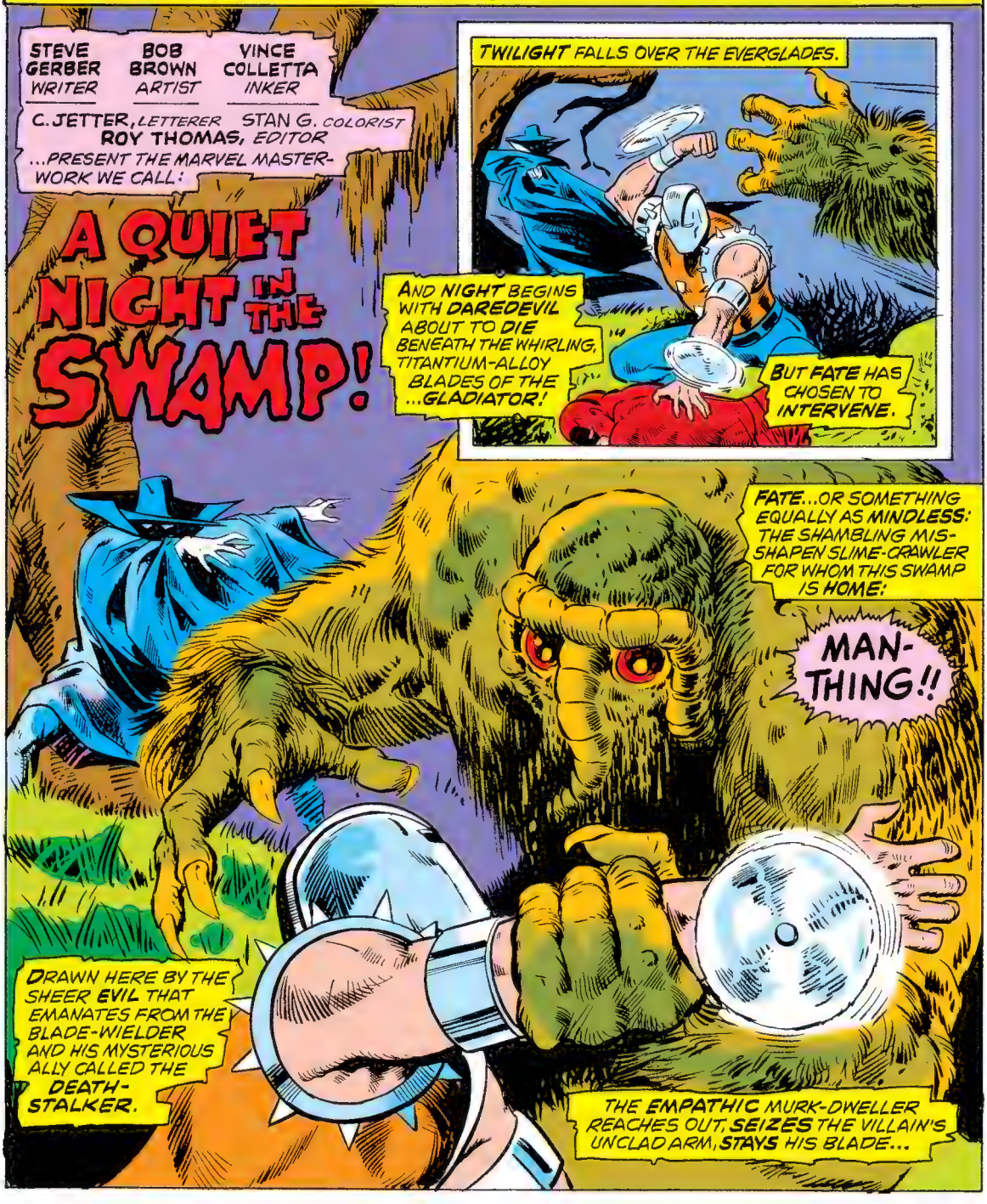
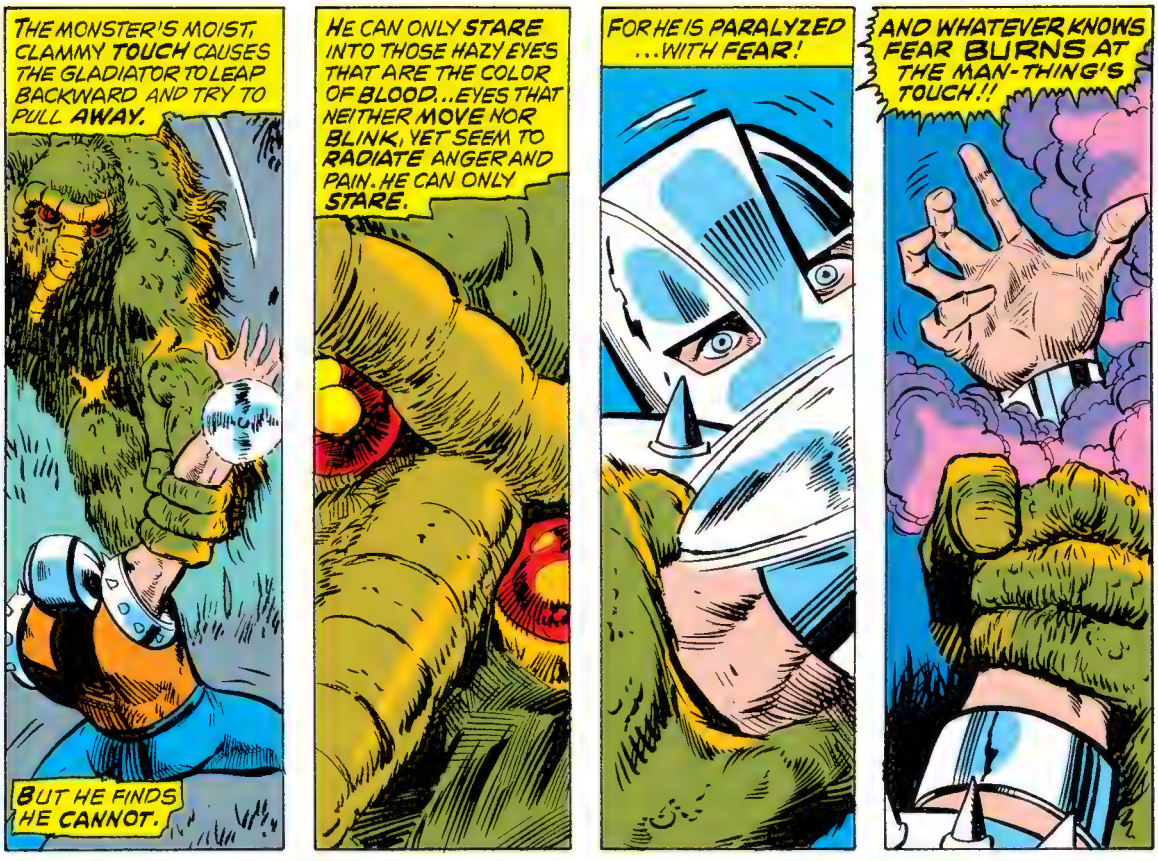
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
CO-STARRING: THE DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
THE MAN-THING STALKS THIS SWAMP!

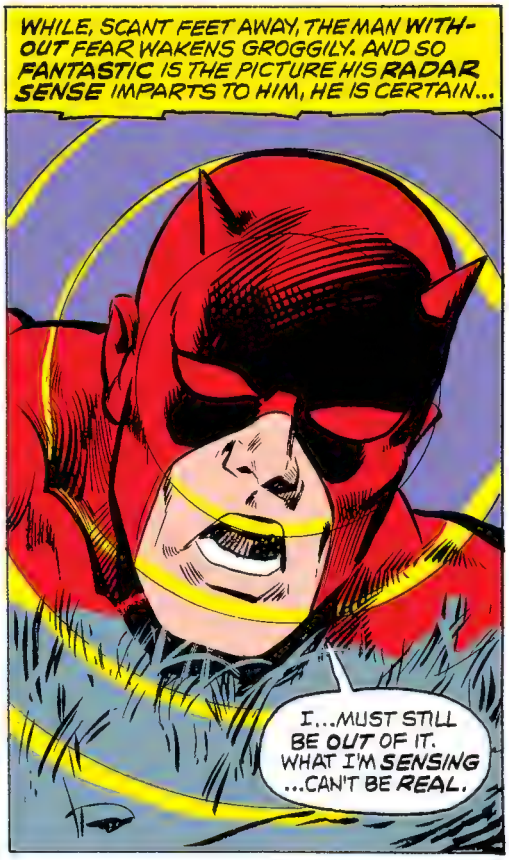
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

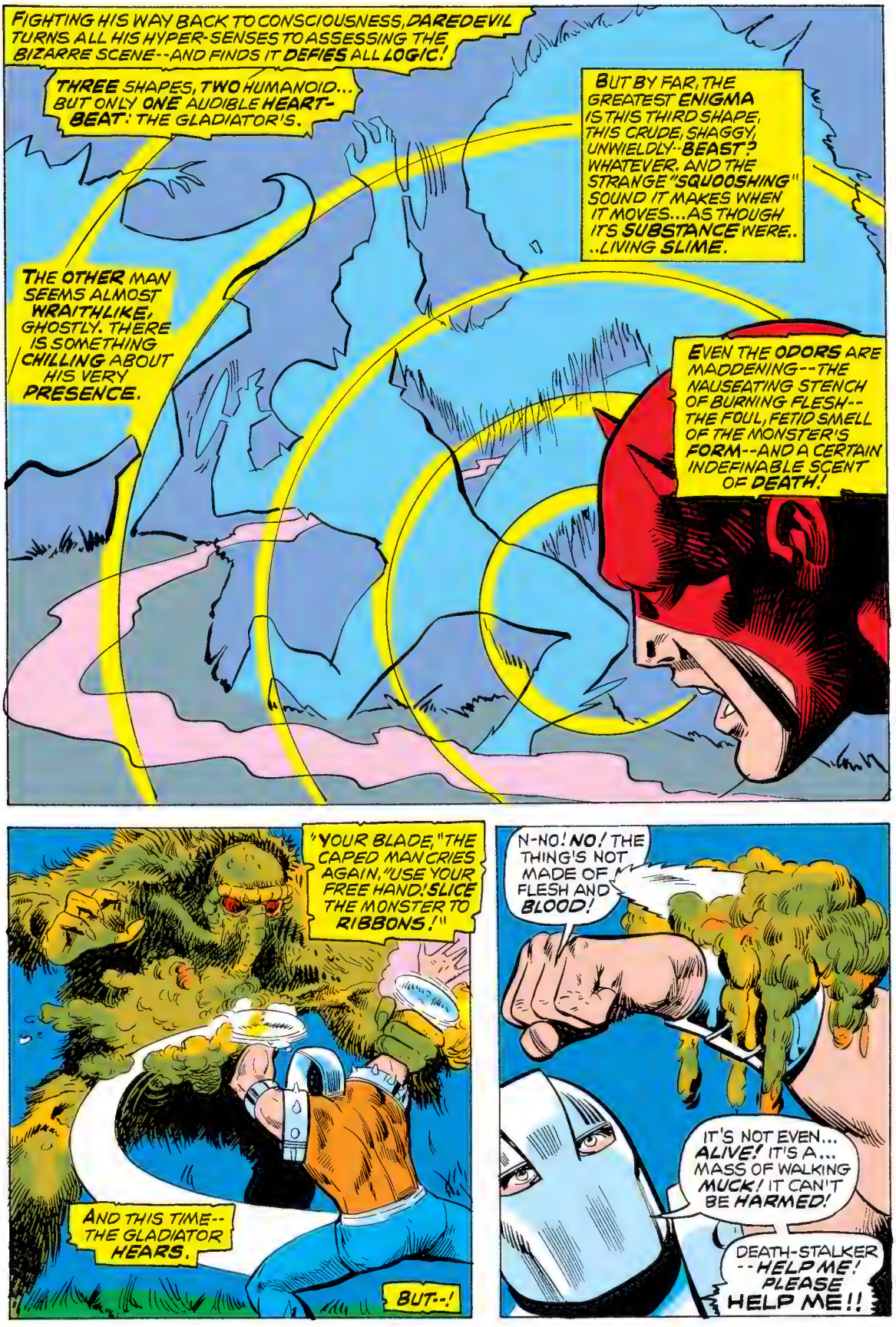
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage , he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

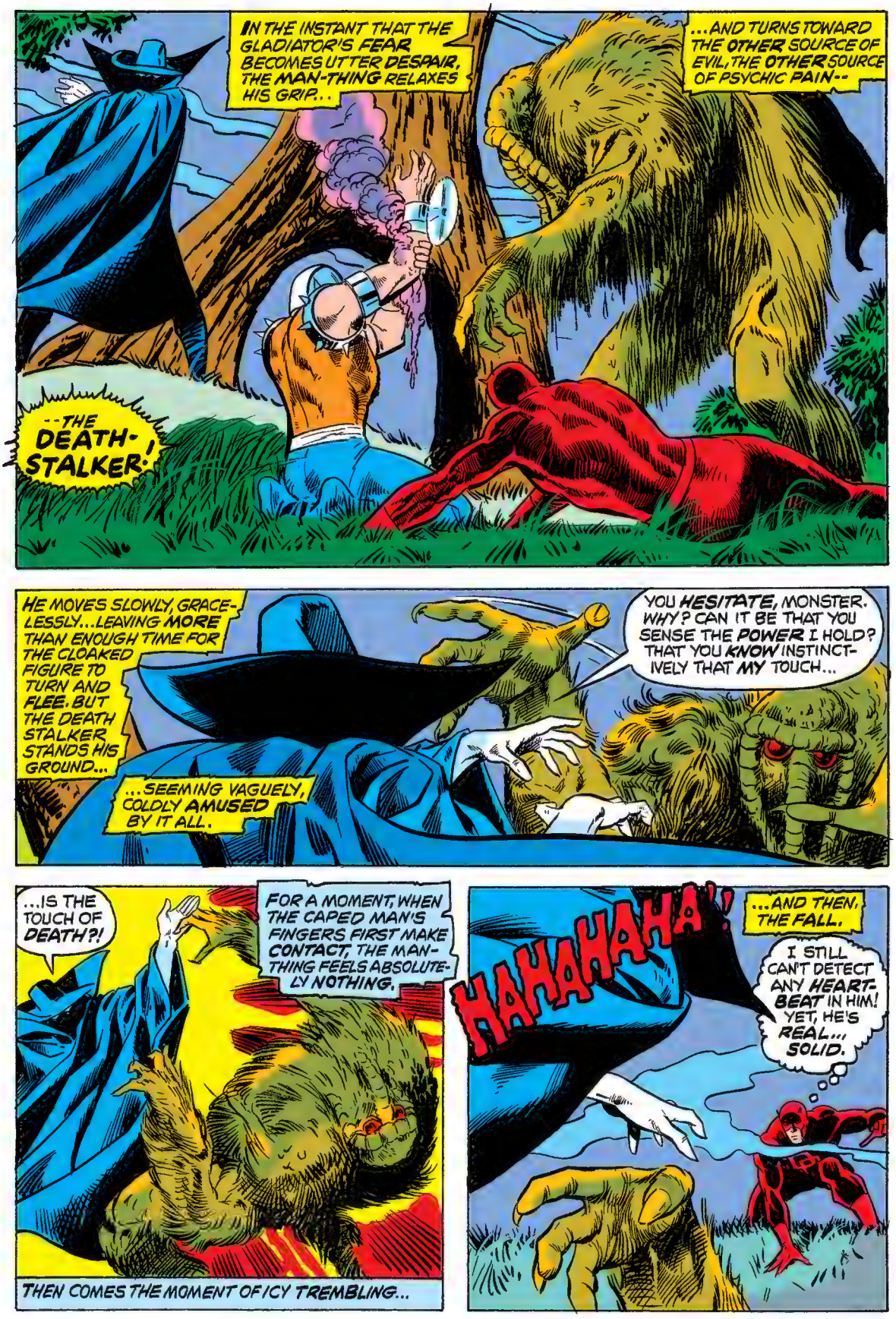

STEVE GERBER WRITER
BOB BROWN ARTIST
VINCE COLLETTA INKER
C. JETTER, LETTERER STAN G. COLORIST
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
...PRESENT THE MARVEL MASTER-WORK WE CALL:
A QUIET NIGHT IN THE SWAMP!
TWILIGHT FALLS OVER THE EVERGLADES.
AND NIGHT BEGINS WITH DAREDEVIL ABOUT TO DIE BENEATH THE WHIRLING, TITANTIUM-ALLOY BLADES OF THE ...GLADIATOR!
BUT FATE HAS CHOSEN TO INTERVENE.
FATE...OR SOMETHING EQUALLY AS MINDLESS: THE SHAMBLING MIS-SHAPEN SLIME-CRAWLER FOR WHOM THIS SWAMP IS HOME:
MAN-THING!!
DRAWN HERE BY THE SHEER EVIL THAT EMANATES FROM THE BLADE-WIELDER AND HIS MYSTERIOUS ALLY CALLED THE DEATH-STALKER.
THE EMPATHIC MURK-DWELLER REACHES OUT, SEIZES THE VILLAIN'S UNCLAD ARM, STAYS HIS BLADE...


THE MONSTER'S MOIST, CLAMMY TOUCH CAUSES THE GLADIATOR TO LEAP BACKWARD AND TRY TO PULL AWAY.
BUT HE FINDS HE CANNOT.
HE CAN ONLY STARE INTO THOSE HAZY EYES THAT ARE THE COLOR OF BLOOD...EYES THAT NEITHER MOVE NOR BLINK, YET SEEM TO RADIATE ANGER AND PAIN. HE CAN ONLY STARE.
FOR HE IS PARALYZED ...WITH FEAR!
AND WHATEVER KNOWS FEAR BURNS AT THE MAN-THING'S TOUCH!!

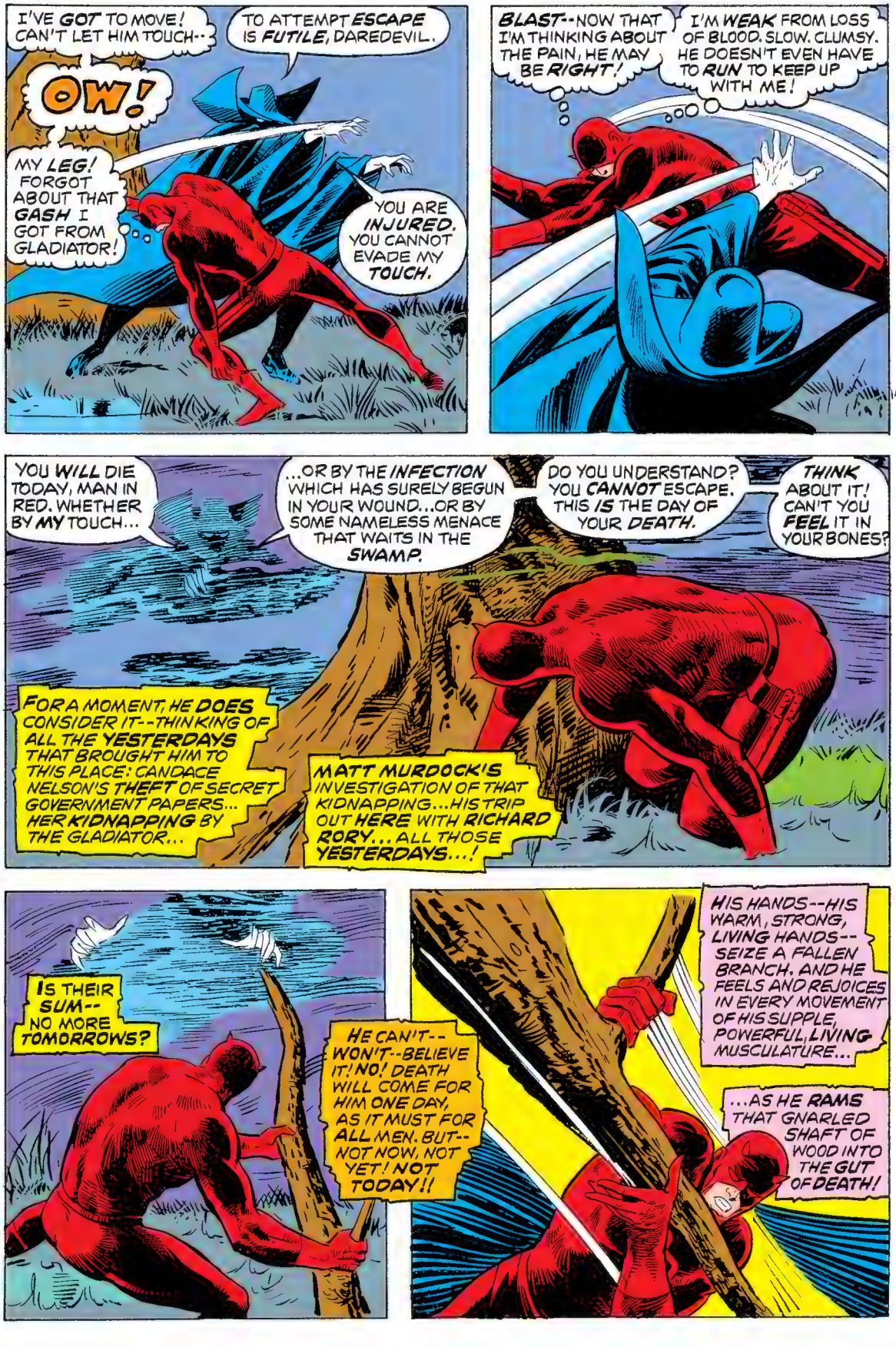
YOUR BLADE, YOU DOLT--USE YOUR OTHER BLADE--YOUR FREE HAND! YOUR VERY FLESH IS FRYING!
BUT THE COWLED MAN'S SHOUTS FALL ON PAIN-DEAFENED EARS. NUMBLY, THE GLADIATOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES, TEARS WELLING IN HIS ONCE-STEELY ORBS.


WHILE, SCANT FEET AWAY, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR WAKENS GROGGILY. AND SO FANTASTIC IS THE PICTURE HIS RADAR SENSE IMPARTS TO HIM, HE IS CERTAIN...
I...MUST STILL BE OUT OF IT. WHAT I'M SENSING ...CAN'T BE REAL.


FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, DAREDEVIL TURNS ALL HIS HYPER-SENSES TO ASSESSING THE BIZARRE SCENE--AND FINDS IT DEFIES ALL LOGIC!
THREE SHAPES, TWO HUMANOID... BUT ONLY ONE AUDIBLE HEART-BEAT: THE GLADIATOR'S.
BUT BY FAR, THE GREATEST ENIGMA IS THIS THIRD SHAPE, THIS CRUDE, SHAGGY, UNWIELDY--BEAST? WHATEVER. AND THE STRANGE "SQUOOSHING" SOUND IT MAKES WHEN IT MOVES...AS THOUGH ITS SUBSTANCE WERE.. ..LIVING SLIME.
THE OTHER MAN SEEMS ALMOST WRAITHLIKE, GHOSTLY. THERE IS SOMETHING CHILLING ABOUT HIS VERY PRESENCE.
EVEN THE ODORS ARE MADDENING--THE NAUSEATING STENCH OF BURNING FLESH--THE FOUL, FETID SMELL OF THE MONSTER'S FORM--AND A CERTAIN INDEFINABLE SCENT OF DEATH!
"YOUR BLADE," THE CAPED MAN CRIES AGAIN, "USE YOUR FREE HAND! SLICE THE MONSTER TO RIBBONS!"
AND THIS TIME--THE GLADIATOR HEARS.
BUT--!
N-NO! NO! THE THING'S NOT MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD!
IT'S NOT EVEN... ALIVE! IT'S A... MASS OF WALKING MUCK! IT CAN'T BE HARMED!
DEATH-STALKER --HELP ME! PLEASE HELP ME!!

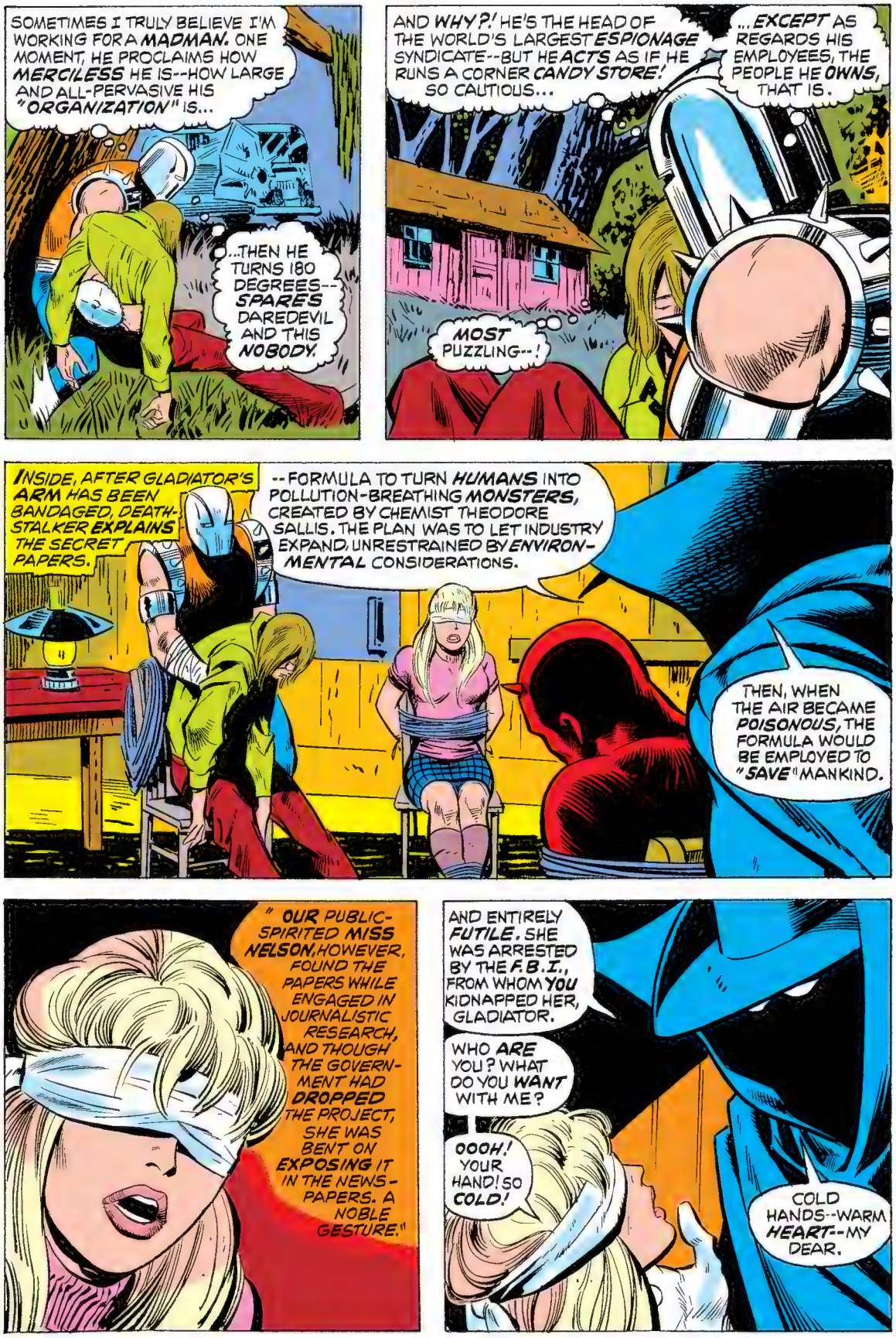

IN THE INSTANT THAT THE GLADIATOR'S FEAR BECOMES UTTER DESPAIR, THE MAN-THING RELAXES HIS GRIP...
...AND TURNS TOWARD THE OTHER SOURCE OF EVIL, THE OTHER SOURCE OF PSYCHIC PAIN--
--THE DEATH-STALKER!
HE MOVES SLOWLY, GRACELESSLY...LEAVING MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME FOR THE CLOAKED FIGURE TO TURN AND FLEE. BUT THE DEATH STALKER STANDS HIS GROUND...
YOU HESITATE, MONSTER. WHY? CAN IT BE THAT YOU SENSE THE POWER I HOLD? THAT YOU KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT MY TOUCH...
...SEEMING VAGUELY, COLDLY AMUSED BY IT ALL.
...IS THE TOUCH OF DEATH?!
FOR A MOMENT, WHEN THE CAPED MAN'S FINGERS FIRST MAKE CONTACT, THE MAN-THING FEELS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
THEN COMES THE MOMENT OF ICY TREMBLING...
HAHAHAHA!
...AND THEN, THE FALL.
I STILL CAN'T DETECT ANY HEARTBEAT IN HIM! YET, HE'S REAL... SOLID.

"I CAN HEAR THE FOLIAGE BEND UNDER HIS WEIGHT." D.D. REMINDS HIMSELF, "SO HE CAN'T BE AN ILLUSION OR A PROJECTION OR ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL. HE'S HUMAN. PERIOD!"
AND HE AND THE GLADIATOR ARE HOLDING CANDACE NELSON PRISONER IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN SWAMP! SO, GROGGY OR NOT, I--
HAHAH
WHAT ON EARTH--?! THERE'S NOTHING UNDER HIS HAT! NOTHING!
AND WHEN DAREDEVIL RETRACTS HIS FIST FROM THAT "NOTHING..."
COLD...INCREDIBLE, ICY, DEADLY COLD! HAND...FEELS LIKE... IT'S FROZEN!
NOW YOU'VE FELT IT, DAREDEVIL, JUST AS THE MONSTER DID!
MY POWER... THE POWER OF DEATH! I AM DEATH, DAREDEVIL! YOUR DEATH!
I'M COMING FOR YOU...YOU CAN'T AVOID ME...NO MAN CAN...FOR LONG.
LORD...THE VERY AIR SEEMS TO GROW COLDER AS HE APPROACHES! I CAN FEEL THE CHILL UP MY SPINE!
AND I CAN'T MOVE! I'M ROOTED TO THIS SPOT!
AND YET...


I'VE GOT TO MOVE! CAN'T LET HIM TOUCH--
TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE IS FUTILE, DAREDEVIL.
OW!
MY LEG! FORGOT ABOUT THAT GASH I GOT FROM GLADIATOR!
YOU ARE INJURED. YOU CANNOT EVADE MY TOUCH.
BLAST--NOW THAT I'M THINKING ABOUT THE PAIN, HE MAY BE RIGHT!
I'M WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. SLOW. CLUMSY. HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO RUN TO KEEP UP WITH ME!
YOU WILL DIE TODAY, MAN IN RED. WHETHER BY MY TOUCH...
...OR BY THE INFECTION WHICH HAS SURELY BEGUN IN YOUR WOUND...OR BY SOME NAMELESS MENACE THAT WAITS IN THE SWAMP.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU CANNOT ESCAPE. THIS IS THE DAY OF YOUR DEATH.
THINK ABOUT IT! CAN'T YOU FEEL IT IN YOUR BONES?
FOR A MOMENT, HE DOES CONSIDER IT--THINKING OF ALL THE YESTERDAYS THAT BROUGHT HIM TO THIS PLACE: CANDACE NELSON'S THEFT OF SECRET GOVERNMENT PAPERS... HER KIDNAPPING BY THE GLADIATOR...
MATT MURDOCK'S INVESTIGATION OF THAT KIDNAPPING...HIS TRIP OUT HERE WITH RICHARD RORY... ALL THOSE YESTERDAYS...!
IS THEIR SUM-- NO MORE TOMORROWS?
HE CAN'T-- WON'T--BELIEVE IT! NO! DEATH WILL COME FOR HIM ONE DAY, AS IT MUST FOR ALL MEN. BUT-- NOT NOW, NOT YET! NOT TODAY!!
HIS HANDS--HIS WARM, STRONG, LIVING HANDS-- SEIZE A FALLEN BRANCH. AND HE FEELS AND REJOICES IN EVERY MOVEMENT OF HIS SUPPLE, POWERFUL, LIVING MUSCULATURE...
...AS HE RAMS THAT GNARLED SHAFT OF WOOD INTO THE GUT OF DEATH!

AND HIS HEART SINKS AS HIS RADAR SENSE REVEALS--
HAHAHAHAA
H-HE'S GONE! NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY CAPE! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! IT--WHERE DID HE GO?!
HERE, DAREDEVIL. I AM HERE. DEATH IS AT YOUR BACK.
HUH? WHA-- NO!! MY.... SHOULDER...YOUR FINGERS...LIKE ICE--!
LIKE DEATH, DAREDEVIL. LIKE THE GRIM, GLACIAL EMBRACE OF THE NORTH WIND. NO USE TO FLEE...
...YOU CAN'T OUTRUN THE WIND.
FOR DAREDEVIL, FOR THIS SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER, ALL THE WORLD IS BLACKNESS, ALL THE TIME.
BUT NOW, A DIFFERENT KIND OF DARKNESS ENVELOPES HIM, A SORT OF OBLIVION HE HAS NEVER KNOWN BEFORE. HE HEARS HIS HEARTBEAT SLOW...FEELS HIS MIND EMPTY OF ALL THOUGHT... FEELS HIS EVERY NERVE TINGLE, THEN GO NUMB...
AND HE KNOWS THAT HE IS... DYING.
AND THAT IS ALL HE KNOWS WHEN THE DARKNESS CLAIMS HIM AND THE DEATHSTALKER RELAXES HIS GRIP.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...IF YOU CAN KILL WITH YOUR TOUCH--WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THE MONSTER BEFORE HE BURNED ME?
BECAUSE, FOOL, I WANTED TO SEE THE BEAST'S POWER FOR MYSELF. YOU SEE, I SUSPECT--
SUSPECT?! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SUSPECT! THAT THING MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!
SO IT MIGHT. AND I MIGHT HAVE ALLOWED IT TO--IF I DEEMED IT NECESSARY. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN--YOU BELONG TO ME?
MUST I REFRESH YOUR MEMORY-- WITH A TOUCH OF MY HAND?
NO--NO, YOU'RE CORRECT, OF COURSE. I FORGOT MY PLACE. I HAD NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN. NONE.
BUT ONCE I LEARN HOW YOUR "TOUCH OF DEATH" WORKS, MY MYSTERIOUS "MASTER," WE SHALL DISCUSS THIS INCIDENT AGAIN, I PROMISE YOU.
SEE THAT YOU REMEMBER IN THE FUTURE. I SHAN'T TOLERATE ANOTHER SUCH OUTBURST.
NOW--COME. IT'S TIME WE PAID A CALL ON THE CAPTIVE MISS NELSON-- AND TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT WAS IN THOSE PAPERS YOU STOLE.
FINE. BUT WHY BRING HORNHEAD'S BODY? WHY NOT LEAVE IT FOR THE 'GATORS?
HE IS NOT DEAD, YET. I CHOSE--WAIT!
WHO IS THAT-- LYING THERE IN THE GRASS?
HE DROVE DAREDEVIL OUT HERE. I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME. SHOULD I
NO. NOT YET. LIKE DAREDEVIL, HE MAY HAVE INFORMATION I NEED. PICK HIM UP. BRING HIM ALONG.

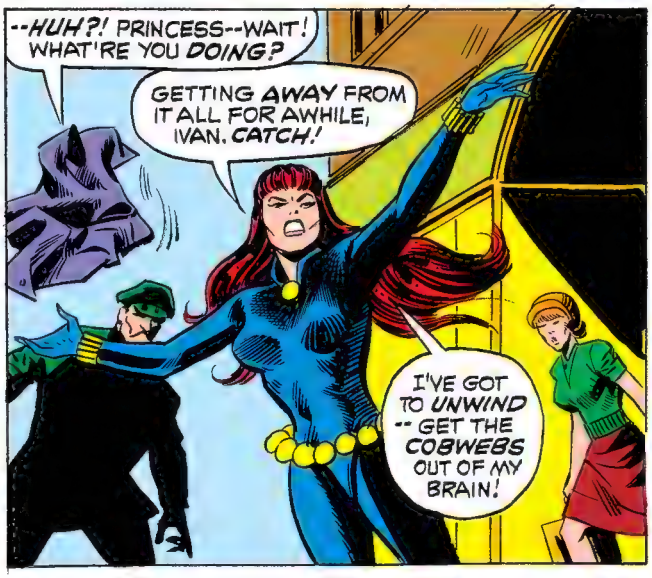

SOMETIMES I TRULY BELIEVE I'M WORKING FOR A MADMAN. ONE MOMENT, HE PROCLAIMS HOW MERCILESS HE IS--HOW LARGE AND ALL-PERVASIVE HIS "ORGANIZATION" IS...
...THEN HE TURNS 180 DEGREES--SPARES DAREDEVIL AND THIS NOBODY.
AND WHY?! HE'S THE HEAD OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ESPIONAGE SYNDICATE--BUT HE ACTS AS IF HE RUNS A CORNER CANDY STORE! SO CAUTIOUS...
...EXCEPT AS REGARDS HIS EMPLOYEES, THE PEOPLE HE OWNS, THAT IS.
MOST PUZZLING--!
INSIDE, AFTER GLADIATOR'S ARM HAS BEEN BANDAGED, DEATH-STALKER EXPLAINS THE SECRET PAPERS.
--FORMULA TO TURN HUMANS INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING MONSTERS, CREATED BY CHEMIST THEODORE SALLIS. THE PLAN WAS TO LET INDUSTRY EXPAND, UNRESTRAINED BY ENVIRONMENTAL CONSIDERATIONS.
THEN, WHEN THE AIR BECAME POISONOUS, THE FORMULA WOULD BE EMPLOYED TO "SAVE" MANKIND.
"OUR PUBLIC-SPIRITED MISS NELSON, HOWEVER, FOUND THE PAPERS WHILE ENGAGED IN JOURNALISTIC RESEARCH, AND THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT HAD DROPPED THE PROJECT, SHE WAS BENT ON EXPOSING IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS. A NOBLE GESTURE."
AND ENTIRELY FUTILE. SHE WAS ARRESTED BY THE F.B.I., FROM WHOM YOU KIDNAPPED HER, GLADIATOR.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
OOOH! YOUR HAND! SO COLD!
COLD HANDS--WARM HEART--MY DEAR.

CUT: TO THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF FOGGY NELSON --CANDACE'S BROTHER, MATT MURDOCK'S CLOSEST FRIEND, AND MANHATTAN'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE I'VE HEARD FROM MATT. WHY DOESN'T HE CALL?
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM TACKLE THIS INVESTIGATION ALL ALONE!
SURE, I'M NOT ENTIRELY RECOVERED FROM THAT WOUND I GOT FROM BLACK SPECTRE,* BUT HE'S BLIND, BLAST IT! THERE ARE SOME THINGS HE JUST CAN'T--
THE PHONE!!
RRRING
* SEE D.D.#108.--R.T.
MATT! WHAT TOOK YOU--
--OH. HELLO, MISS ROMANOFF.
NO...I'M SORRY. HE'S NOT HERE. HE'S NOT EVEN IN NEW YORK RIGHT NOW.
HE'S IN FLORIDA, DOING SOME INVESTIGATIVE WORK ON MY SISTER'S KIDNAPPING.
YES...THE PAPERS HERE DID CARRY THE STORY. I HOPE SHE'LL BE RETURNED SAFELY.
BUT THEN... YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MATT, EITHER.
I SEE. NO... THERE'S NO MESSAGE. IT'S NOT URGENT, REALLY!
THEN I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GET OFF THE LINE, MISS ROMANOFF. I HAVE TO KEEP IT OPEN SO THAT MATT CAN GET THROUGH. I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
OF COURSE. BUT PLEASE.. TELL HIM I CALLED...AND TO CALL ME WHEN HE CAN.
I WILL. AND THANKS FOR YOUR GOOD WISHES.
YOU'RE WELCOME. I'LL BE WAITING...FOR MATT TO CALL.

HER EYES EDGED WITH TEARS, NATASHA ROMANOFF--THE BLACK WIDOW--STEPS OUT OF THE PHONE BOOTH, BACK ONTO THE SAN FRANCISCO STREETS WHERE HER CHAUFFEUR IVAN WAITS...!
NOTHING, HUH, KID?
HE'S OUT OF TOWN, IVAN, ON A CASE. THAT IS WHY I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO REACH HIM AT HIS HOTEL. FOGGY NELSON PROMISED TO HAVE HIM CALL.

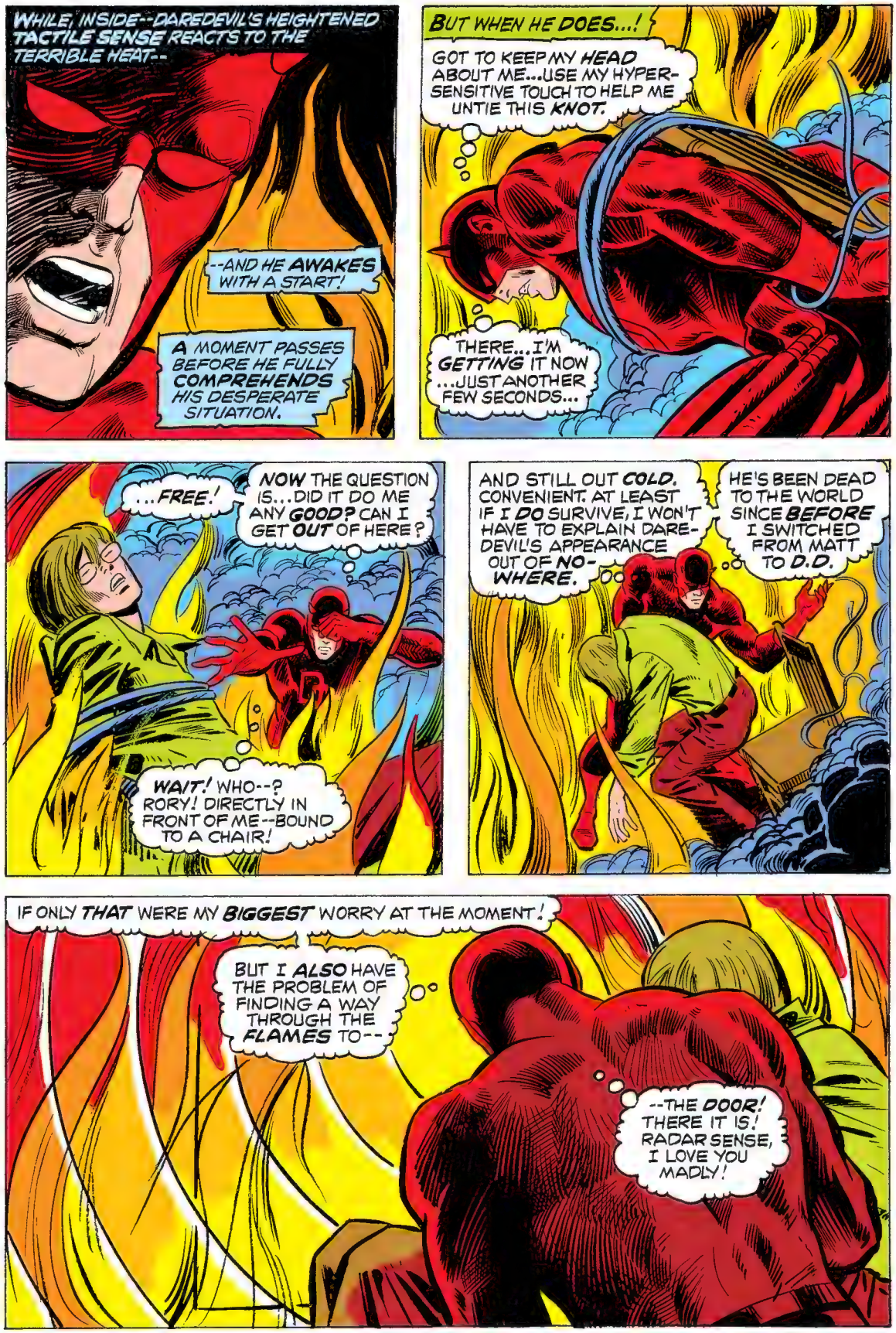
CALL US?! BUT PRINCESS--HOW??
OH, IVAN--NO! I WASN'T THINKING! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH US! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID?

EASY, TASH... ANYBODY COULD'VE MADE THE SAME MISTAKE. IT'S NOT WORTH CRYING OVER.
OH, I KNOW, I KNOW... IT'S NOT JUST THAT. IT'S EVERYTHING! ALL THE HUMILIATION WE'VE BEEN PUT THROUGH THE PAST FEW DAYS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE I CAN TAKE, IF THINGS GET ANY WORSE--
AW, C'MON--SMILE. IT'LL BE--


--HUH?! PRINCESS--WAIT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL FOR AWHILE, IVAN. CATCH!
I'VE GOT TO UNWIND -- GET THE COBWEBS OUT OF MY BRAIN!

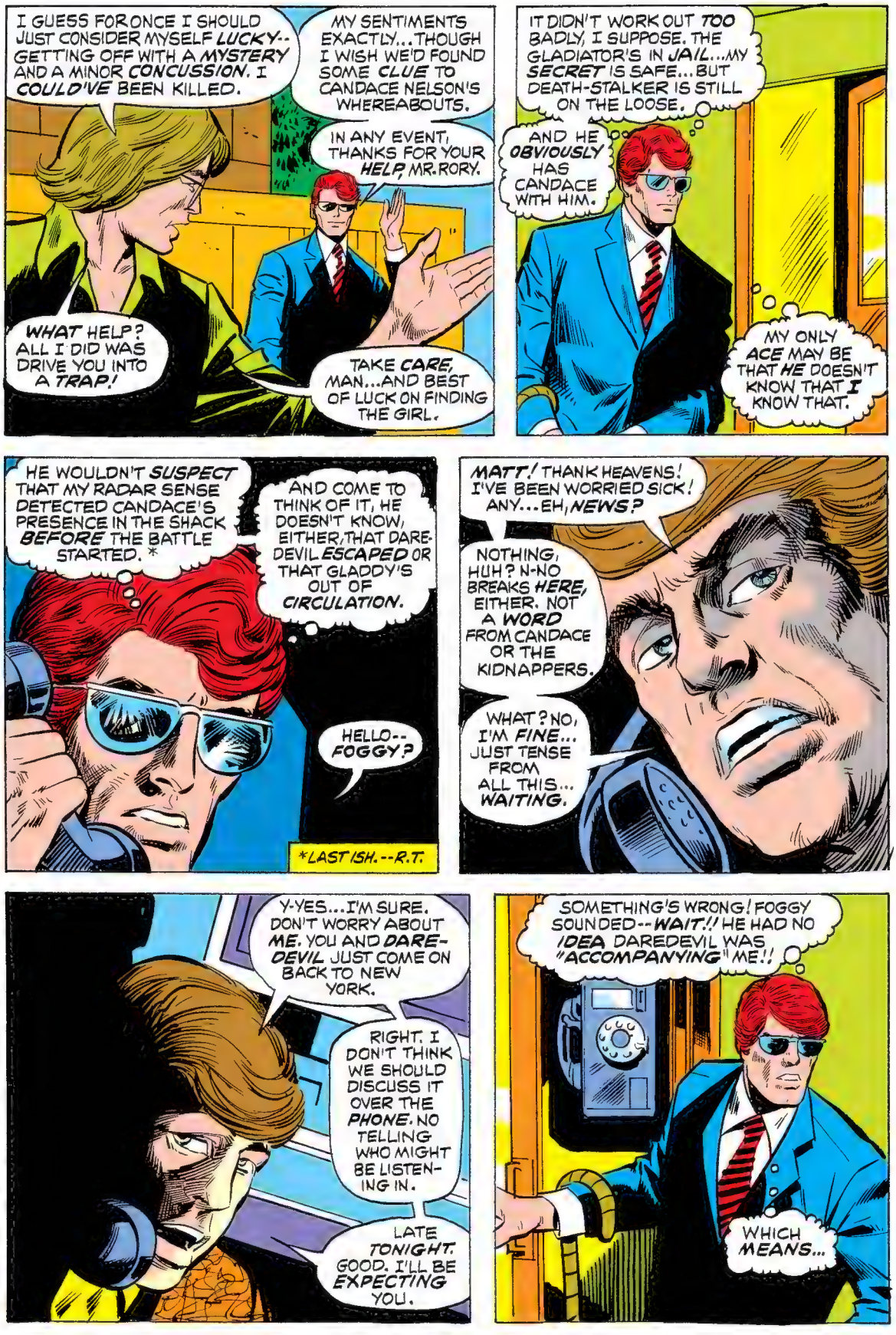
AND A JAUNT OVER THE ROOF-TOPS IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO DO THAT!
MEET YOU BACK HERE IN AN HOUR OR SO, OKAY?
S-SURE, KID. SURE.

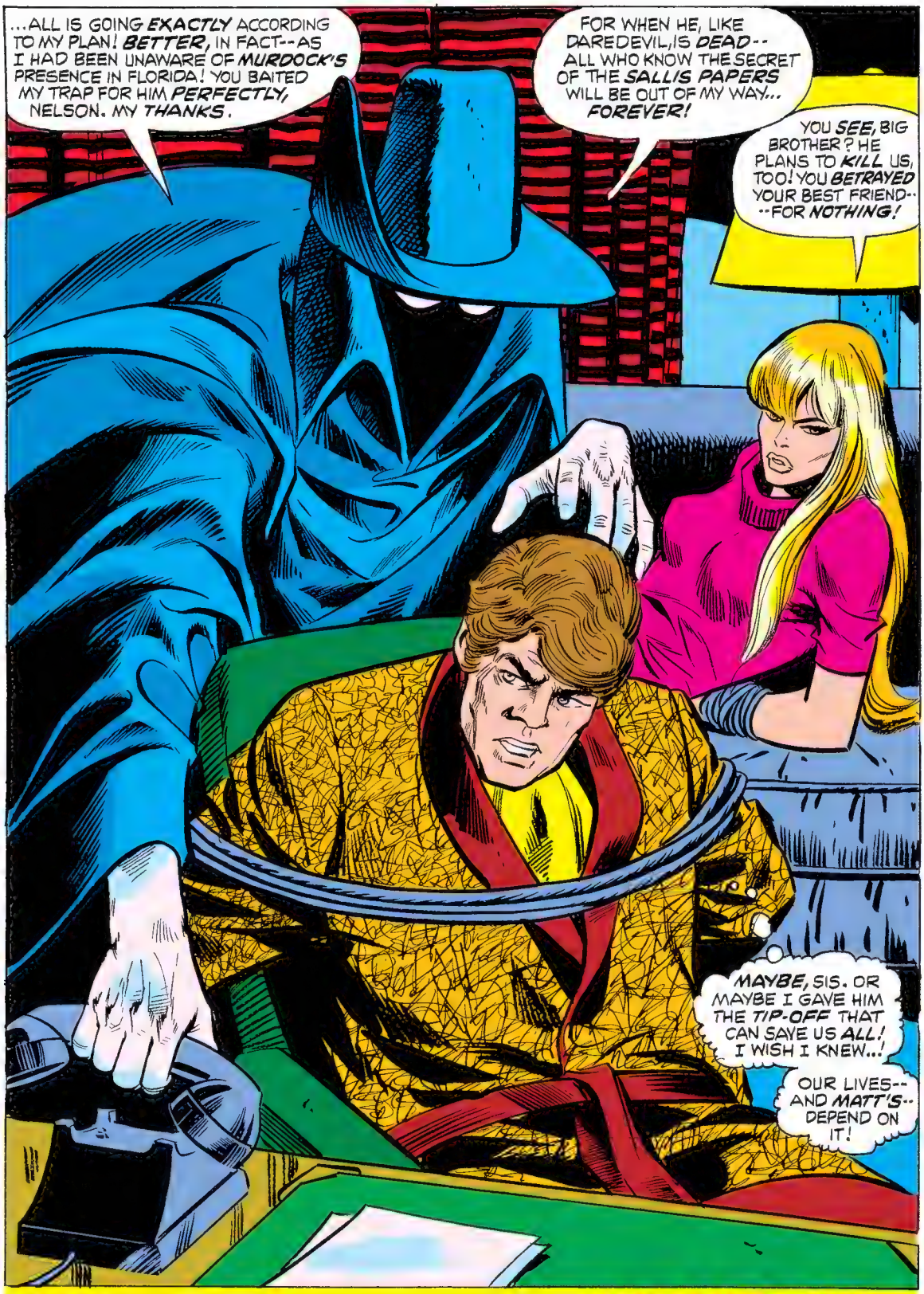
BUT NATASHA'S STORY IS ONE FOR ANOTHER TIME. OF FAR MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS DAREDEVIL'S PREDICAMENT...!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND!
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO QUESTION THESE TWO.
MISS NELSON'S WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. AND SHE SAYS THEY KNOW NOTHING.
I AM TAKING THE YOUNG LADY WITH ME. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH OUR FRIENDS.
WHEN IT'S DONE, RETURN TO OUR MEETING PLACE.
W-WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO THEM?
WHY... KILL THEM, OF COURSE.
UNDERSTAND, DAREDEVIL, I DO NOT RELISH THE TASK I'VE BEEN HANDED. NOT THAT I MIND DESTROYING YOU...
...BUT I WOULD RATHER IT HAD BEEN IN COMBAT...THAN THIS WAY.
BUT I HAVE MY ORDERS--FROM THE MAN WHO OWNS ME.
AND I DARE NOT DISOBEY ...JUST YET.
GASOLINE
YOU CANNOT HEAR ME, CAN YOU? YOU'RE STILL UNCONSCIOUS. PITY.
YOU'LL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO REAWAKEN.
THE GAS-SOAKED FLOOR OF THE SPLINTERY OLD SHACK EXPLODES INTO HELLISH FLAME AS THE GLADIATOR RACES AWAY INTO THE SWAMP.


WHILE, INSIDE--DAREDEVIL'S HEIGHTENED TACTILE SENSE REACTS TO THE TERRIBLE HEAT--
--AND HE AWAKES WITH A START!
A MOMENT PASSES BEFORE HE FULLY COMPREHENDS HIS DESPERATE SITUATION.
BUT WHEN HE DOES...!
GOT TO KEEP MY HEAD ABOUT ME...USE MY HYPER-SENSITIVE TOUCH TO HELP ME UNTIE THIS KNOT.
THERE...I'M GETTING IT NOW ...JUST ANOTHER FEW SECONDS...
...FREE!
NOW THE QUESTION IS...DID IT DO ME ANY GOOD? CAN I GET OUT OF HERE?
WAIT! WHO--? RORY! DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME--BOUND TO A CHAIR!
AND STILL OUT COLD. CONVENIENT. AT LEAST IF I DO SURVIVE, I WON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN DARE-DEVIL'S APPEARANCE OUT OF NO-WHERE.
HE'S BEEN DEAD TO THE WORLD SINCE BEFORE I SWITCHED FROM MATT TO D.D.
IF ONLY THAT WERE MY BIGGEST WORRY AT THE MOMENT!
BUT I ALSO HAVE THE PROBLEM OF FINDING A WAY THROUGH THE FLAMES TO--
--THE DOOR! THERE IT IS! RADAR SENSE, I LOVE YOU MADLY!

BUT THE PATH IS NOT SO CLEAR AS IT SEEMS--!
THE ROOF IS CAVING IN! THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN AROUND MY HORNS!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER! I GET ONE LAST LUNGE AT THE DOOR, AND I EITHER MAKE IT, OR--
WHOMP!
--OR NOTHING. JUST IN TIME!
BUT DEATH-STALKER AND GLADIATOR ARE GONE--AND CANDACE WITH THEM. I'M RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED, BUT WITH NO CLUES, NOTHING TO GO ON, NO--
WHOA, D.D.--EITHER YOUR POOR, OVER-WORKED SENSES HAVE FINALLY SHORTED OUT--
--OR GLADDY DIDN'T GET AWAY!

"HE MUST HAVE RUN FROM THE SHACK DIRECTLY INTO THAT THING'S ARMS," DAREDEVIL REASONS.
"BUT HOW," D.D. WONDERS, "DID THE MONSTER SURVIVE DEATH-STALKER'S TOUCH?"
AND THE ANSWER, THOUGH D.D. WILL NEVER QUITE REALIZE IT, IS:
DEATH CAN COME ONLY TO SOMETHING WHICH IS ALIVE--AND THE MAN-THING IS NEITHER ALIVE NOR DEAD, EXACTLY.
HE SIMPLY ...IS.
AND WITHIN HIM, IRONICALLY, IS HIDDEN THE MAN WHOM OUR HERO AND VILLAINS ALL CAME SEEKING: THE CHEMIST, TED SALLIS...
...HIMSELF A VICTIM OF ANOTHER EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY.
THUD
BUT AGAIN, DAREDEVIL CANNOT KNOW THIS.
HE CAN ONLY WATCH WITH HIS RADAR SENSE, AS THE STOOPED, SULLEN SHAPE SLOGS BACK INTO THE MIRE.
SQUISH SQUISH
CITRUSVILLE, FLORIDA, SOME HOURS LATER...
I STILL DON'T GET IT! WHO DROVE US BACK TO TOWN?! YOU'RE BLIND... AND I WAS TOTALLY OUT OF IT!
I DON'T KNOW, MR. RORY. THE SHERIFF TOLD YOU--HE FOUND YOUR VAN ON THE EDGE OF TOWN... WITH ALL THREE OF US IN IT!
AND WHO KNOCKED OUT THAT CRAZY WITH THE MINIATURE BUZZ SAWS?
HOW WE GOT THERE IS A... MYSTERY.


I GUESS FOR ONCE I SHOULD JUST CONSIDER MYSELF LUCKY--GETTING OFF WITH A MYSTERY AND A MINOR CONCUSSION. I COULD'VE BEEN KILLED.
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY...THOUGH I WISH WE'D FOUND SOME CLUE TO CANDACE NELSON'S WHEREABOUTS.
IN ANY EVENT, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, MR. RORY.
WHAT HELP? ALL I DID WAS DRIVE YOU INTO A TRAP!
TAKE CARE, MAN...AND BEST OF LUCK ON FINDING THE GIRL.
IT DIDN'T WORK OUT TOO BADLY, I SUPPOSE. THE GLADIATOR'S IN JAIL...MY SECRET IS SAFE...BUT DEATH-STALKER IS STILL ON THE LOOSE.
AND HE OBVIOUSLY HAS CANDACE WITH HIM.
MY ONLY ACE MAY BE THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I KNOW THAT.
HE WOULDN'T SUSPECT THAT MY RADAR SENSE DETECTED CANDACE'S PRESENCE IN THE SHACK BEFORE THE BATTLE STARTED. *
AND COME TO THINK OF IT, HE DOESN'T KNOW, EITHER, THAT DAREDEVIL ESCAPED OR THAT GLADDY'S OUT OF CIRCULATION.
HELLO--FOGGY?
*LAST ISH.--R.T.
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK! ANY...EH, NEWS?
NOTHING, HUH? N-NO BREAKS HERE, EITHER. NOT A WORD FROM CANDACE OR THE KIDNAPPERS.
WHAT? NO, I'M FINE... JUST TENSE FROM ALL THIS... WAITING.
Y-YES...I'M SURE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. YOU AND DAREDEVIL JUST COME ON BACK TO NEW YORK.
RIGHT. I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD DISCUSS IT OVER THE PHONE. NO TELLING WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING IN.
LATE TONIGHT. GOOD. I'LL BE EXPECTING YOU.
SOMETHING'S WRONG! FOGGY SOUNDED--WAIT!! HE HAD NO IDEA DAREDEVIL WAS "ACCOMPANYING" ME!!
WHICH MEANS...


...ALL IS GOING EXACTLY ACCORDING TO MY PLAN! BETTER, IN FACT--AS I HAD BEEN UNAWARE OF MURDOCK'S PRESENCE IN FLORIDA! YOU BAITED MY TRAP FOR HIM PERFECTLY, NELSON. MY THANKS.
FOR WHEN HE, LIKE DAREDEVIL, IS DEAD-- ALL WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE SALLIS PAPERS WILL BE OUT OF MY WAY... FOREVER!
YOU SEE, BIG BROTHER? HE PLANS TO KILL US, TOO! YOU BETRAYED YOUR BEST FRIEND-- --FOR NOTHING!
MAYBE, SIS. OR MAYBE I GAVE HIM THE TIP-OFF THAT CAN SAVE US ALL! I WISH I KNEW...!
OUR LIVES-- AND MATT'S-- DEPEND ON IT!

NEXT: THE FINAL, CLIMACTIC BATTLE WITH THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER! A PERSONAL CRISIS UNLIKE ANY MATT MURDOCK HAS FACED BEFORE! MYSTERY! ACTION! SURPRISES! IN THE TALE WE CALL-- **"AND DEATH SHALL NAME the LAWLESS!"**

DAREDEVIL
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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
CO-STARRING: The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
DEATH-STALKER AHEAD OF ME-- GUNFIRE FROM BELOW!
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE DEATH-TRAP I DON'T ESCAPE!!
NIGHT OF THE DEATH-STALKER!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

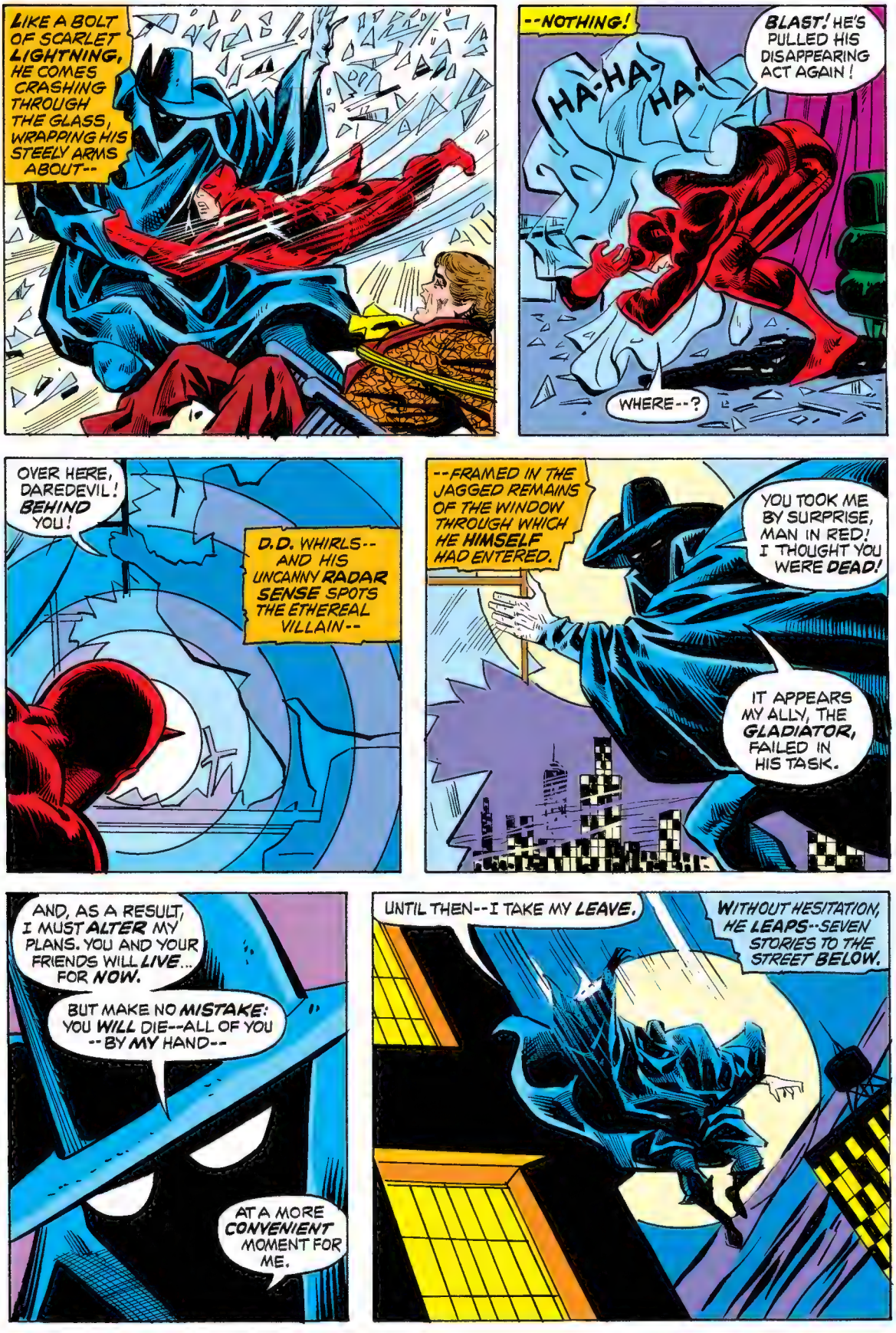
Steve Gerber WRITER | Bob Brown ARTIST | Vince Colletta INKER | CHARLOTTE JETTER, LETTERER PETRA GOLDBERG, COLORIST | Roy Thomas EDITOR

DEATH STALKS THE CITY!

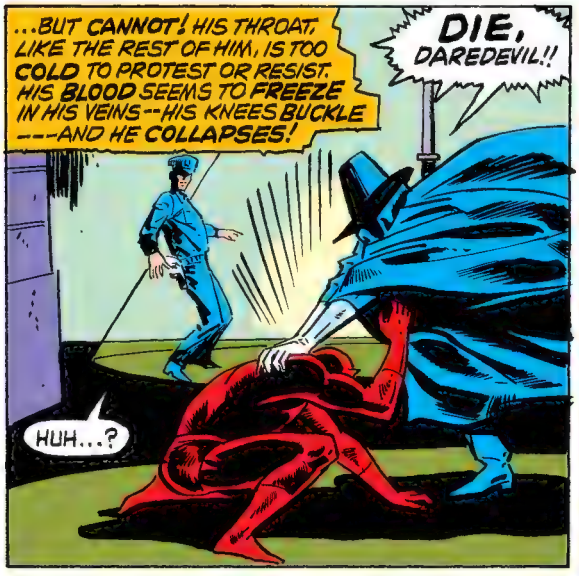
HIS FACE IS A FIELD OF SHADOW--HIS EYES, SLITS OF WHITE LIGHT GLEAMING FROM THE BLACKNESS. HIS TOUCH CAN MAKE MEN TREMBLE AND DIE.

HE IS THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER--AND HIS MISSION IS MURDER!

BUT THAT MISSION IS ABOUT TO BE ABORTED--BY ONE OF ITS INTENDED VICTIMS: THE MAN IN THE WINDOW OF D.A. FOGGY NELSON'S NEW YORK APARTMENT.


LIKE A BOLT OF SCARLET LIGHTNING, HE COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS, WRAPPING HIS STEELY ARMS ABOUT--
--NOTHING!
HA-HA-HA!
BLAST! HE'S PULLED HIS DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN!
WHERE--?
OVER HERE, DAREDEVIL! BEHIND YOU!
D.D. WHIRLS-- AND HIS UNCANNY RADAR SENSE SPOTS THE ETHEREAL VILLAIN--
--FRAMED IN THE JAGGED REMAINS OF THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH HE HIMSELF HAD ENTERED.
YOU TOOK ME BY SURPRISE, MAN IN RED! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
IT APPEARS MY ALLY, THE GLADIATOR, FAILED IN HIS TASK.
AND, AS A RESULT, I MUST ALTER MY PLANS. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL LIVE... FOR NOW.
BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE: YOU WILL DIE--ALL OF YOU --BY MY HAND--
AT A MORE CONVENIENT MOMENT FOR ME.
UNTIL THEN--I TAKE MY LEAVE.
WITHOUT HESITATION, HE LEAPS--SEVEN STORIES TO THE STREET BELOW.

FOGGY--CANDACE--I'M GOING AFTER HIM! I'LL BE BACK TO FREE YOU AS SOON AS I CAN!
DAREDEVIL--WAIT! WHO IS HE? HOW CAN HE JUST DISSOLVE THAT WAY?
I ONLY WISH I KNEW! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO MYSTIFIED BY A FOE BEFORE!
I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE'S HUMAN! MY HEARING STILL DETECTS NO HEARTBEAT IN HIM!
I KEEP WONDERING... COULD HE BE A GHOST?! A SUPERNATURAL BEING?
NO...IF THAT WERE TRUE, MY RADAR SENSE COULD NOT SPOT HIM--
--AS IT'S DOING RIGHT NOW!
I HALF EXPECTED YOU WOULD FOLLOW ME, DAREDEVIL.
SO I DECIDED TO WAIT FOR YOU!
LET'S HOPE I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!
YOU ALREADY HAVE, YOU BLUNDERING CRIMSON CLOD--BY CHARGING INTO MY GRASP!
YOU SEE, THIS IS THAT "MORE CONVENIENT MOMENT" I SPOKE OF.
THE STREET IS DARK AND DESERTED... NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU IF YOU SCREAM...
WHAT BETTER TIME AND PLACE TO APPLY MY TOUCH OF DEATH TO YOU?!
THE DEATH STALKER'S GRIP CLOSES TIGHT ON DAREDEVIL'S SHOULDERS--AND THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TRIES TO SCREAM..


...BUT CANNOT! HIS THROAT, LIKE THE REST OF HIM, IS TOO COLD TO PROTEST OR RESIST. HIS BLOOD SEEMS TO FREEZE IN HIS VEINS--HIS KNEES BUCKLE ---AND HE COLLAPSES!
DIE, DAREDEVIL!!
HUH...?

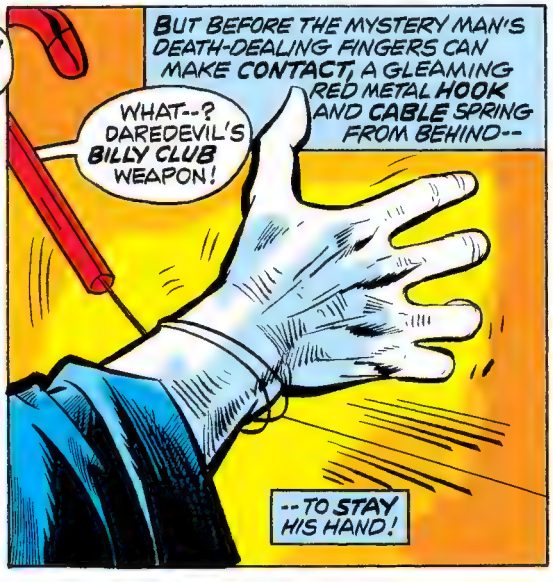
BAM
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MAC! I DUNNO WHAT YER UP TO--

--BUT NOBODY GETS KILLED ON MY BEAT IF I CAN HELP IT!
AH... BUT YOU CANNOT.
I SAID "HOLD IT!" STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, OR--

OR WHAT, OFFICER?!
I--I'LL SHOOT! I'LL--
BAM

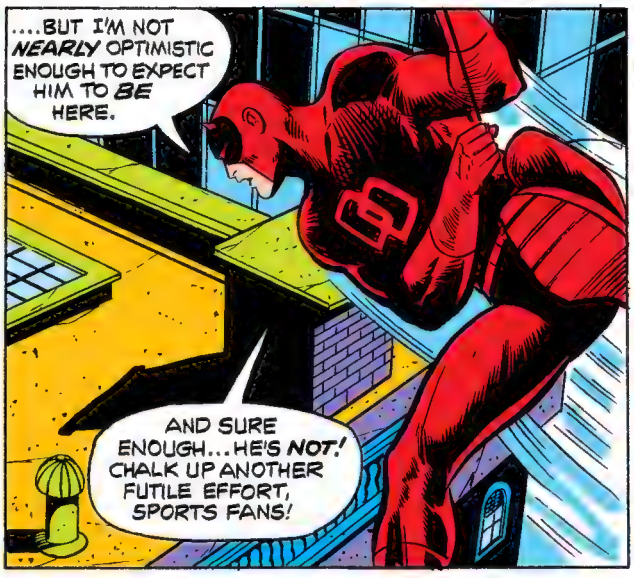
BUT YOU ARE SHOOTING, AND IT ISN'T HELPING!
N-NO--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE!

THE BULLETS ARE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH YOU--LIKE YER NOT REALLY THERE!!
BAM BAM
BUT I AM HERE--AS YOU SHALL SEE WHEN MY HAND FALLS UPON YOUR--


BUT BEFORE THE MYSTERY MAN'S DEATH-DEALING FINGERS CAN MAKE CONTACT, A GLEAMING RED METAL HOOK AND CABLE SPRING FROM BEHIND--
WHAT--? DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB WEAPON!
--TO STAY HIS HAND!

I DID IT! I ACTUALLY SNARED HIM! BUT DO I HAVE THE STRENGTH LEFT--
--TO MAKE IT COUNT FOR ANYTHING?
THE EFFECT OF HIS TOUCH IS STILL WITH ME. TOO WEAK FOR REAL COMBAT.
IT'S ALL I CAN DO... JUST TO THROW MY WHOLE WEIGHT AGAINST HIM...TRY TO FORCE HIM TO THE GROUND.
BUT, ALAS, THOUGH IT IS THE DEATH-STALKER HE TACKLES...
...IT IS ONLY THE VILLAIN'S BILLOWING CLOAK WITH WHICH HE COMES CRASHING TO THE GRITTY PAVEMENT.
THE MAN HIMSELF--IF SUCH HE BE --HAS ONCE MORE DEPARTED.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
ONLY HIS MADDENING, MOCKING LAUGHTER REMAINS, ECHOING ACROSS THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF THE CITY, STABBING AT DAREDEVIL'S VERY SOUL.
YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU, "HERO?" I'M HERE--TEN FLOORS ABOVE YOU!
I'LL BE GOING NOW...BUT I SHALL BE BACK--SOON--I PROMISE YOU.

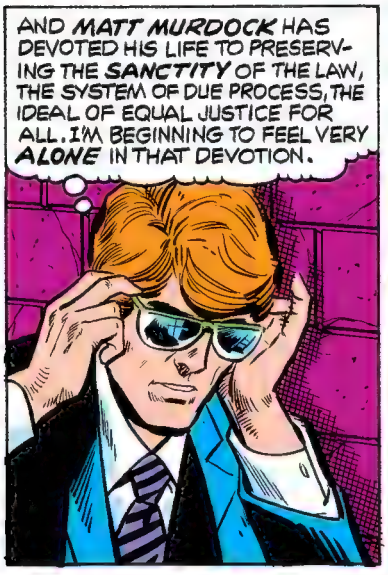
AND HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISES. THAT MUCH I KNOW.
TWIK
BY THE WAY, OFFICER-- THANKS. I OWE YOU MY LIFE, AND I WON'T FORGET IT.
ALL PART O' THE JOB, MASKED MAN. YOU GONNA FOLLOW THAT CREEP?
I'M GOING TO TRY, FRIEND..


....BUT I'M NOT NEARLY OPTIMISTIC ENOUGH TO EXPECT HIM TO BE HERE.
AND SURE ENOUGH...HE'S NOT! CHALK UP ANOTHER FUTILE EFFORT, SPORTS FANS!

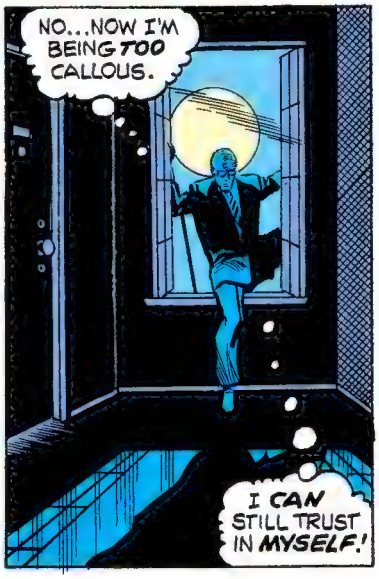
LORD, I'M GETTING CYNICAL! I CAN REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO ENJOY THIS LINE OF WORK!
NOT ANYMORE. NOT THESE DAYS.

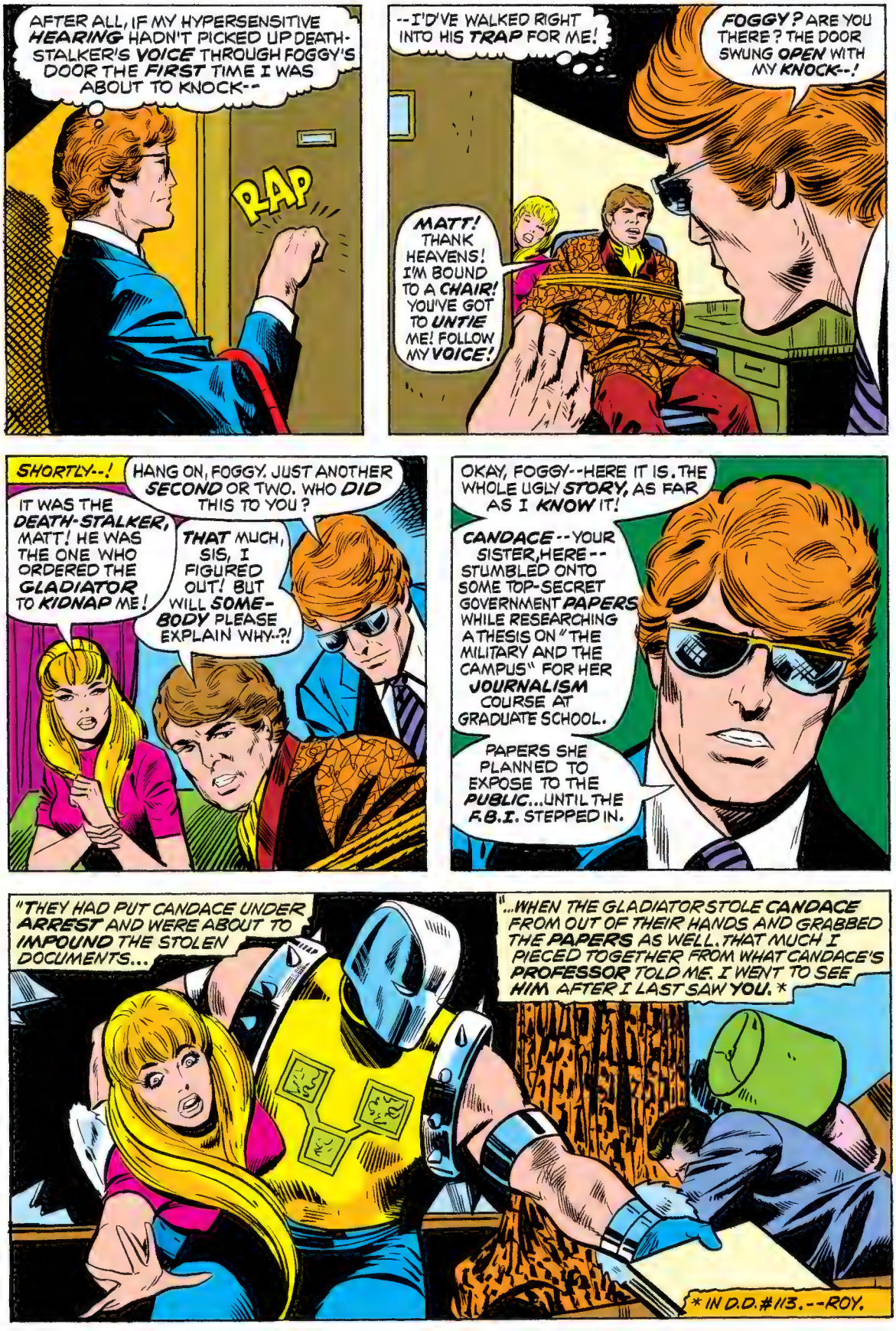
LATELY, EVERY CASE I'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN JUST CONVINCES ME MORE AND MORE HOW SICK WE ARE.
WE--THE PEOPLE--THE SOCIETY--THE WHOLE BLASTED HUMAN RACE!

EVEN THE ONE THING I ALWAYS HAD REAL FAITH IN--THE LAW--
--EVEN THE LAW SEEMS TO WORK BACKWARDS THESE DAYS.


AND MATT MURDOCK HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO PRESERVING THE SANCTITY OF THE LAW, THE SYSTEM OF DUE PROCESS, THE IDEAL OF EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL. I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL VERY ALONE IN THAT DEVOTION.

C'MON, BILLY CLUB-- FIT TOGETHER! BECOME MATT'S CANE.
SNAP
SHOW ME SOMETHING STILL WORKS IN THIS CRAZY WORLD!


NO...NOW I'M BEING TOO CALLOUS.
I CAN STILL TRUST IN MYSELF!


AFTER ALL, IF MY HYPERSENSITIVE HEARING HADN'T PICKED UP DEATH-STALKER'S VOICE THROUGH FOGGY'S DOOR THE FIRST TIME I WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK--
RAP
--I'D'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO HIS TRAP FOR ME!
FOGGY? ARE YOU THERE? THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN WITH MY KNOCK--!
MATT! THANK HEAVENS! I'M BOUND TO A CHAIR! YOU'VE GOT TO UNTIE ME! FOLLOW MY VOICE!
SHORTLY--!
HANG ON, FOGGY. JUST ANOTHER SECOND OR TWO. WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
IT WAS THE DEATH-STALKER, MATT! HE WAS THE ONE WHO ORDERED THE GLADIATOR TO KIDNAP ME!
THAT MUCH, SIS, I FIGURED OUT! BUT WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY--?!
OKAY, FOGGY--HERE IT IS. THE WHOLE UGLY STORY, AS FAR AS I KNOW IT!
CANDACE--YOUR SISTER, HERE--STUMBLED ONTO SOME TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PAPERS WHILE RESEARCHING A THESIS ON "THE MILITARY AND THE CAMPUS" FOR HER JOURNALISM COURSE AT GRADUATE SCHOOL.
PAPERS SHE PLANNED TO EXPOSE TO THE PUBLIC...UNTIL THE F.B.I. STEPPED IN.
"THEY HAD PUT CANDACE UNDER ARREST AND WERE ABOUT TO IMPOUND THE STOLEN DOCUMENTS...
"...WHEN THE GLADIATOR STOLE CANDACE FROM OUT OF THEIR HANDS AND GRABBED THE PAPERS AS WELL. THAT MUCH I PIECED TOGETHER FROM WHAT CANDACE'S PROFESSOR TOLD ME. I WENT TO SEE HIM AFTER I LAST SAW YOU.*
* IN D.D. #113.--ROY.

"NOW, THE PAPERS CONCERNED--IF YOU CAN **BELIEVE** THIS--A PROJECT TO TURN **MEN** INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING **MONSTERS** SO THAT THE ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY COULD FLOURISH UNIMPAIRED BY **ENVIRONMENTAL** CONSIDERATIONS. CANDACE WILL **VERIFY** THAT THAT'S TRUE.

"ANYWAY, THE PROJECT WAS THE WORK OF A CHEMIST NAMED **THEODORE SALLIS,** WHO VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE **EVERGLADES** A COUPLE YEARS BACK. DEATH-STALKER WAS **SEARCHING** FOR HIM THERE. SO THAT'S WHERE GLADIATOR TOOK **CANDACE.** AND I **FOLLOWED.**

"BUT IT WAS **DAREDEVIL** WHO, UH, MUST'VE FOLLOWED **ME,** THAT FINALLY **CAUGHT UP** WITH CANDACE AND HER FRIENDS...AND HAD TO **BATTLE** THEM. NOT THAT A **BLIND MAN** COULD'VE BEEN MUCH HELP, BUT I WISH I'D BEEN AROUND TO CONTRIBUTE **SOMETHING!** *

* D.D. #114. --R.T.

"AT ANY RATE, GLADIATOR LEFT **D.D.** TO **DIE** IN A FLAMING SHACK, OUT IN THE **SWAMP.** BUT HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE, AND WE, UH, **MET** LATER, IN THE LITTLE TOWN NEARBY.

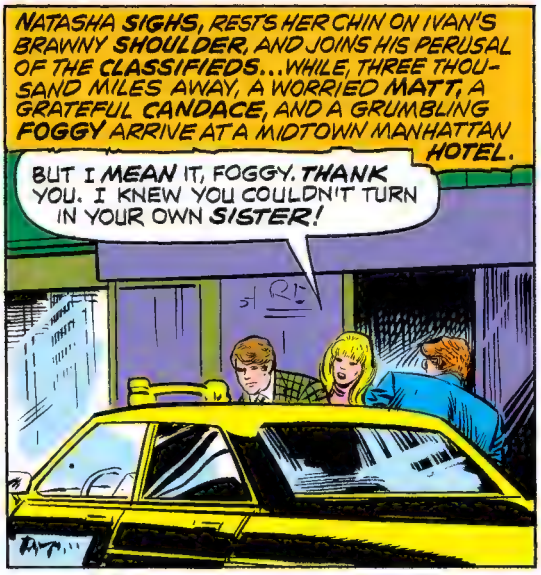
"HE WAS **WITH** ME WHEN I **PHONED** YOU--AND HE CONFIRMED THAT **YOU** HAD NO IDEA HE WAS IN **FLORIDA.** SO WHEN YOU **MENTIONED D.D.** IN THAT PHONE CALL, I KNEW YOU'D BEEN IN TOUCH WITH **CANDACE**--AND THEREFORE HAD SOMEHOW MET THE DEATH-STALKER.

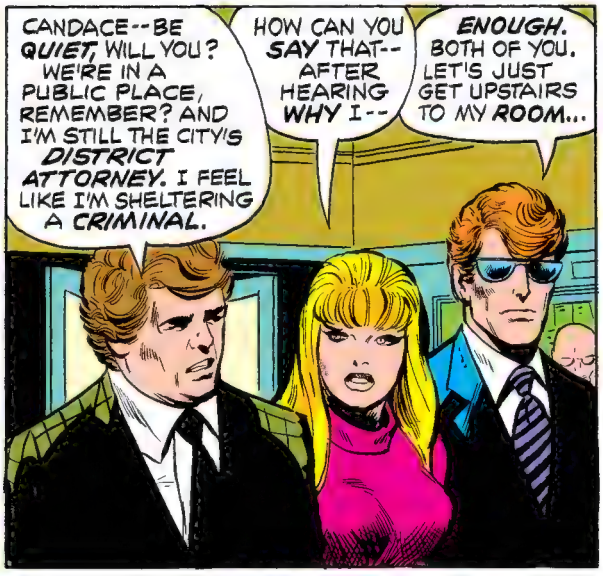
"SO, **D.D.** AND I CAME BACK EXPECTING TROUBLE----BUT **NOTHING** LIKE **THIS!** AS FOR GLADIATOR... HE WAS SUBDUED BY A SWAMP MONSTER THE FLORIDA FOLKS CALL **MAN-THING!**"

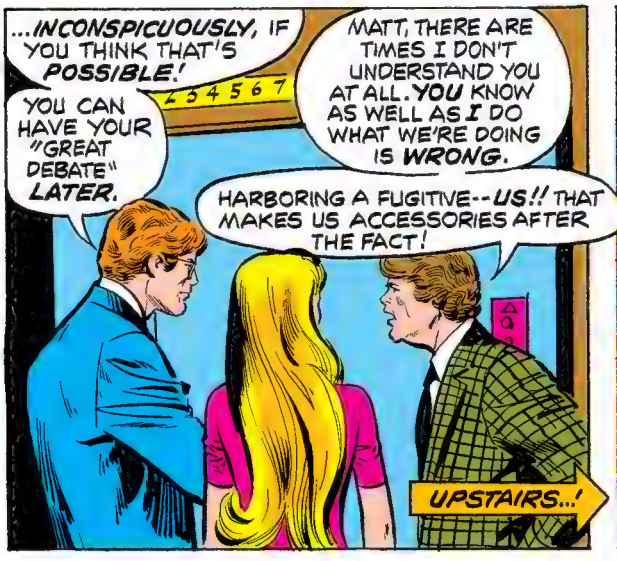
IT'S **STILL** A JUMBLE TO **ME**--BUT ONE THING IS CLEAR: CANDACE, MY SISTER, IS A **FUGITIVE** FROM JUSTICE! AND FOR HER OWN PROTECTION, WE'VE GOT TO--

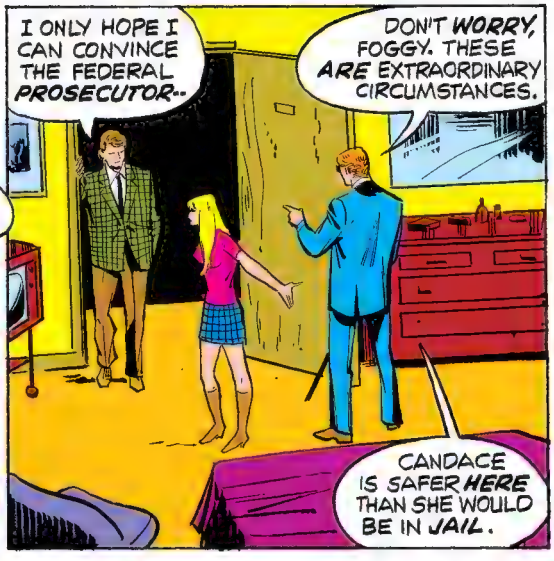
FOGGY!! YOU WOULDN'T--!

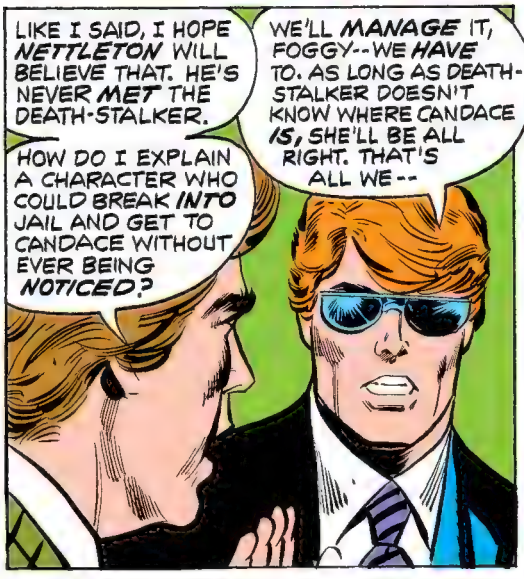
CUT: TO GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE TWILIGHT IS ONLY BEGINNING TO FALL ON NATASHA ROMANOFF--THE BLACK WIDOW--AND HER CHAUFFEUR-CUM-FATHER FIGURE, IVAN...!
HAVEN'T YOU FOUND ANYTHING YET, IVAN?
NOPE. NUTHIN'.
I WONDER IF MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T TRY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MATT AGAIN.
HE OUGHT TO BE BACK IN NEW YORK BY NOW, FROM WHAT FOGGY NELSON TOLD ME.*
GOOD FOR HIM! WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT!
I KNOW, IVAN... I KNOW.
*LAST ISSUE.--ROY.
I'M JUST NERVOUS, I SUPPOSE --AND ANGRY.
AND I'M SICK AND TIRED OF RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES, GETTING NOWHERE!
I JUST DON'T LIKE BEING HUMILIATED THE WAY WE HAVE BEEN THE PAST FEW DAYS.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW OFTEN I'VE FELT LIKE JUST GRABBING THE FIRST PERSON WHO WALKED BY--AND SCREAMING AT HIM! IF NOT FOR YOUR PATIENCE WITH ME--!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MIGHT'VE DONE WITHOUT YOU, IVAN.
YEAH...SURE, PRINCESS. AND IF THINGS DON'T GET BETTER AWFUL QUICK--
YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ME, EITHER!
NOW, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, WILLYA SIT STILL A MINUTE AND HELP ME GO THROUGH THESE ADS?!

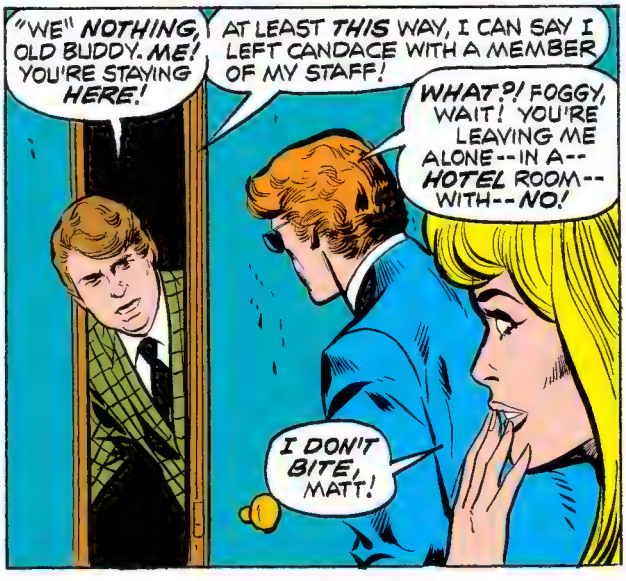

NATASHA SIGHS, RESTS HER CHIN ON IVAN'S BRAWNY SHOULDER, AND JOINS HIS PERUSAL OF THE CLASSIFIEDS...WHILE, THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A WORRIED MATT, A GRATEFUL CANDACE, AND A GRUMBLING FOGGY ARRIVE AT A MIDTOWN MANHATTAN HOTEL.
BUT I MEAN IT, FOGGY. THANK YOU. I KNEW YOU COULDN'T TURN IN YOUR OWN SISTER!

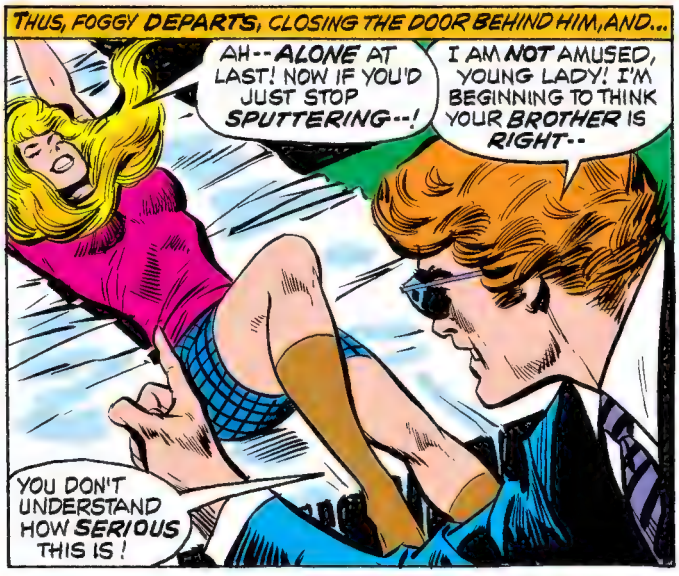

CANDACE--BE QUIET, WILL YOU? WE'RE IN A PUBLIC PLACE, REMEMBER? AND I'M STILL THE CITY'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY. I FEEL LIKE I'M SHELTERING A CRIMINAL.
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT--AFTER HEARING WHY I--
ENOUGH. BOTH OF YOU. LET'S JUST GET UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOM...

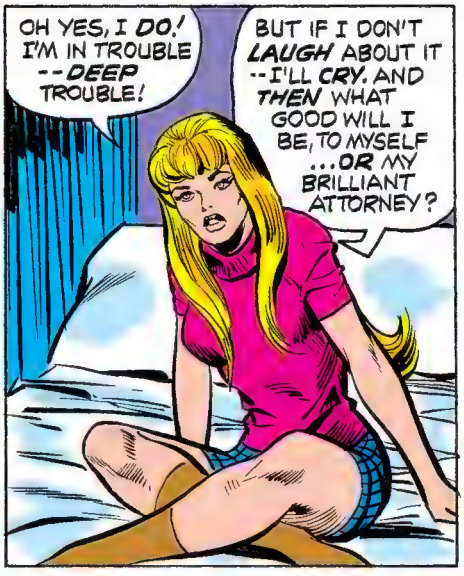

...INCONSPICUOUSLY, IF YOU THINK THAT'S POSSIBLE!
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR "GREAT DEBATE" LATER.
MATT, THERE ARE TIMES I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU AT ALL. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO WHAT WE'RE DOING IS WRONG.
HARBORING A FUGITIVE--US!! THAT MAKES US ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT!
UPSTAIRS...!

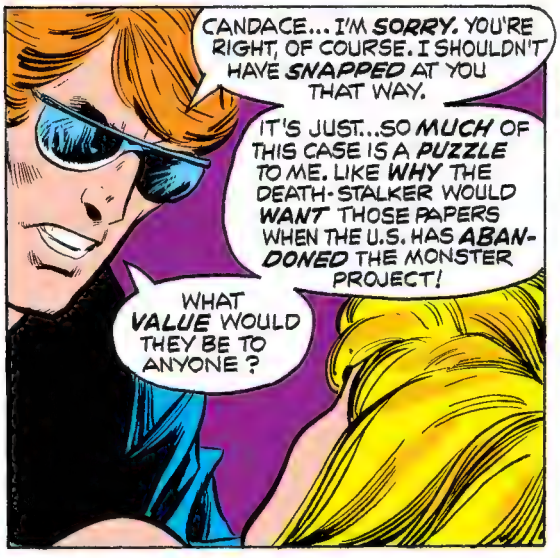

I ONLY HOPE I CAN CONVINCE THE FEDERAL PROSECUTOR--
DON'T WORRY, FOGGY. THESE ARE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES.
CANDACE IS SAFER HERE THAN SHE WOULD BE IN JAIL.

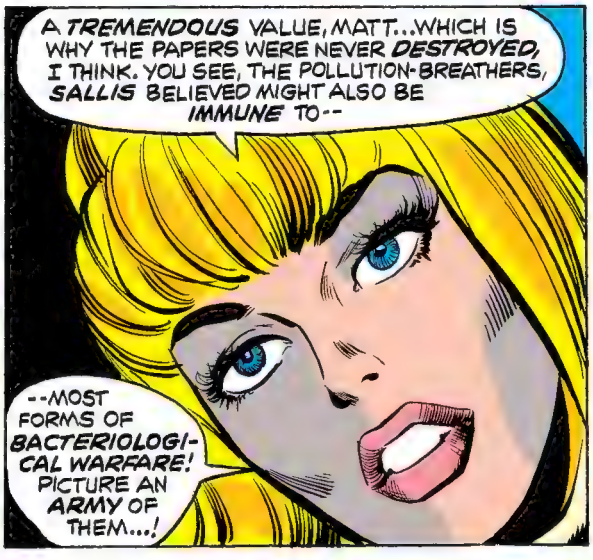

LIKE I SAID, I HOPE NETTLETON WILL BELIEVE THAT. HE'S NEVER MET THE DEATH-STALKER.
HOW DO I EXPLAIN A CHARACTER WHO COULD BREAK INTO JAIL AND GET TO CANDACE WITHOUT EVER BEING NOTICED?
WE'LL MANAGE IT, FOGGY--WE HAVE TO. AS LONG AS DEATH-STALKER DOESN'T KNOW WHERE CANDACE IS, SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. THAT'S ALL WE--

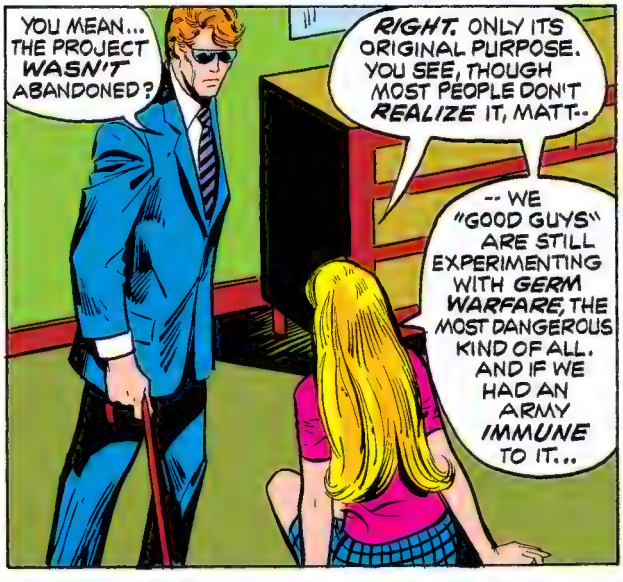

"WE" NOTHING, OLD BUDDY. ME! YOU'RE STAYING HERE!
AT LEAST THIS WAY, I CAN SAY I LEFT CANDACE WITH A MEMBER OF MY STAFF!
WHAT?! FOGGY, WAIT! YOU'RE LEAVING ME ALONE--IN A--HOTEL ROOM--WITH--NO!
I DON'T BITE, MATT!


THUS, FOGGY DEPARTS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, AND...
AH--ALONE AT LAST! NOW IF YOU'D JUST STOP SPUTTERING--!
I AM NOT AMUSED, YOUNG LADY! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOUR BROTHER IS RIGHT--
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SERIOUS THIS IS!

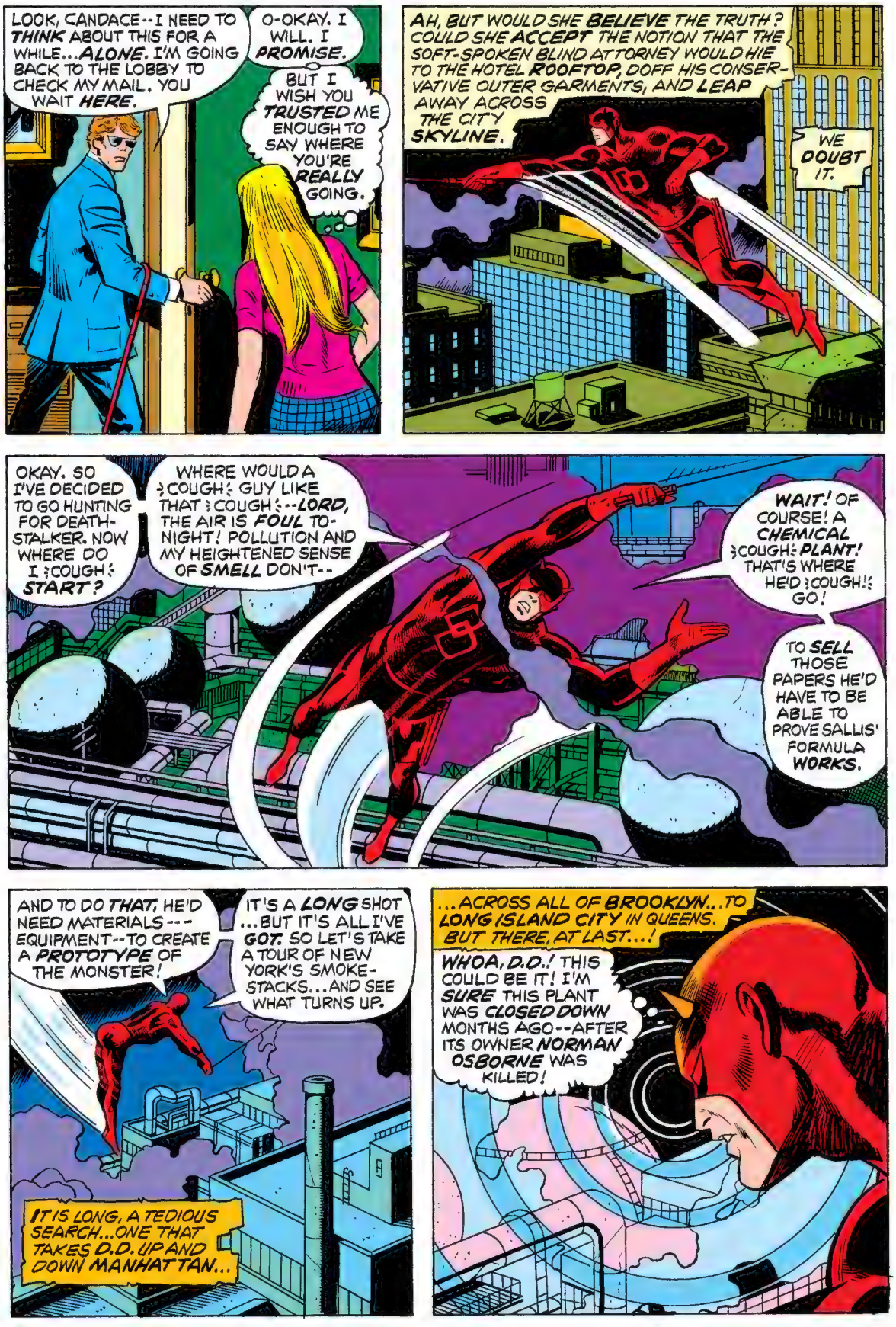

OH YES, I DO! I'M IN TROUBLE --DEEP TROUBLE!
BUT IF I DON'T LAUGH ABOUT IT --I'LL CRY. AND THEN WHAT GOOD WILL I BE, TO MYSELF ...OR MY BRILLIANT ATTORNEY?

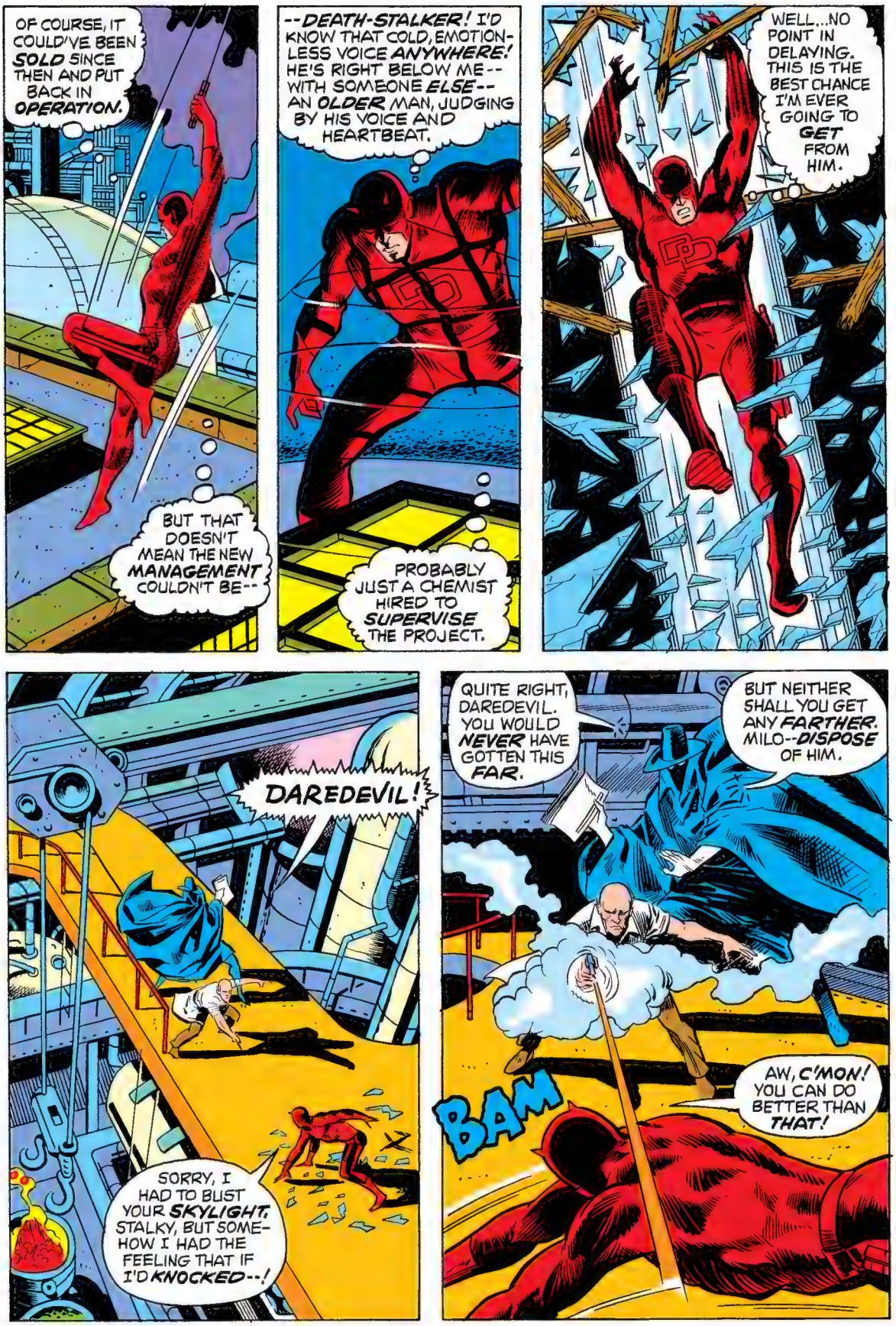

CANDACE... I'M SORRY. YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SNAPPED AT YOU THAT WAY.
IT'S JUST...SO MUCH OF THIS CASE IS A PUZZLE TO ME. LIKE WHY THE DEATH-STALKER WOULD WANT THOSE PAPERS WHEN THE U.S. HAS ABANDONED THE MONSTER PROJECT!
WHAT VALUE WOULD THEY BE TO ANYONE?

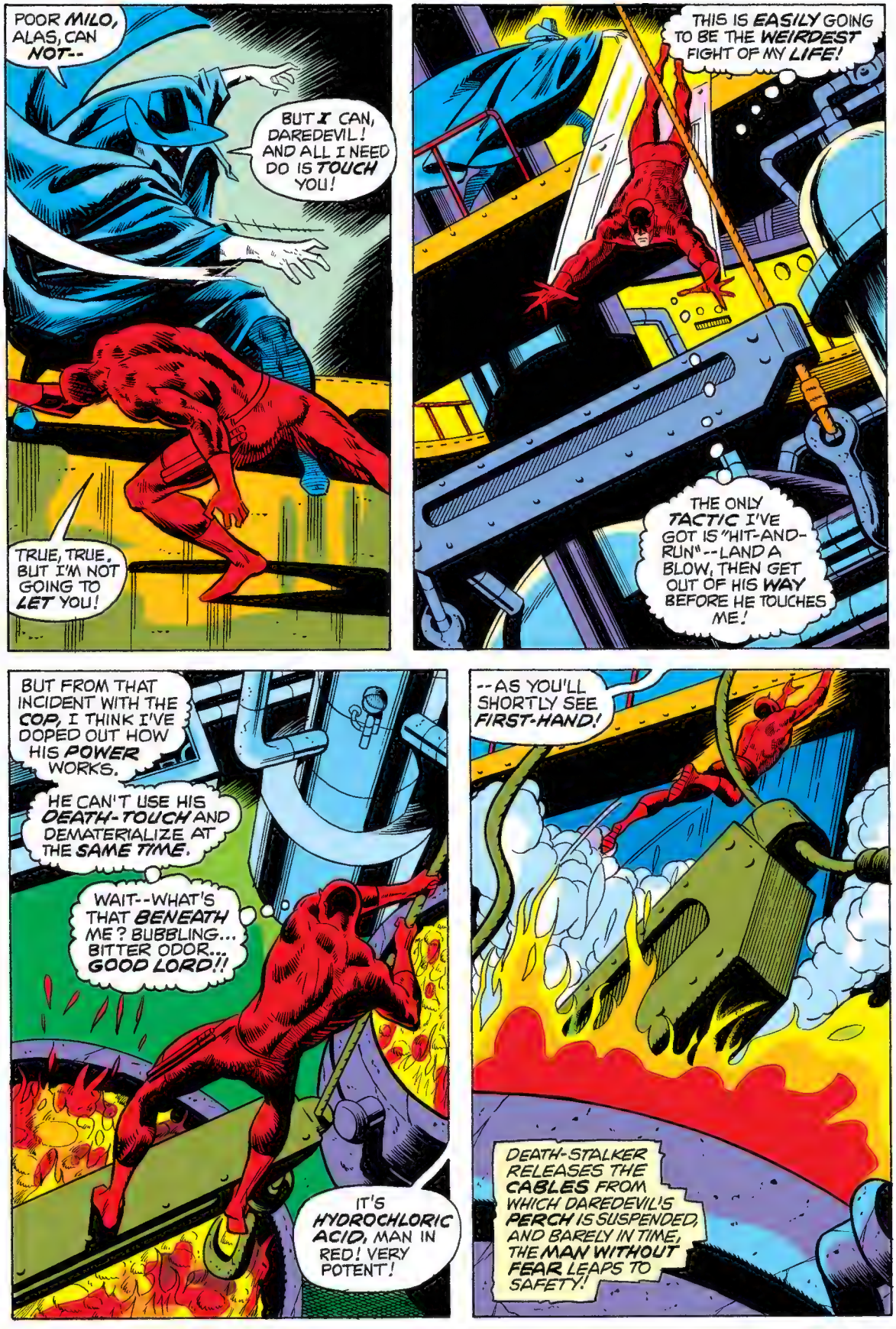

A TREMENDOUS VALUE, MATT...WHICH IS WHY THE PAPERS WERE NEVER DESTROYED, I THINK. YOU SEE, THE POLLUTION-BREATHERS, SALLIS BELIEVED MIGHT ALSO BE IMMUNE TO--
--MOST FORMS OF BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE! PICTURE AN ARMY OF THEM...!


YOU MEAN... THE PROJECT WASN'T ABANDONED?
RIGHT. ONLY ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE. YOU SEE, THOUGH MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE IT, MATT--
-- WE "GOOD GUYS" ARE STILL EXPERIMENTING WITH GERM WARFARE, THE MOST DANGEROUS KIND OF ALL. AND IF WE HAD AN ARMY IMMUNE TO IT...

...WE MIGHT FEEL A LITTLE MORE CONFIDENT ABOUT USING SUCH WEAPONS, IS THAT IT?
AND IF ANY OTHER COUNTRY GOT HOLD OF THE SAME KIND OF ARMY, THEY TOO--!
AND DEATH-STALKER'S SPY OUTFIT WILL SELL THE SECRET TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
WOW.


LOOK, CANDACE--I NEED TO THINK ABOUT THIS FOR A WHILE...ALONE. I'M GOING BACK TO THE LOBBY TO CHECK MY MAIL. YOU WAIT HERE.
O-OKAY. I WILL. I PROMISE.
BUT I WISH YOU TRUSTED ME ENOUGH TO SAY WHERE YOU'RE REALLY GOING.
AH, BUT WOULD SHE BELIEVE THE TRUTH? COULD SHE ACCEPT THE NOTION THAT THE SOFT-SPOKEN BLIND ATTORNEY WOULD HIE TO THE HOTEL ROOFTOP, DOFF HIS CONSERVATIVE OUTER GARMENTS, AND LEAP AWAY ACROSS THE CITY SKYLINE.
WE DOUBT IT.
OKAY. SO I'VE DECIDED TO GO HUNTING FOR DEATH-STALKER. NOW WHERE DO I ¦COUGH¦ START?
WHERE WOULD A ¦COUGH¦ GUY LIKE THAT ¦COUGH¦--LORD, THE AIR IS FOUL TONIGHT! POLLUTION AND MY HEIGHTENED SENSE OF SMELL DON'T--
WAIT! OF COURSE! A CHEMICAL ¦COUGH¦ PLANT! THAT'S WHERE HE'D ¦COUGH¦ GO!
TO SELL THOSE PAPERS HE'D HAVE TO BE ABLE TO PROVE SALLIS' FORMULA WORKS.
AND TO DO THAT, HE'D NEED MATERIALS--- EQUIPMENT--TO CREATE A PROTOTYPE OF THE MONSTER!
IT'S A LONG SHOT ...BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT. SO LET'S TAKE A TOUR OF NEW YORK'S SMOKESTACKS...AND SEE WHAT TURNS UP.
IT IS LONG, A TEDIOUS SEARCH...ONE THAT TAKES D.D. UP AND DOWN MANHATTAN...
...ACROSS ALL OF BROOKLYN...TO LONG ISLAND CITY IN QUEENS. BUT THERE, AT LAST...!
WHOA, D.D.! THIS COULD BE IT! I'M SURE THIS PLANT WAS CLOSED DOWN MONTHS AGO--AFTER ITS OWNER NORMAN OSBORNE WAS KILLED!

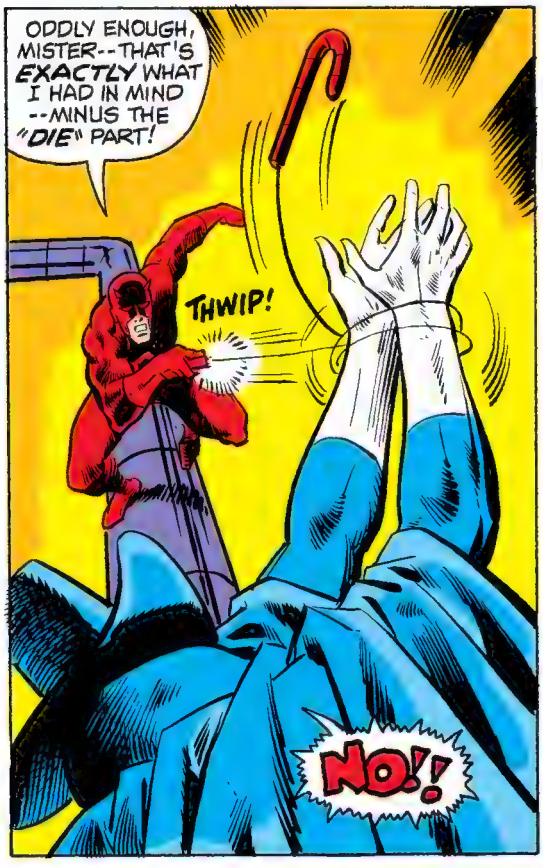

OF COURSE, IT COULD'VE BEEN SOLD SINCE THEN AND PUT BACK IN OPERATION.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE NEW MANAGEMENT COULDN'T BE--
--DEATH-STALKER! I'D KNOW THAT COLD, EMOTION-LESS VOICE ANYWHERE! HE'S RIGHT BELOW ME-- WITH SOMEONE ELSE-- AN OLDER MAN, JUDGING BY HIS VOICE AND HEARTBEAT.
PROBABLY JUST A CHEMIST HIRED TO SUPERVISE THE PROJECT.
WELL...NO POINT IN DELAYING. THIS IS THE BEST CHANCE I'M EVER GOING TO GET FROM HIM.
DAREDEVIL!
SORRY, I HAD TO BUST YOUR SKYLIGHT, STALKY, BUT SOME-HOW I HAD THE FEELING THAT IF I'D KNOCKED--!
QUITE RIGHT, DAREDEVIL. YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR.
BUT NEITHER SHALL YOU GET ANY FARTHER. MILO--DISPOSE OF HIM.
BAM
AW, C'MON! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

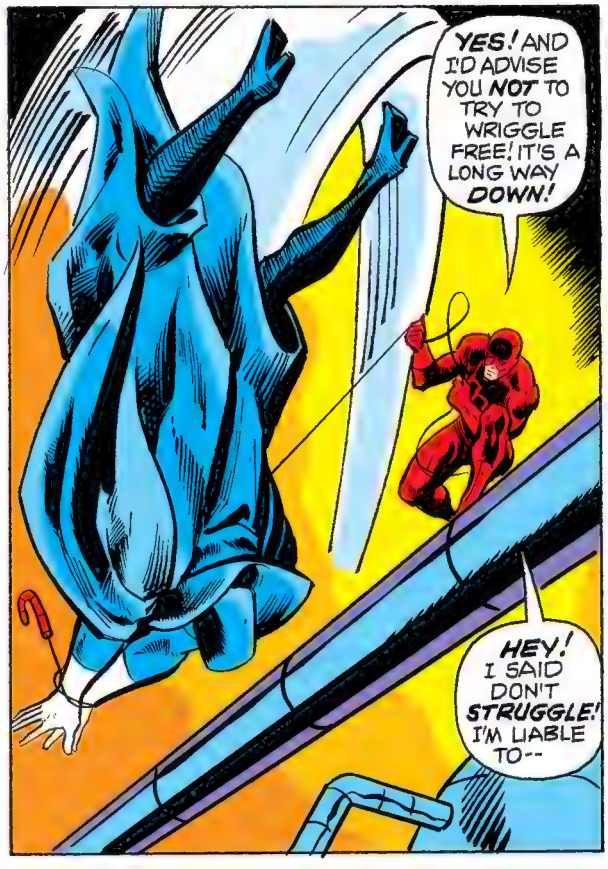

POOR MILO, ALAS, CAN NOT--
BUT I CAN, DAREDEVIL! AND ALL I NEED DO IS TOUCH YOU!
TRUE, TRUE, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU!
THIS IS EASILY GOING TO BE THE WEIRDEST FIGHT OF MY LIFE!
THE ONLY TACTIC I'VE GOT IS "HIT-AND-RUN"--LAND A BLOW, THEN GET OUT OF HIS WAY BEFORE HE TOUCHES ME!
BUT FROM THAT INCIDENT WITH THE COP, I THINK I'VE DOPED OUT HOW HIS POWER WORKS.
HE CAN'T USE HIS DEATH-TOUCH AND DEMATERIALIZE AT THE SAME TIME.
WAIT--WHAT'S THAT BENEATH ME? BUBBLING... BITTER ODOR... GOOD LORD!!
IT'S HYDROCHLORIC ACID, MAN IN RED! VERY POTENT!
--AS YOU'LL SHORTLY SEE, FIRST-HAND!
DEATH-STALKER RELEASES THE CABLES FROM WHICH DAREDEVIL'S PERCH IS SUSPENDED, AND BARELY IN TIME, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR LEAPS TO SAFETY!

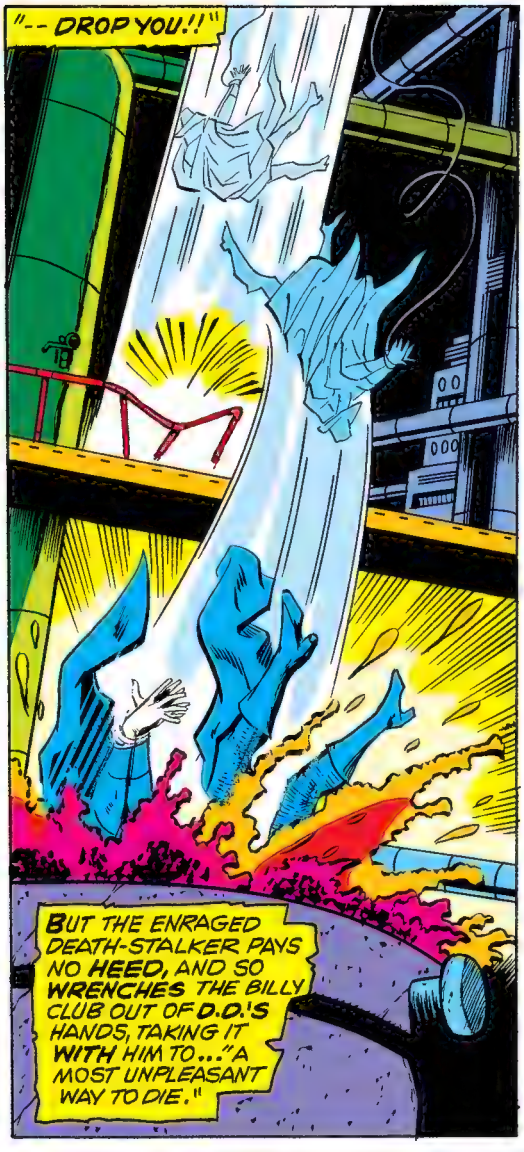
WHILE, BELOW HIM, THE WOODEN PLATFORM AND STEEL HOOKS DISSOLVE IN THE CHURNING, SPUTTERING CORROSIVE LIQUID.
A MOST UNPLEASANT WAY TO DIE, DON'T YOU AGREE?
HOW MUCH EASIER... HOW LESS AGONIZING, MERELY TO SUBMIT TO MY TOUCH!
A MOMENT OF COLD.... AN INSTANT OF BLACKNESS ....THEN OBLIVI- -
UNNH!
SORRY, STALKY. YOU DO MAKE IT SOUND APPEALING, BUT--!
HEY! IT WORKED!
SO! YOU'VE FOUND MY LONE WEAKNESS, HAVE YOU? WELL, IT HARDLY MATTERS...
...TO ONE WHO CAN INSTANTLY APPEAR ANYWHERE HE CHOOSES!
TRUE AGAIN! WHATEVER ADVANTAGE I'VE GAINED--IT'S A SLIM ONE!

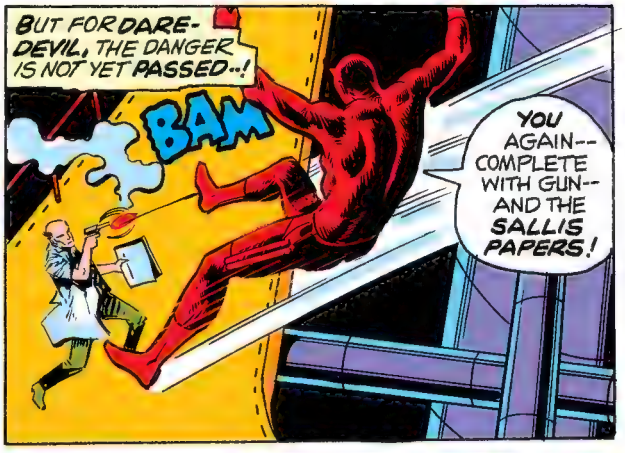
BEST BET IS TO KEEP ON THE MOVE--BE WHERE-EVER HE ISN'T!
I CAN LEAP DOWN TO THIS LOWER CONDUIT, CLIMB UP AGAIN, AND STRIKE FROM BEHIND HIM!
MAYBE YES--AND MAYBE NO!

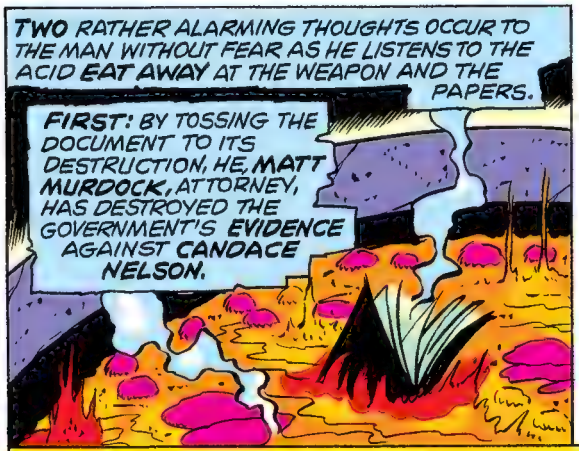
AN EXCELLENT STRATAGEM, DAREDEVIL--AGAINST AN ORDINARY FOEMAN!
BUT NOT AGAINST ME!
NOT AGAINST THE DEATH STALKER!
TAKE MY HAND, DARE-DEVIL --AND DIE!


ODDLY ENOUGH, MISTER--THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND --MINUS THE "DIE" PART!
THWIP!
NO!!


YES! AND I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO TRY TO WRIGGLE FREE! IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN!
HEY! I SAID DON'T STRUGGLE! I'M LIABLE TO--


"-- DROP YOU!!"
BUT THE ENRAGED DEATH-STALKER PAYS NO HEED, AND SO WRENCHES THE BILLY CLUB OUT OF D.O.'S HANDS, TAKING IT WITH HIM TO..."A MOST UNPLEASANT WAY TO DIE."




TWO RATHER ALARMING THOUGHTS OCCUR TO THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR AS HE LISTENS TO THE ACID EAT AWAY AT THE WEAPON AND THE PAPERS.
FIRST: BY TOSSING THE DOCUMENT TO ITS DESTRUCTION, HE, MATT MURDOCK, ATTORNEY, HAS DESTROYED THE GOVERNMENT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST CANDACE NELSON.

SECOND: HE HEARD NO SUCH SOUNDS AFTER THE DEATH-STALKER HIT THE ACID VAT!!
I HAD TO DESTROY THOSE PAPERS! NO NATION SHOULD HAVE THAT SECRET--INCLUDING MY OWN!
BUT IF IT WAS ALL FOR NOTHING--IF DEATH-STALKER IS ALIVE AND FREE-- WHAT THEN? WHAT THEN?

NEXT: SAN FRANCISCO! THE BLACK WIDOW'S BIZARRE DILEMMA REVEALED! AN ASTONISHING TURNING POINT IN DAREDEVIL'S LIFE! PLUS--THE UNMATCHABLE MENACE OF...
THE OMINOUS OWL!
IF YOU GIVE A HOOT ABOUT EXCITEMENT... BE HERE!!

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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116
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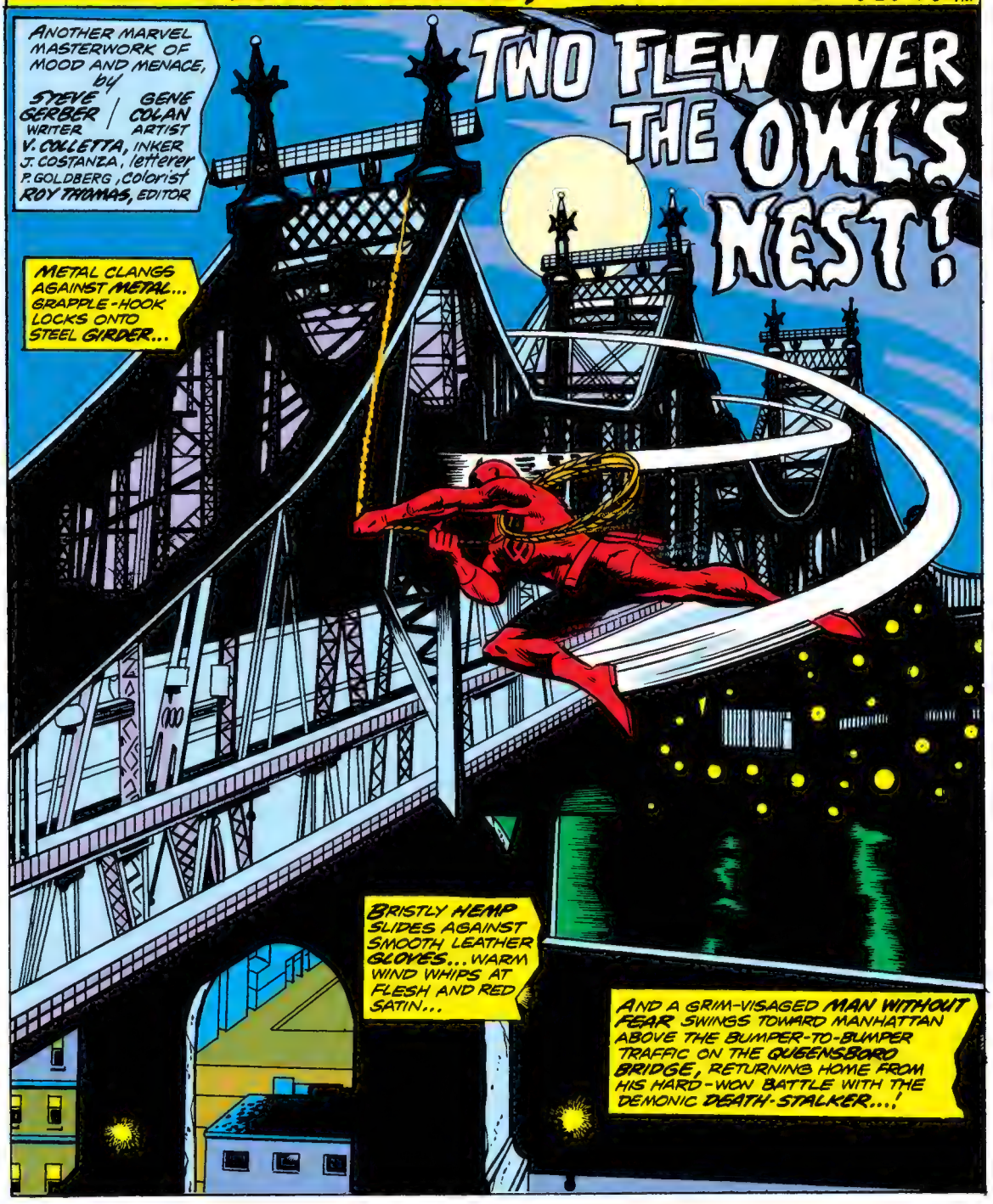
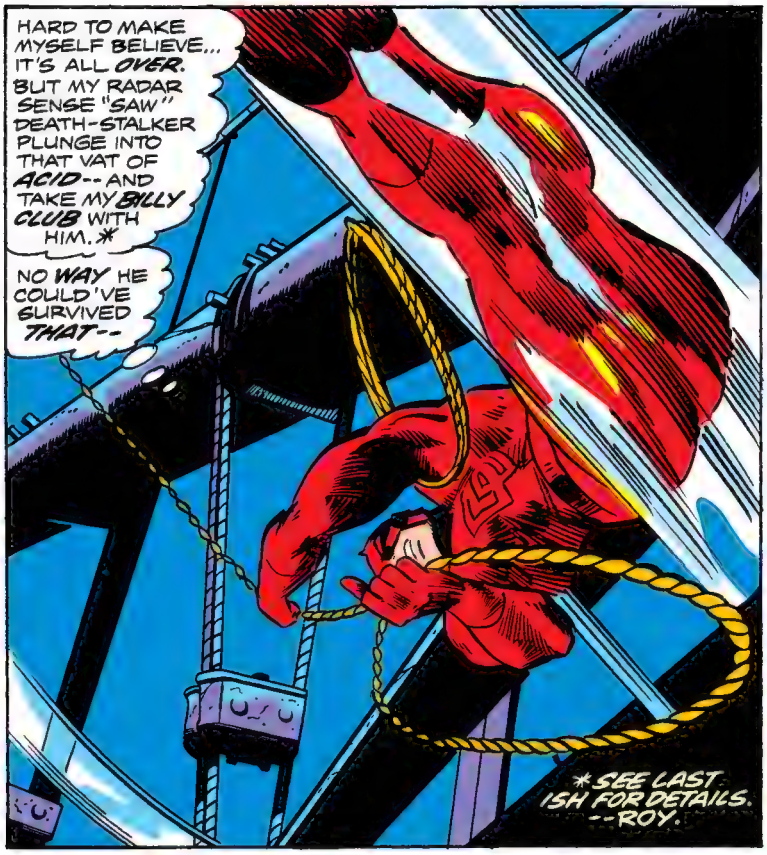
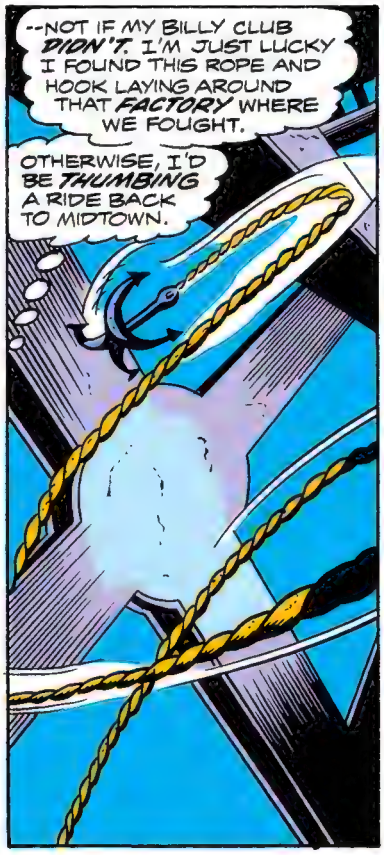
02459
DAREDEVIL™
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
CO-STARRING The DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
TWO FLEW OVER THE OWL'S NEST..
--BUT ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE!
ONE OF DD'S GREATEST GRIMMEST SUPER-FOES RETURNS--TO WREAK HIS REVENGE!

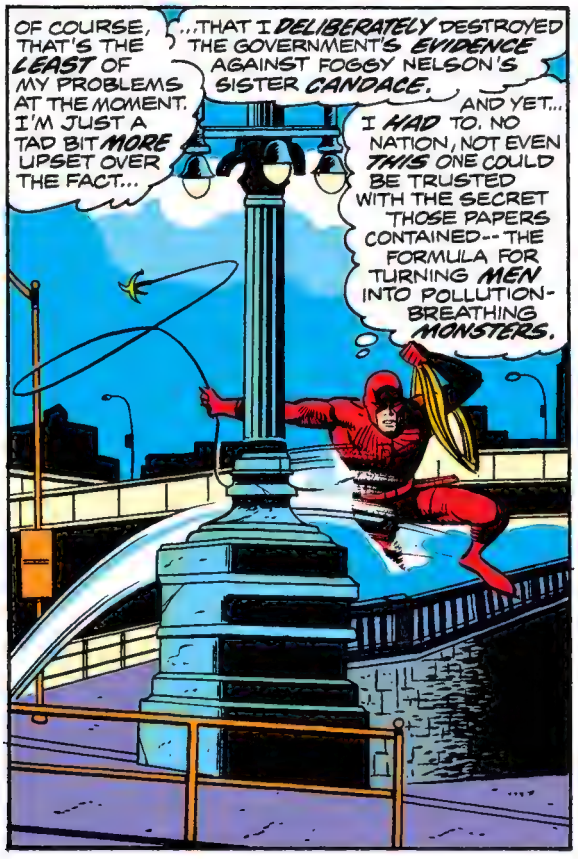
He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

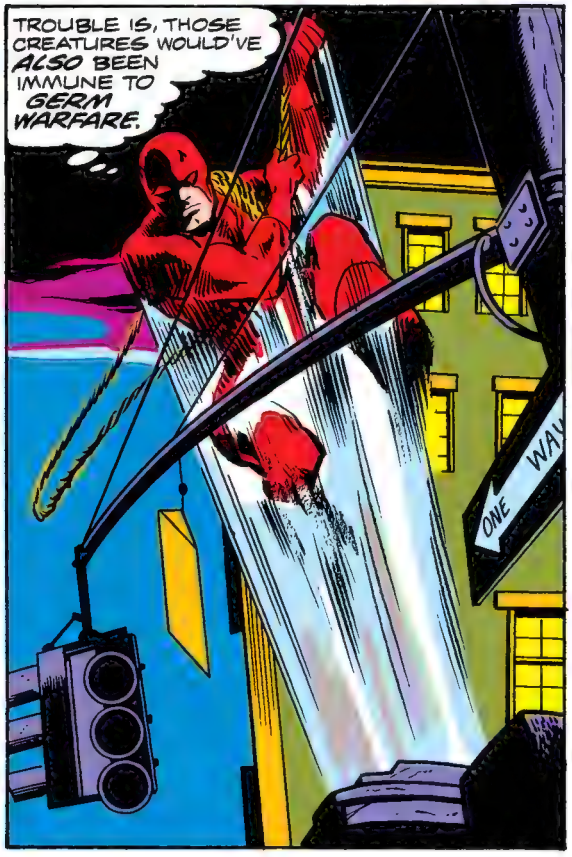
STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™


ANOTHER MARVEL MASTERWORK OF MOOD AND MENACE, by
STEVE GERBER / WRITER
GENE COLAN / ARTIST
V. COLLETTA, INKER
J. COSTANZA, letterer
P. GOLDBERG, Colorist
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
TWO FLEW OVER THE OWL'S NEST!
METAL CLANGS AGAINST METAL... GRAPPLE-HOOK LOCKS ONTO STEEL GIRDER...
BRISTLY HEMP SLIDES AGAINST SMOOTH LEATHER GLOVES... WARM WIND WHIPS AT FLESH AND RED SATIN...
AND A GRIM-VISAGED MAN WITHOUT FEAR SWINGS TOWARD MANHATTAN ABOVE THE BUMPER-TO-BUMPER TRAFFIC ON THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, RETURNING HOME FROM HIS HARD-WON BATTLE WITH THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER...!

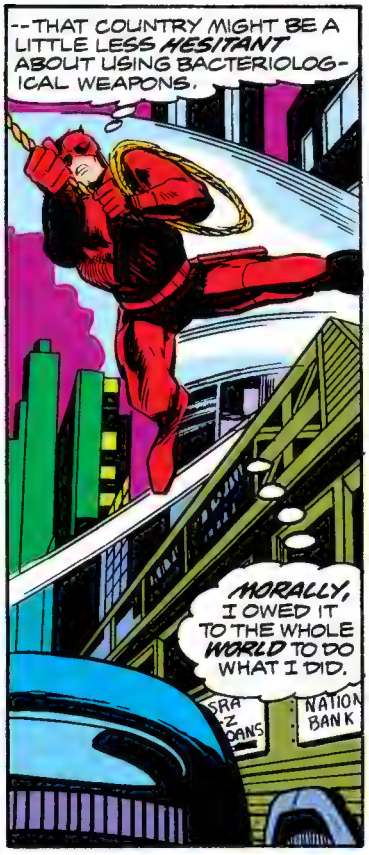

HARD TO MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE... IT'S ALL OVER. BUT MY RADAR SENSE "SAW" DEATH-STALKER PLUNGE INTO THAT VAT OF ACID -- AND TAKE MY BILLY CLUB WITH HIM.*
NO WAY HE COULD'VE SURVIVED THAT--
*SEE LAST ISH FOR DETAILS. --ROY.

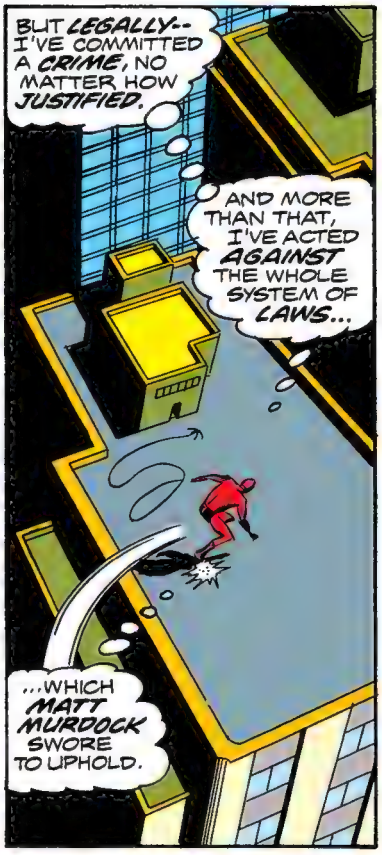

--NOT IF MY BILLY CLUB DIDN'T. I'M JUST LUCKY I FOUND THIS ROPE AND HOOK LAYING AROUND THAT FACTORY WHERE WE FOUGHT.
OTHERWISE, I'D BE THUMBING A RIDE BACK TO MIDTOWN.


OF COURSE, THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS AT THE MOMENT. I'M JUST A TAD BIT MORE UPSET OVER THE FACT...
...THAT I DELIBERATELY DESTROYED THE GOVERNMENT'S EVIDENCE AGAINST FOGGY NELSON'S SISTER CANDACE.
AND YET... I HAD TO. NO NATION, NOT EVEN THIS ONE COULD BE TRUSTED WITH THE SECRET THOSE PAPERS CONTAINED -- THE FORMULA FOR TURNING MEN INTO POLLUTION-BREATHING MONSTERS.


TROUBLE IS, THOSE CREATURES WOULD'VE ALSO BEEN IMMUNE TO GERM WARFARE.
ONE

AND, AS CANDACE POINTED OUT, IF ANY NATION COULD CREATE AN ARMY OF THOSE THINGS--

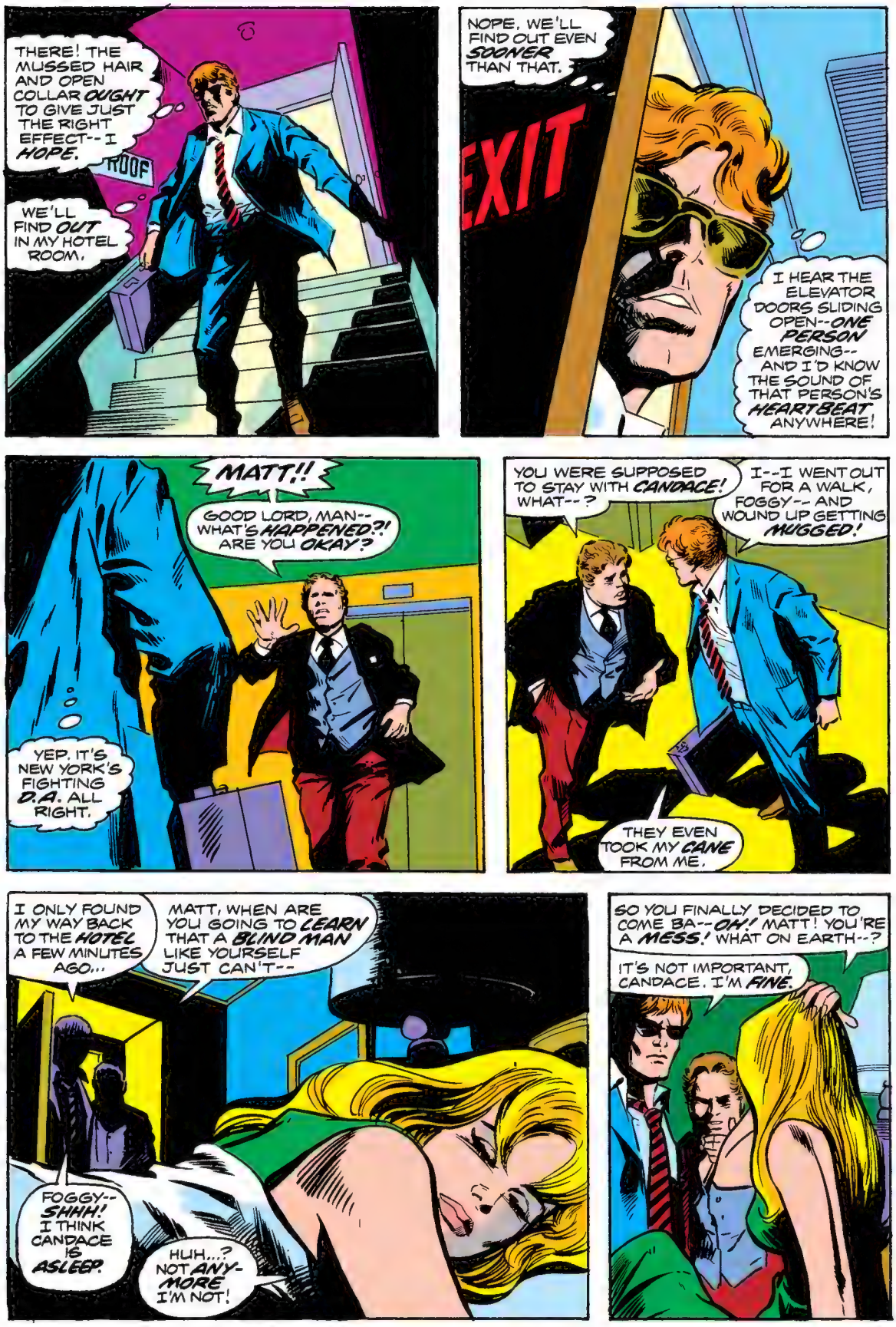

--THAT COUNTRY MIGHT BE A LITTLE LESS HESITANT ABOUT USING BACTERIOLOGICAL WEAPONS.
MORALLY, I OWED IT TO THE WHOLE WORLD TO DO WHAT I DID.
NATION BANK


BUT LEGALLY-- I'VE COMMITTED A CRIME, NO MATTER HOW JUSTIFIED.
AND MORE THAN THAT, I'VE ACTED AGAINST THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF LAWS...
...WHICH MATT MURDOCK SWORE TO UPHOLD.

AND NOW, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN THAT TO FOGGY AND CANDACE --AS MATT-- AND ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES.

AFTER ALL, CANDACE INTENDED TO MAKE THOSE DOCUMENTS PUBLIC, AND--
UH-OH.
I FORGOT THAT THE BILLY CLUB DOUBLED AS MATT'S BLIND MAN'S CANE.

I'LL NEED AN EXPLANATION FOR WHY I'VE BEEN GONE SO-- WAIT! I'VE GOT IT.

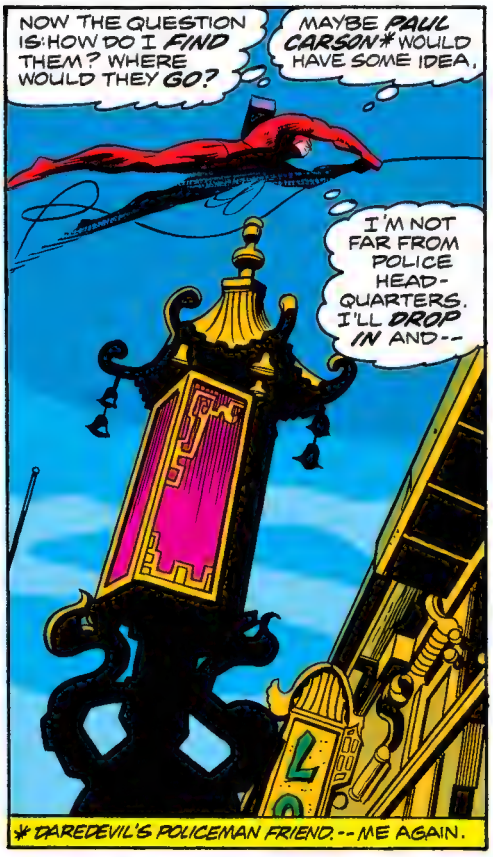

THERE! THE MUSSED HAIR AND OPEN COLLAR OUGHT TO GIVE JUST THE RIGHT EFFECT-- I HOPE.
ROOF
WE'LL FIND OUT IN MY HOTEL ROOM.
NOPE. WE'LL FIND OUT EVEN SOONER THAN THAT.
EXIT
I HEAR THE ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDING OPEN--ONE PERSON EMERGING-- AND I'D KNOW THE SOUND OF THAT PERSON'S HEARTBEAT ANYWHERE!
MATT!!
GOOD LORD, MAN-- WHAT'S HAPPENED?! ARE YOU OKAY?
YEP. IT'S NEW YORK'S FIGHTING D.A. ALL RIGHT.
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY WITH CANDACE! WHAT--?
I--I WENT OUT FOR A WALK, FOGGY-- AND WOUND UP GETTING MUGGED!
THEY EVEN TOOK MY CANE FROM ME.
I ONLY FOUND MY WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL A FEW MINUTES AGO...
MATT, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN THAT A BLIND MAN LIKE YOURSELF JUST CAN'T--
FOGGY-- SHHH! I THINK CANDACE IS ASLEEP.
HUH...? NOT ANY-MORE I'M NOT!
SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO COME BA--OH! MATT! YOU'RE A MESS! WHAT ON EARTH--?
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, CANDACE. I'M FINE.

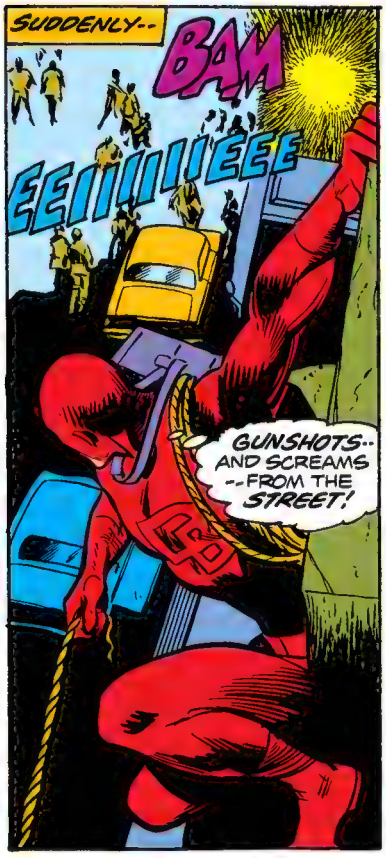
"FINE," HE SAYS! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT WHILE YOU WERE GONE, THE DEATH-STALKER COULD'VE RETURNED AND KIDNAPPED CANDACE AGAIN? YOU HAD A RESPONSIBILITY TO--
NO, FOGGY, THE DEATH-STALKER IS GONE... FOR GOOD. AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOUR SISTER...
...NO LONGER EXISTS. I, UH, GOT THE WHOLE STORY FROM DAREDEVIL.
WHA-A-AT?
OH, NO! YOU DON'T MEAN THE SALLIS PAPERS WERE DESTROYED, DO YOU?
BUT BEFORE MATT CAN EXPLAIN FURTHER:
RRING
MATT--? WELL, FINALLY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HOLD OF YOU FOR DAYS. SOMETHING IMPORTANT'S COME UP. I--
NO,,,NO,,, I'M HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO.. LISTEN, MATT I HAVE TO TELL YOU--
CAN'T IT WAIT-- JUST AN HOUR OR SO? I'M IN THE MIDST OF SOMETHING RIGHT NOW, NATASHA. I'LL CALL YOU BACK...
NATASHA?! IS THAT THE BLACK WIDOW??
N-NO, MATT,,, DON'T BOTHER. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IF YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO LISTEN NOW...
...IT CAN WAIT FOREVER.

OH, MAN. I'VE NEVER HEARD TASHA SOUND SO UPSET. IT'S NOT LIKE HER...!
CLICK!
THUS, MATT SPENDS THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE FEDERAL PROSECUTOR, ARRANGING FOR THE CHARGE AGAINST CANDACE TO BE DROPPED.
BUT EVENING FINDS HIM WINGING HIS WAY ACROSS A CONTINENT... TO THE CITY BY THE BAY...
...AND THEN TRAVERSING SAID COSMOPOLIS IN HIS OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BUILD MYSELF A NEW BILLY CLUB-- AND SOON. I CAN'T DRAG THIS ROPE AROUND FOREVER!
AH, WELL...IT'LL GET ME TO THE WIDOW'S NORTH SHORE MANSION, AND THAT'S ALL I CARE 'BOUT FOR NOW.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD'VE CALLED TO TELL HER I WAS COMING... BUT I FIGURED IT'D SEEM MORE SINCERE THIS WAY...
...SWINGING IN MATT'S BEDROOM WINDOW, JUST AS I USED TO.
HOPE TASHA'S READY FOR A SURPRISE.
KLUNK!

NEVER MIND NATASHA, D.D. -- HOW ABOUT YOU?
YIIIIEEE
HUH?! WHO--? GOOD LORD!
RALPH!! THERE'S A MAN IN MY ROOM!! HELP!!
SHH-H-H LADY, PLEASE, I--!
YOU STAY BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME!
RALPH!!
I'M HERE, MA, I'M-- DAREDEVIL?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY MOTHER'S BEDROOM? I DEMAND TO KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS!
YOU DEMAND? MISTER, I'M MORE CONFUSED THAN YOU COULD EVER BE!
THIS IS THE HOME OF NATASHA ROMANOFF-- THE BLACK WIDOW-- ISN'T IT?
NOT ANYMORE, IT ISN'T! NOT AS OF A WEEK AGO! SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY TO RENEW HER LEASE.
I WAS HER LANDLORD-- AND I DECIDED TO MOVE MY OWN FAMILY INTO THIS HOUSE!
OH, MAN...
DID SHE LEAVE ANY KIND OF FORWARDING ADDRESS, OR--?
NOTHING. SHE AND THAT BIG RUSSIAN JUST DROVE OFF.
AND YOU'D BETTER GET OUT, TOO-- BEFORE I CALL THE COPS!
RIGHT.

WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW NOW WHY NATASHA SOUNDED SO PERTURBED ON THE PHONE LAST NIGHT.
SHE AND IVAN * ARE ALONE SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY--MAYBE WITHOUT A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS!
*NATASHA'S CHAUFFEUR, FRIEND, AND FATHER-FIGURE.--ROY.

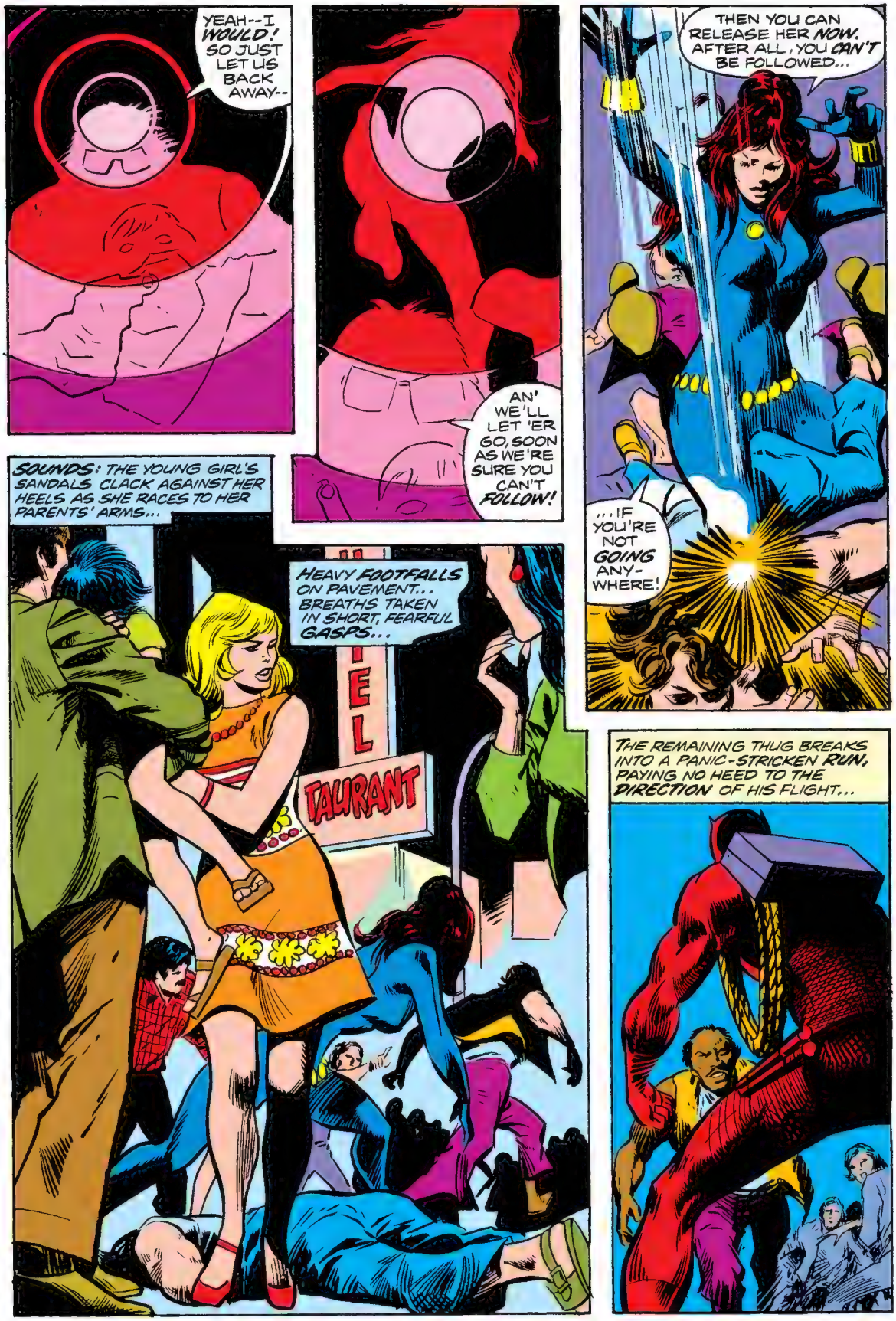

NOW THE QUESTION IS: HOW DO I FIND THEM? WHERE WOULD THEY GO?
MAYBE PAUL CARSON * WOULD HAVE SOME IDEA.
I'M NOT FAR FROM POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS. I'LL DROP IN AND--
*DAREDEVIL'S POLICEMAN FRIEND.--ME AGAIN.


SUDDENLY--
BAM
EEIIIIIEEE
GUNSHOTS-- AND SCREAMS --FROM THE STREET!

CAN'T MAKE OUT THE SCENE CLEARLY-- TOO MANY SHAPES AND SOUNDS-- CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE...!
BOOK

"BUT THE SCENT OF GUNPOWDER IS COMING FROM ONLY ONE DIRECTION--!"

AND THAT'S ALL I NEED TO GUIDE ME TO THE CULPRITS!
HOLY CROW! DAREDEVIL'S BACK IN TOWN!
:UNNGH: STAY BACK, MAN--OR I'LL SHOOT! I I SWEAR I WILL!
I BELIEVE YOU!
FWOK
BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE.
HE DON'T HAVE TO, RED--NOT WHILE I'M AROUND, TOO!
WOK
YEAH, YOU TWO ARE A REAL TEAM, AREN'T YOU? FUNNY, THOUGH...
...TWO COWARDS SEEM JUST AS INEFFECTUAL AS ONE.
SKIP THE LECTURE, HORN-HEAD!
MOMMY! MAKE HIM LET GO--!
WE'RE CUTTIN' OUT!
AND DON'T TRY'N STOP US--OR THE KID'S HEAD GETS BLOWN OFF!
Y-YOU WOULDN'T--?


YEAH--I WOULD! SO JUST LET US BACK AWAY--
AN' WE'LL LET 'ER GO, SOON AS WE'RE SURE YOU CAN'T FOLLOW!
THEN YOU CAN RELEASE HER NOW, AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T BE FOLLOWED...
...IF YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE!
SOUNDS: THE YOUNG GIRL'S SANDALS CLACK AGAINST HER HEELS AS SHE RACES TO HER PARENTS' ARMS...
HEAVY FOOTFALLS ON PAVEMENT... BREATHS TAKEN IN SHORT, FEARFUL GASPS...
TAURANT
THE REMAINING THUG BREAKS INTO A PANIC-STRICKEN RUN, PAYING NO HEED TO THE DIRECTION OF HIS FLIGHT...

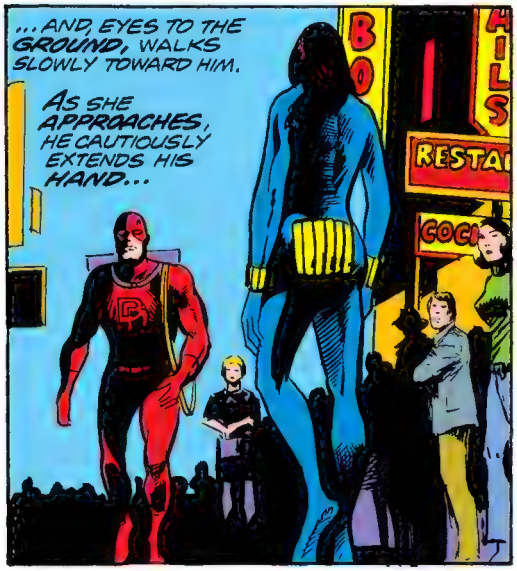
...WHICH PROVES HIS UNDOING.
KRAK

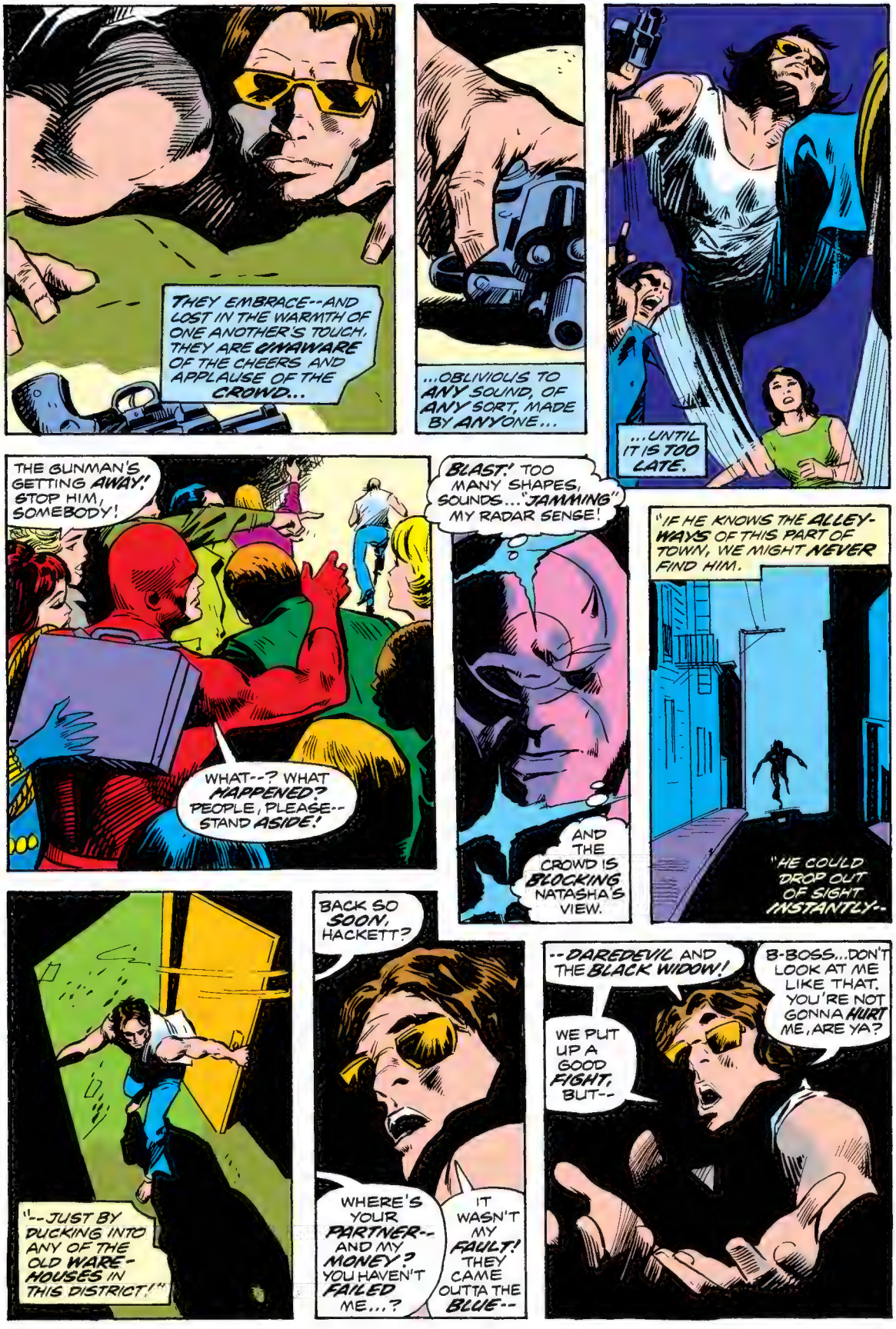
THE FRENZY IS OVER.
BUT NOW A DIFFERENT SORT OF TENSION FILLS THE AIR, AS A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO NOT SO LONG AGO HAD BEEN LOVERS...

...TURN SILENTLY TO FACE ONE ANOTHER...

...EACH UNSURE OF WHAT THE OTHER IS FEELING... EACH PRAYING THAT THE OTHER WILL SPEAK FIRST.

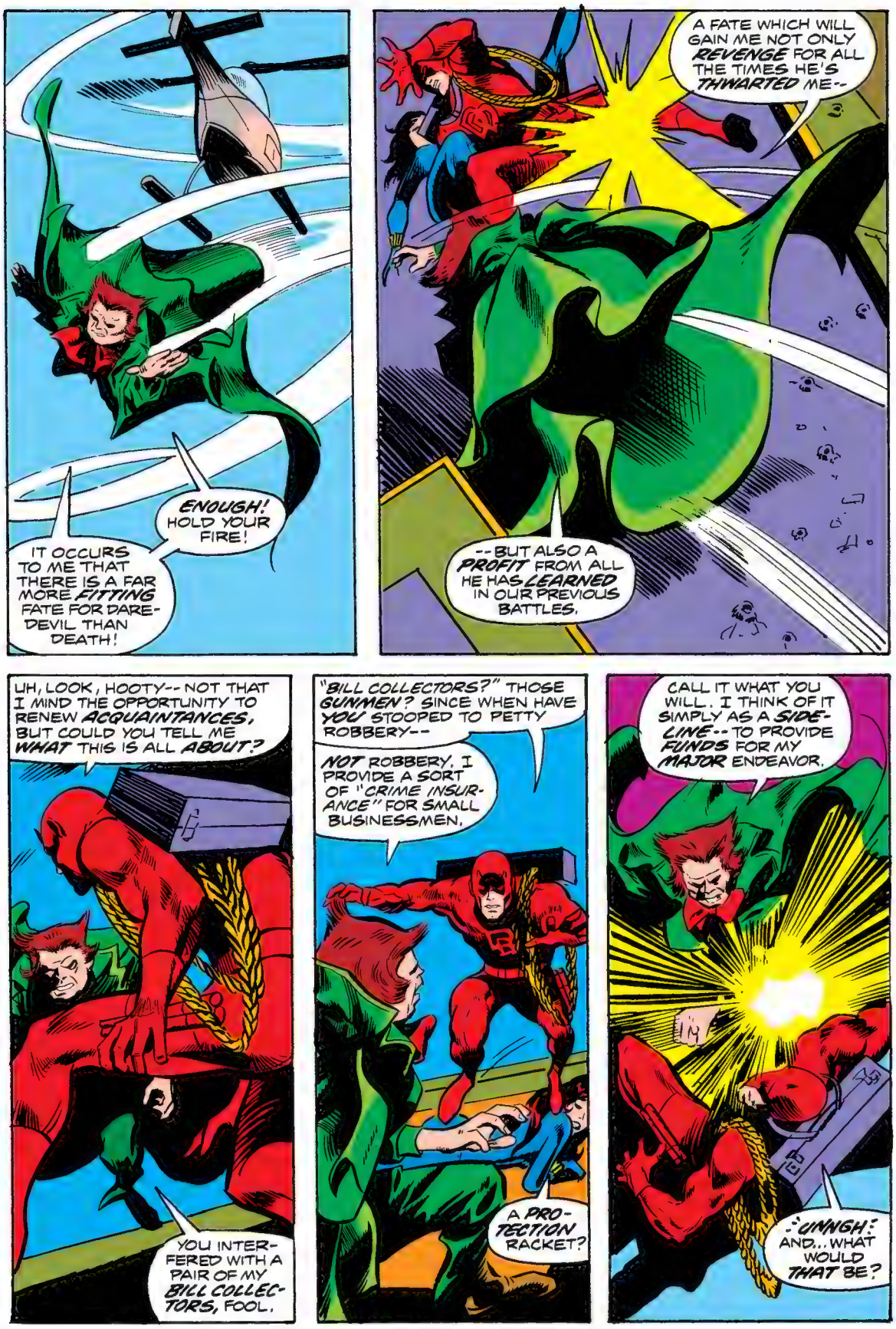
UNTIL, AT LAST..
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, TASHA-- DO YOU?
SHE SHAKES HER HEAD..


...AND, EYES TO THE GROUND, WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD HIM.
AS SHE APPROACHES, HE CAUTIOUSLY EXTENDS HIS HAND...


THEY EMBRACE--AND LOST IN THE WARMTH OF ONE ANOTHER'S TOUCH, THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE CHEERS AND APPLAUSE OF THE CROWD...
...OBLIVIOUS TO ANY SOUND, OF ANY SORT, MADE BY ANYONE...
...UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE.
THE GUNMAN'S GETTING AWAY! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!
WHAT--? WHAT HAPPENED? PEOPLE, PLEASE-- STAND ASIDE!
BLAST! TOO MANY SHAPES, SOUNDS..."JAMMING" MY RADAR SENSE!
AND THE CROWD IS BLOCKING NATASHA'S VIEW.
"IF HE KNOWS THE ALLEY-WAYS OF THIS PART OF TOWN, WE MIGHT NEVER FIND HIM.
"HE COULD DROP OUT OF SIGHT INSTANTLY--
"--JUST BY DUCKING INTO ANY OF THE OLD WARE-HOUSES IN THIS DISTRICT!"
BACK SO SOON, HACKETT?
WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER-- AND MY MONEY? YOU HAVEN'T FAILED ME...?
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! THEY CAME OUTTA THE BLUE--
--DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW!
WE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT--
B-BOSS...DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. YOU'RE NOT GONNA HURT ME, ARE YA?

NO. YOU'LL FIND THE PENALTY FOR YOUR INEPTITUDE QUITE PAINLESS. ALSO QUITE FINAL.
ZZZT
I WAS RIGHT ON TARGET, CHIEF.
HOW SHALL I DISPOSE OF HIM?
HOWEVER YOU PLEASE-- BUT BE THOROUGH ABOUT IT.
I CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE HIM CONNECTED WITH MY OPERATIONS...
...JUST AS I CANNOT BROOK ANY INTERFERENCE FROM THE LIKES OF DAREDEVIL!
WHEREVER I GO-- NEW YORK, CHICAGO, AND NOW HERE-- NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY I PLAN--SOME COSTUMED FOOL ALWAYS APPEARS FROM NOWHERE TO INTERVENE.
I CHOSE SAN FRANCISCO AS MY NEW BASE SPECI-- ICALLY BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE'D RETURNED TO NEW YORK!
BUT NO MORE-- NO MORE, DO YOU HEAR? THIS TIME DAREDEVIL FALLS--
--AT THE HANDS OF THE OWL!
WHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
DON'T LET IT BUG YOU, TASHA. THESE THINGS HAPPEN. WE'LL FIND HIM--EVENTUALLY.
RIGHT NOW, I'M CONCERNED ABOUT YOU. TELL ME--
WHAT'S TO TELL? THE LEASE RAN OUT. I HAD NO JOB, NO MONEY... SO IVAN AND I HAVE BEEN LIVING IN THE ROLLS ROYCE--
--HOPING SOMETHING WOULD COME ALONG.

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? I COULD'VE--
I DID CALL, MATT-- WHEN THINGS FINALLY BECAME DESPERATE. BUT I HAD TO TRY TO MAKE IT ON MY OWN FIRST. PRIDE, I GUESS.
BUT I FOUND OUT I'M UNEMPLOYABLE. MY ONLY TRAINING IS IN ESPIONAGE.
THAT'S INCREDIBLE. THE MOST TALENTED WOMAN I'VE EVER MET, AND-- WAIT!
I HEAR SOMETHING... CLOTH... RUSTLING IN THE WIND... SOMETHING DROPPING OUT OF THE SKY...
...DIRECTLY AT US! TASHA-- DUCK!!
THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK FLAPPING LIKE SILKEN WINGS AGAINST THE COOL NIGHT AIR, THE OWL SWOOPS DOWN IN A SAVAGE ATTEMPT TO SEND D.D. AND NATASHA PLUNGING FROM THE ROOFTOP...
...AND FAILS. BUT NOT BY MUCH.
THE OWL! IT HAS TO BE! BUT-- WHY? ATTACKING OUT OF NOWHERE, FOR NO REASON, JUST ISN'T HIS STYLE!
BRATTAT TAT
AND NEITHER IS TRAVELLING ALONE! HERE COMES THE SECOND WAVE!
LEAP FOR COVER, LADY! MOVE!!
THAKATHAKATHAK


ENOUGH! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE IS A FAR MORE FITTING FATE FOR DARE-DEVIL THAN DEATH!
A FATE WHICH WILL GAIN ME NOT ONLY REVENGE FOR ALL THE TIMES HE'S THWARTED ME--
--BUT ALSO A PROFIT FROM ALL HE HAS LEARNED IN OUR PREVIOUS BATTLES.
UH, LOOK, HOOTY-- NOT THAT I MIND THE OPPORTUNITY TO RENEW ACQUAINTANCES, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
YOU INTER-FERED WITH A PAIR OF MY BILL COLLEC-TORS, FOOL.
"BILL COLLECTORS?" THOSE GUNMEN? SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU STOOPED TO PETTY ROBBERY--
NOT ROBBERY. I PROVIDE A SORT OF "CRIME INSUR-ANCE" FOR SMALL BUSINESSMEN.
A PRO-TECTION RACKET?
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. I THINK OF IT SIMPLY AS A SIDE-LINE-- TO PROVIDE FUNDS FOR MY MAJOR ENDEAVOR.
-UNNGH! AND... WHAT WOULD THAT BE?

YOU'LL LEARN THAT SOON ENOUGH--NOW THAT I'VE WON OUR BRIEF COMBAT.
OWL, YOU'VE GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE IF YOU THINK A CUT ON THE LIP IS GOING TO PUT ME OUT OF ACTION.
AH, BUT YOU RE-CEIVED THAT CUT FROM MY RING--
--WHICH ALSO DISPENSES A MILD, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE POISON. IN SECONDS, YOU'LL BE TOO WEAK EVEN TO STAND!
Y-YOU'VE GOT TO BE K-KIDDING! A POISON RING? THAT WENT OUT WITH LUCRETTIA BORGIA.
AND YET, YOU ARE STARTING TO FEEL IT, AREN'T YOU?
BULL! I MAY BE A LITTLE DIZZY FROM YOUR PUNCH, BUT--
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! HOW AMUSING. OR IS IT THAT YOU CAN'T ADMIT HAVING BLUNDERED INTO SO SIMPLE A TRAP?
LOOK AT YOU-- SO CLUMSY!
YOUR MOUTH IS EVEN CLUMSIER, OWL!
WHAM
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN AWAY YOUR SECRET UNTIL YOU WERE SURE I WAS NO LONGER A THREAT.

I HIT MY HEAD DUCKING THOSE BULLETS, BUT THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME.
SOUND... HEAR SOMETHING... BUT IT'S SO FUZZY... SEEMS SO FAR AWAY... WHAT?... GOOD LORD!... IT'S...
BRAT TAT TAT
...THE HELICOPTER!
BUT BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN CRY OUT--
THEY'VE OPENED FIRE! DIDN'T THINK THEY'D RISK--
OOOH!
YOU-- OWL--IF SHE'S DEAD-- I'LL--
THAT'S RIGHT-- GET TO YOUR FEET!
EXPEND THE CAST OF YOUR STRENGTH!
YOU'LL MAKE IT ALL THE EASIER FOR ME TO DO-- THIS!
FWAP
FOR A MOMENT, D.D. STANDS EXPRESSIONLESS.
THEN, HE FALLS... AND WHEN HE HAS LAIN UNMOVING FOR NEARLY A MINUTE, THE OWL SUMMONS DOWN HIS HENCHMEN.
THAT'S IT... HAUL THEM ABOARD... BUT GENTLY. THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME NOW!
NEXT: THE OWL'S MASTER PLAN... A SPECIAL SURPRISE GUEST-STAR... SOME MORE OLD FRIENDS ...SOME MORE NEW TWISTS... AND-- THE MIND MACHINE!
(BE HERE, HUH?)

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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25¢
117
JAN
02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
IT'S WALL-TO-WALL ACTION--
IN THE SPELLBINDER WE CALL--
"MINDTAP!"
YOU MOVE LIKE A STREAK OF CRIMSON LIGHTNING, MASKED MAN--
--BUT THAT ONLY MEANS YOU'LL DIE FASTER-- SLAIN BY THE ALL-POWERFUL OWL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

CHRIS CLAREMONT, SCRIPT | STEVE GERBER, PLOT | BOB BROWN, PENCILS | V. COLLETTA, INKS | D. HUNT, LETTERS | PETRA G., COLORS | R. THOMAS, EDITOR

MIND TAP!

THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS WITH A WOMAN'S SCREAM, A DESPERATE CRY THAT IS FURY, FRUSTRATION... AND FEAR!

OWL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!

DOING TO HIM? WHY, MY DEAR MADAME NATASHA...

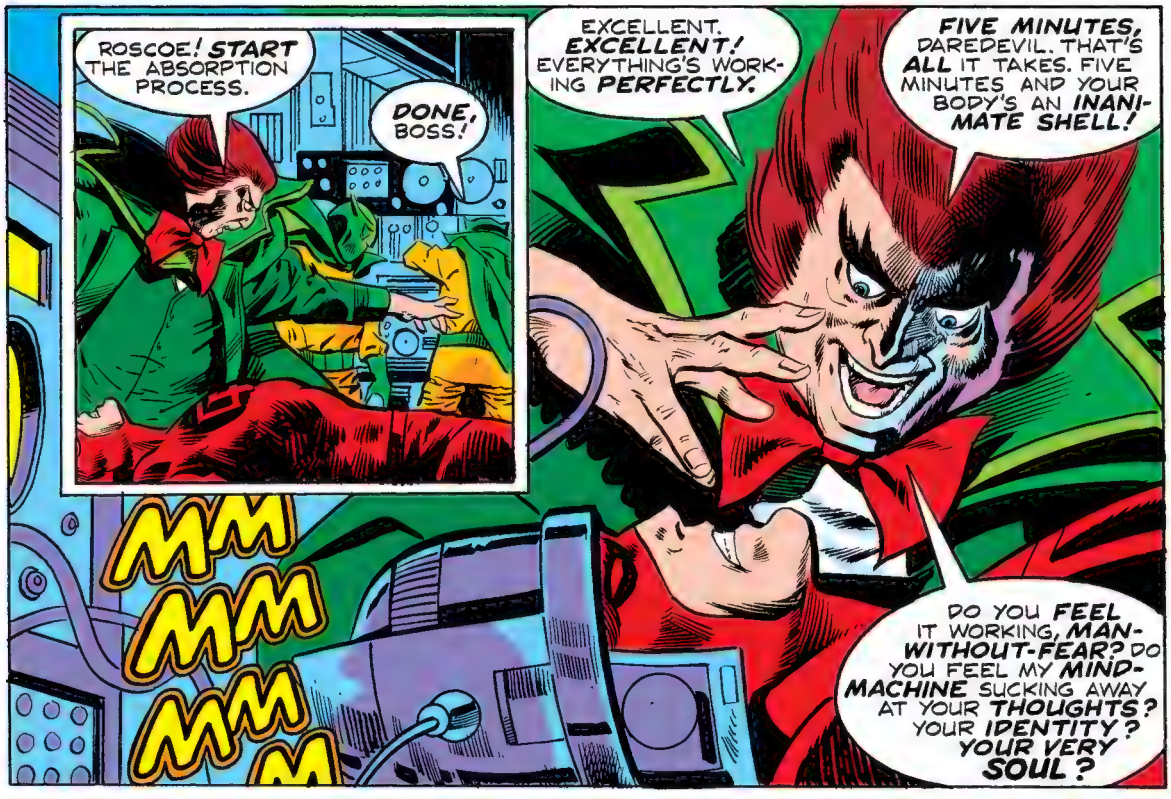
I'M STEALING HIS BRAIN!

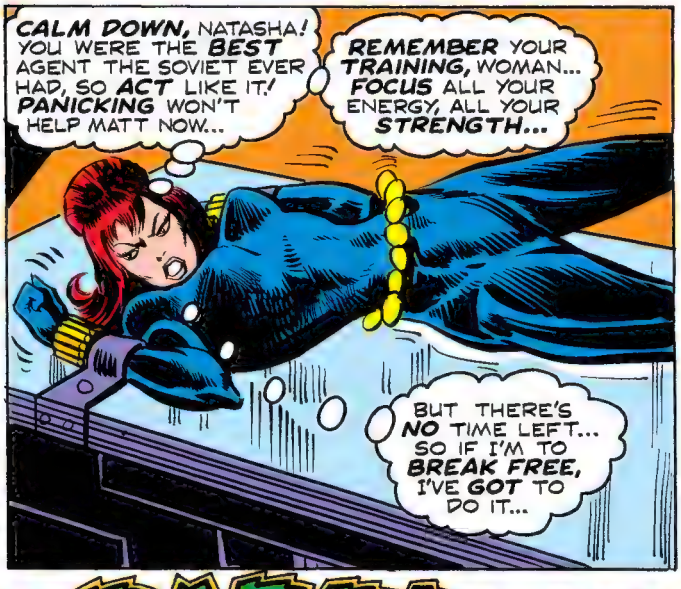
NATASHA STRAINS AT HER BONDS, TO NO AVAIL, HER MIND FLICKING INSANELY OVER THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW HOURS: REMEMBERING HER MEETING WITH DAREDEVIL, THE TALK THEY'D STARTED... THE OWL'S SUDDEN, MERCILESS ATTACK ...THEIR EQUALLY SUDDEN DEFEAT...*

AND NOW, DAREDEVIL IS STRAPPED TO AN ARCANE MACHINE DESIGNED TO ABSORB EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION IN HIS BRAIN A MACHINE THAT WOULD LEAVE HIM A MINDLESS VEGETABLE...

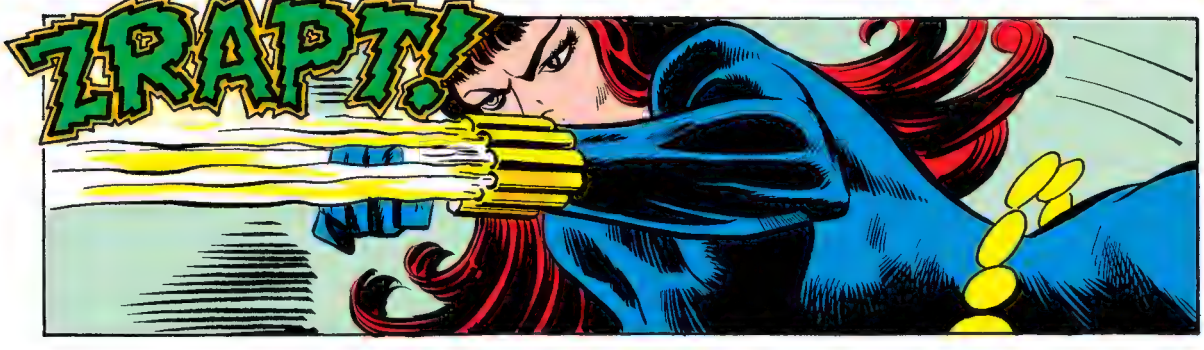
AND THERE'S NOTHING THE BLACK WIDOW CAN DO TO STOP IT. NOTHING!

*LAST ISH.--ROY.


ROSCOE! START THE ABSORPTION PROCESS.
DONE, BOSS!
EXCELLENT. EXCELLENT! EVERYTHING'S WORKING PERFECTLY.
FIVE MINUTES, DAREDEVIL. THAT'S ALL IT TAKES. FIVE MINUTES AND YOUR BODY'S AN INANIMATE SHELL!
MM MM MM M
DO YOU FEEL IT WORKING, MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR? DO YOU FEEL MY MIND-MACHINE SUCKING AWAY AT YOUR THOUGHTS? YOUR IDENTITY? YOUR VERY SOUL?


CALM DOWN, NATASHA! YOU WERE THE BEST AGENT THE SOVIET EVER HAD, SO ACT LIKE IT! PANICKING WON'T HELP MATT NOW...
REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING, WOMAN... FOCUS ALL YOUR ENERGY, ALL YOUR STRENGTH...
BUT THERE'S NO TIME LEFT... SO IF I'M TO BREAK FREE, I'VE GOT TO DO IT...

NOW!
CHAK

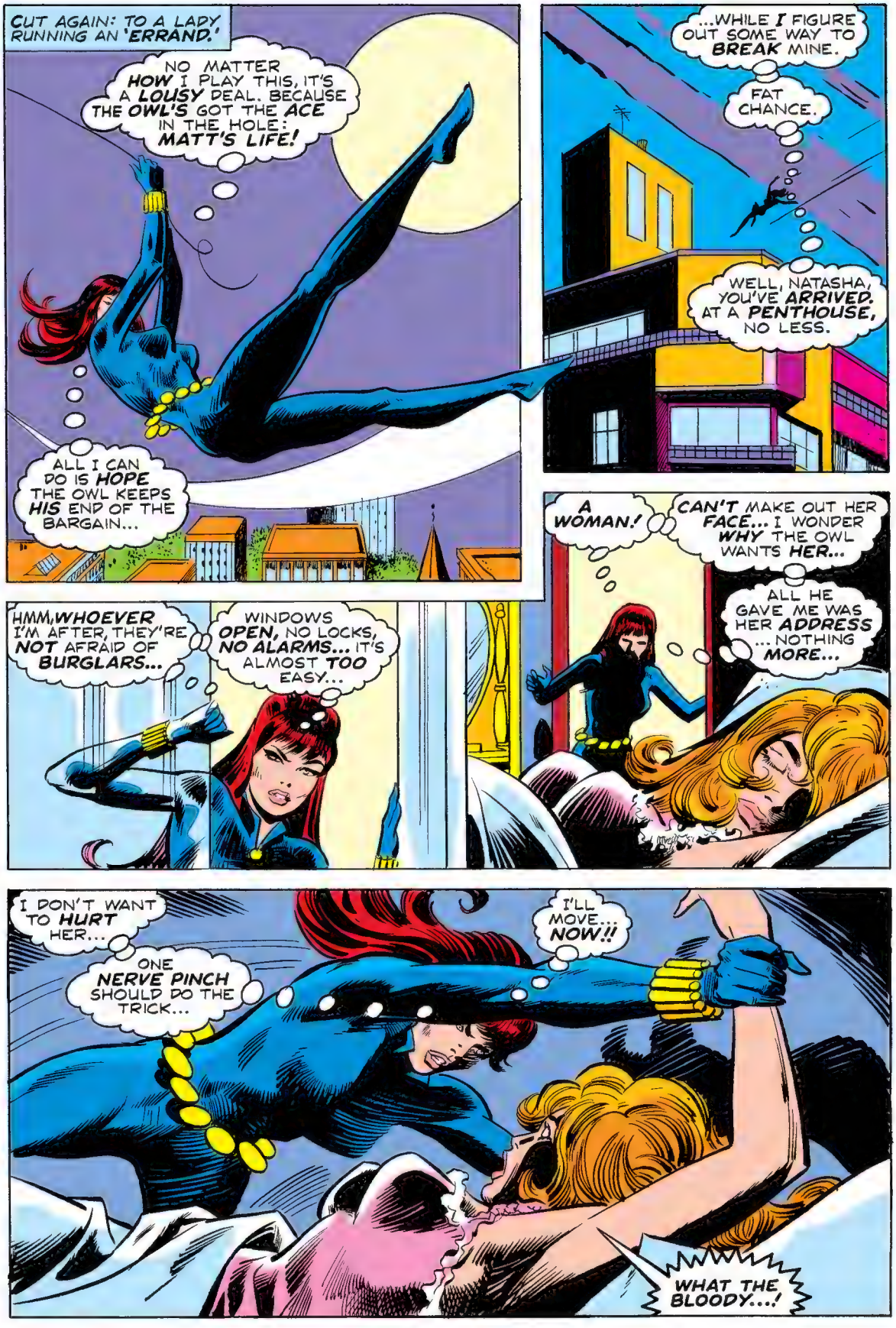

ZRAPT!

THE COMPUTER! THE WITCH IS DESTROYING MY COMPUTER!
YEARS OF SWEAT! OF BLOOD! THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME GONE UP IN SMOKE!
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT, WOMAN! I'LL...
DO NOTHING, OWL!
EXCEPT BE THANKFUL MY STING WASN'T SET TO KILL!
SHE SHOT THE BOSS! GET HER!
YES, GENTLEMEN, BY ALL MEANS, DO COME AND GET ME...
...IF YOU CAN!

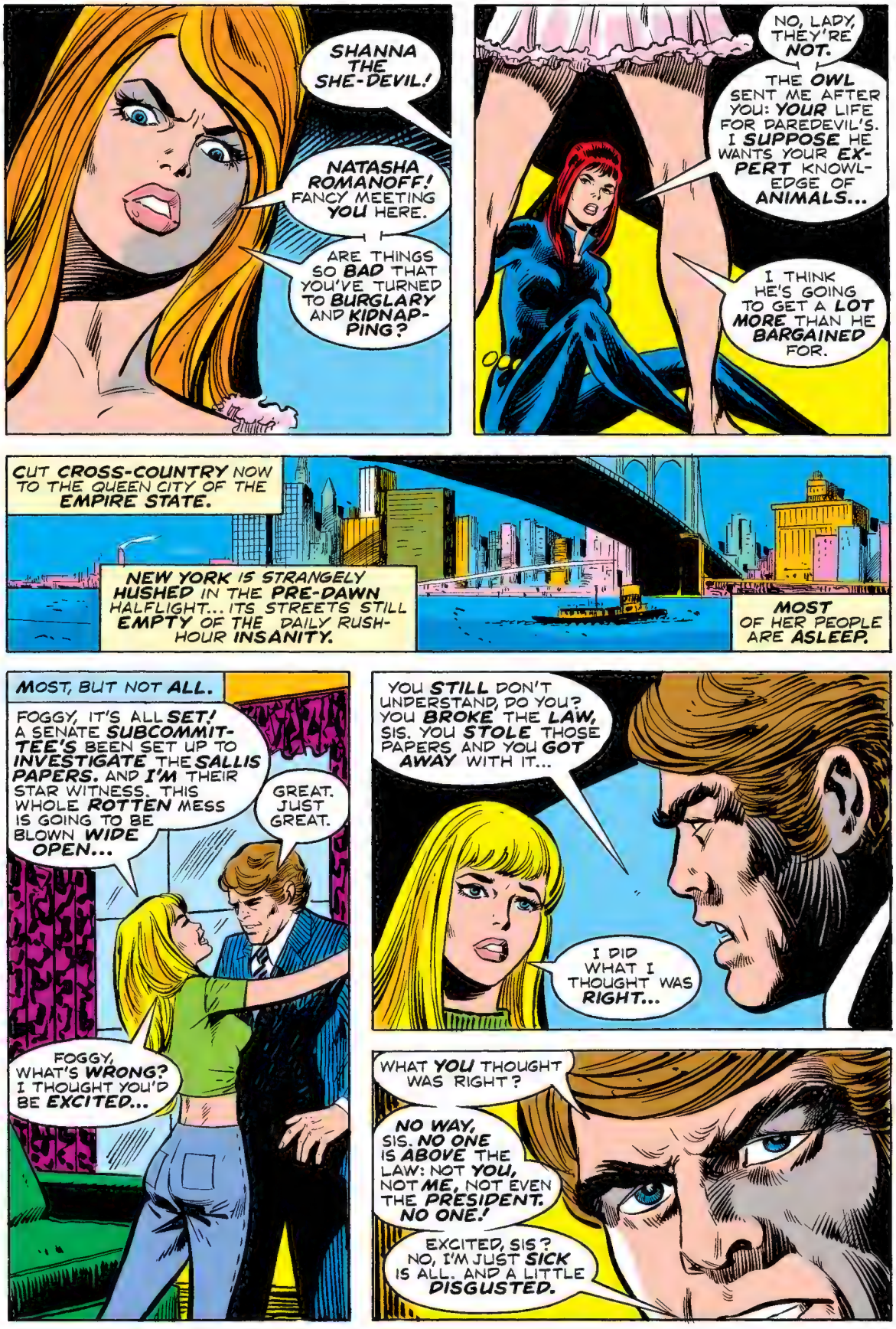
HAI!
OKAY, WIDOW, THAT'S IT! COOL IT FAST OR YOU'RE ONE DEAD CHICK...
I DO NOT LIKE THE TERM...'CHICK.' NOR DO I LIKE MEN WITH GUNS. REMEMBER THAT!
SO WHO NEEDS A GUN TO WASTE A BROAD ?
AAAKGH!
A BROKEN NECK'LL DO JUST AS WELL!
I THINK NOT!
YIIIIEEE

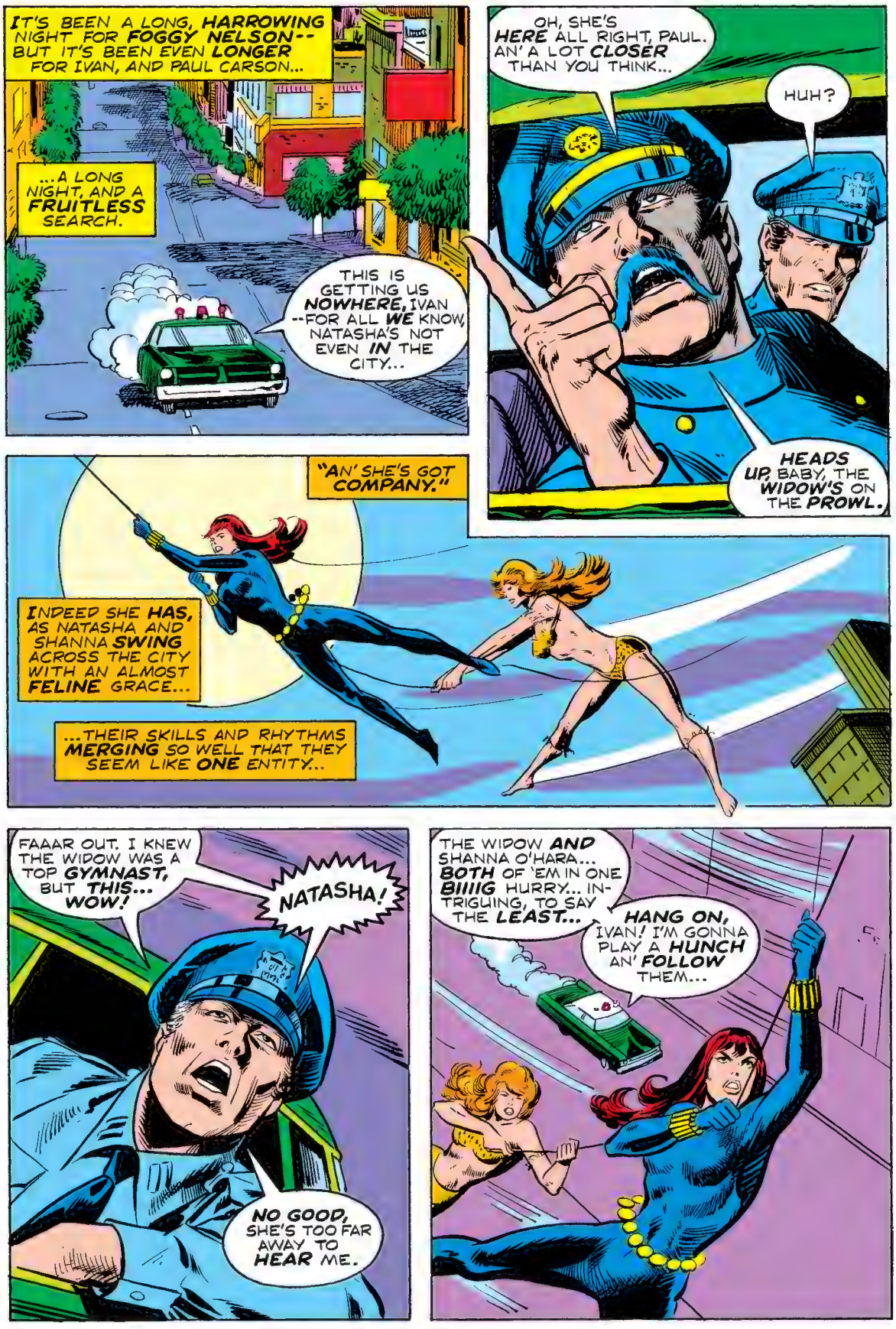
SHE MOVES NOW WITH DEADLY PRECISION, HER BODY SO LOOSE AND FLUID THAT THE BATTLE TAKES ON AN UNREAL--ALMOST CHOREO-GRAPHED QUALITY...
CHAM!
AFTER ALL, THE OWL'S HENCHMEN ARE ONLY COMMON HOODS...STREET MUSCLE...
SOK
THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THE BLACK WIDOW.
THEIR LEADER, THOUGH, IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.
INCREDIBLE! THAT WOMAN HAS BEATEN ALL MY MEN...SINGLE-HANDEDLY...
BEATEN MY MEN, YES. BUT SHE HAS FAR FROM BEATEN THE OWL!
WIDOW!!
YOUR RESISTANCE WILL END--NOW! --OR I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!
WHICH WILL IT BE, WOMAN? WILL YOU SURRENDER OR WILL DAREDEVIL DIE?
I'M WAITING, WIDOW!

I... SURRENDER.
A SENSIBLE CHOICE. TELL ME, WIDOW, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SAVE DAREDEVIL'S LIFE?
ANYTHING.
I THOUGHT AS MUCH. I OFFER YOU A DEAL THEN: RUN AN ERRAND FOR ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU DAREDEVIL'S LIFE.
WHAT... KIND OF ERRAND?
CUT CROSSTOWN NOW: TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND TWO MEN WE KNOW WELL, NATASHA'S CHAUFFER, IVAN, AND LT. PAUL CARSON, S.F.P.D.
I'M TELLIN' YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, PAUL.
SHE LEFT ME IN THE PARK-- SAID SHE'D BE BACK SOON... THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HER.
NATASHA'S A BIG WOMAN NOW, IVAN, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF...
WANNA BET, HOTSHOT?
LOOK, WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN WITH YOU TWO? I HEARD YOU WERE EVICTED FROM YOUR MANSION LAST WEEK...*
WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?
*ALSO LAST ISH. --ROY.
IN THE ROLLS, USIN' WHAT BREAD WE HAD TO BUY FOOD.
TASHA DIDN'T WANNA ASK FOR HELP... FROM ANYBODY.
YEAH? WELL, WANT IT OR NOT, SHE'S GOT IT NOW.
C'MON, IVAN, LET'S GO FIND YOUR LADY.


CUT AGAIN: TO A LADY RUNNING AN 'ERRAND.'
NO MATTER HOW I PLAY THIS, IT'S A LOUSY DEAL. BECAUSE THE OWL'S GOT THE ACE IN THE HOLE: MATT'S LIFE!
ALL I CAN DO IS HOPE THE OWL KEEPS HIS END OF THE BARGAIN...
...WHILE I FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO BREAK MINE.
FAT CHANCE.
WELL, NATASHA, YOU'VE ARRIVED, AT A PENTHOUSE, NO LESS.
A WOMAN!
CAN'T MAKE OUT HER FACE... I WONDER WHY THE OWL WANTS HER...
ALL HE GAVE ME WAS HER ADDRESS ...NOTHING MORE...
HMM, WHOEVER I'M AFTER, THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF BURGLARS...
WINDOWS OPEN, NO LOCKS, NO ALARMS... IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY...
I DON'T WANT TO HURT HER...
ONE NERVE PINCH SHOULD DO THE TRICK...
I'LL MOVE... NOW!!
WHAT THE BLOODY...!

SUDDENLY, THE SYMMETRY OF NATASHA'S ATTACK IS BROKEN...
...AS HER 'HELPLESS' VICTIM REACTS WITH A SPEED THAT RIVALS THE WIDOW'S OWN...
AND BEFORE NATASHA KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED, THE FIGHT'S ALL OVER.
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH FUN AND GAMES...
KLIK
LET'S PUT SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...
YOU!

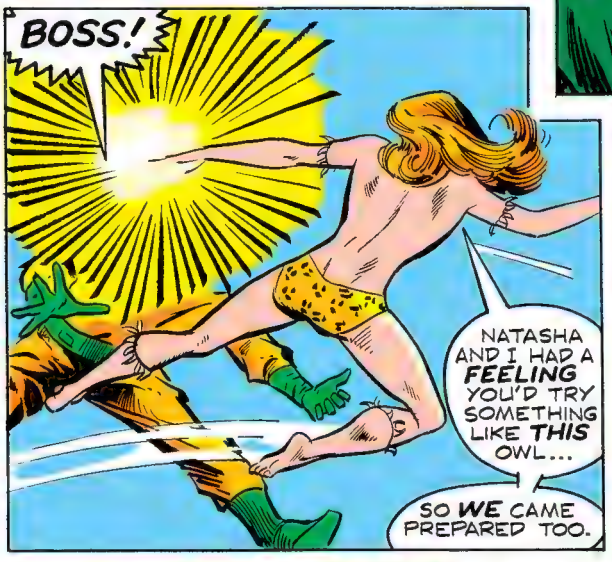

SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL!
NATASHA ROMANOFF! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.
ARE THINGS SO BAD THAT YOU'VE TURNED TO BURGLARY AND KIDNAPPING?
NO, LADY, THEY'RE NOT.
THE OWL SENT ME AFTER YOU: YOUR LIFE FOR DAREDEVIL'S. I SUPPOSE HE WANTS YOUR EXPERT KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS...
I THINK HE'S GOING TO GET A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.
CUT CROSS-COUNTRY NOW TO THE QUEEN CITY OF THE EMPIRE STATE.
NEW YORK IS STRANGELY HUSHED IN THE PRE-DAWN HALFLIGHT... ITS STREETS STILL EMPTY OF THE DAILY RUSH-HOUR INSANITY.
MOST OF HER PEOPLE ARE ASLEEP.
MOST, BUT NOT ALL.
FOGGY, IT'S ALL SET! A SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE'S BEEN SET UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SALLIS PAPERS. AND I'M THEIR STAR WITNESS. THIS WHOLE ROTTEN MESS IS GOING TO BE BLOWN WIDE OPEN...
GREAT. JUST GREAT.
FOGGY, WHAT'S WRONG? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE EXCITED...
YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU? YOU BROKE THE LAW, SIS. YOU STOLE THOSE PAPERS, AND YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT...
I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS RIGHT...
WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS RIGHT?
NO WAY, SIS. NO ONE IS ABOVE THE LAW: NOT YOU, NOT ME, NOT EVEN THE PRESIDENT. NO ONE!
EXCITED, SIS? NO, I'M JUST SICK IS ALL. AND A LITTLE DISGUSTED.

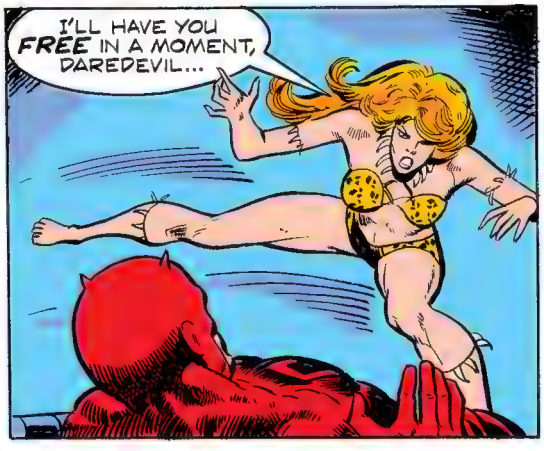

IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARROWING NIGHT FOR FOGGY NELSON-- BUT IT'S BEEN EVEN LONGER FOR IVAN, AND PAUL CARSON...
...A LONG NIGHT, AND A FRUITLESS SEARCH.
THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE, IVAN --FOR ALL WE KNOW, NATASHA'S NOT EVEN IN THE CITY...
OH, SHE'S HERE ALL RIGHT, PAUL. AN' A LOT CLOSER THAN YOU THINK...
HUH?
HEADS UP, BABY, THE WIDOW'S ON THE PROWL.
"AN' SHE'S GOT COMPANY."
INDEED SHE HAS, AS NATASHA AND SHANNA SWING ACROSS THE CITY WITH AN ALMOST FELINE GRACE...
...THEIR SKILLS AND RHYTHMS MERGING SO WELL THAT THEY SEEM LIKE ONE ENTITY...
FAAAR OUT. I KNEW THE WIDOW WAS A TOP GYMNAST, BUT THIS... WOW!
NATASHA!
NO GOOD, SHE'S TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR ME.
THE WIDOW AND SHANNA O'HARA... BOTH OF 'EM IN ONE BIIIIG HURRY... INTRIGUING, TO SAY THE LEAST...
HANG ON, IVAN! I'M GONNA PLAY A HUNCH AN' FOLLOW THEM...

NOT MUCH LATER, THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF THE OWL'S WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT...
OPEN UP, ROSCOE! THE WIDOW'S RUN HER "ERRAND"
HERE'S YOUR "PACKAGE," OWL. DELIVERED AS PROMISED.
MAGNIFICENT, WIDOW. I EXPECTED RESULTS, BUT NOT THIS QUICKLY... BRING HER HERE.
WHAT'S THAT SHE'S WEARING... HARDLY WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT FROM A SCHOLAR OF DR. O'HARA'S REPUTATION... IT IS AN ATTRACTIVE OUTFIT, THOUGH...
I'M PRESSED FOR TIME, WIDOW. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE DR. O'HARA'S MIND NOW. PLACE HER ON THE SLAB, PLEASE...
DR. O'HARA?? SHANNA! HERE?!
STILL GROGGY FROM THE OWL'S DRUG AND HIS MIND MACHINE ...HARD TO FOCUS MY RADAR SENSE...
THERE!
TWO FIGURES... FEMALE... IT'S THE WIDOW AND SHANNA! BUT... BOTH HEART-BEATS ARE THE SAME. SHANNA'S NOT UNCONSCIOUS... SHE'S SHAMMING!

I KEPT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN, OWL. NOW YOU KEEP YOURS...
FREE DAREDEVIL!

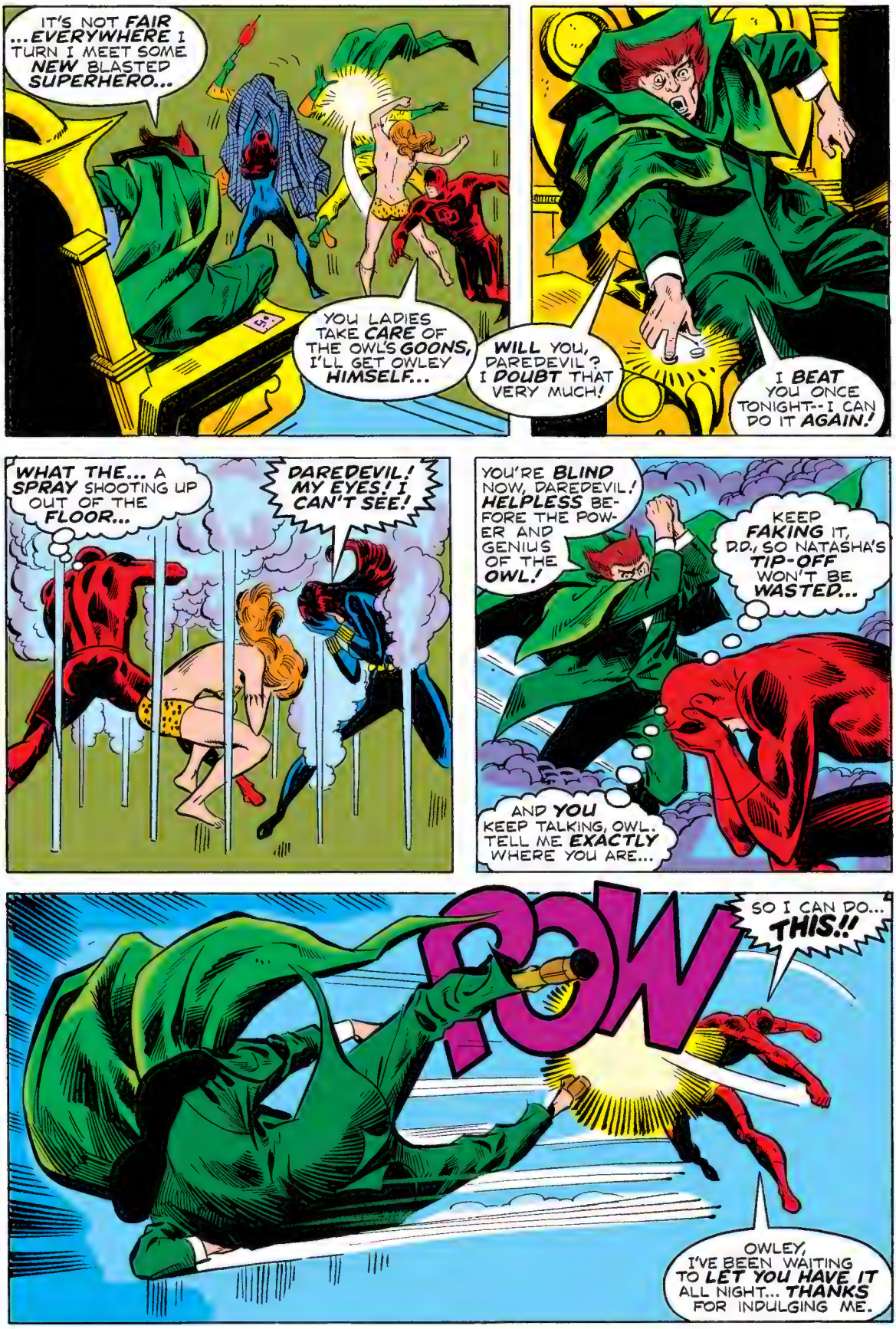
I DID PROMISE YOU HIS FREEDOM, DIDN'T I? IT'S A PITY I'M SUCH A LIAR.
DON'T BE TOO UPSET, WIDOW. THANKS TO YOU, MY MIND MACHINE NOW HAS THREE BRAINS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.


BOSS!
NATASHA AND I HAD A FEELING YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS OWL...
SO WE CAME PREPARED TOO.

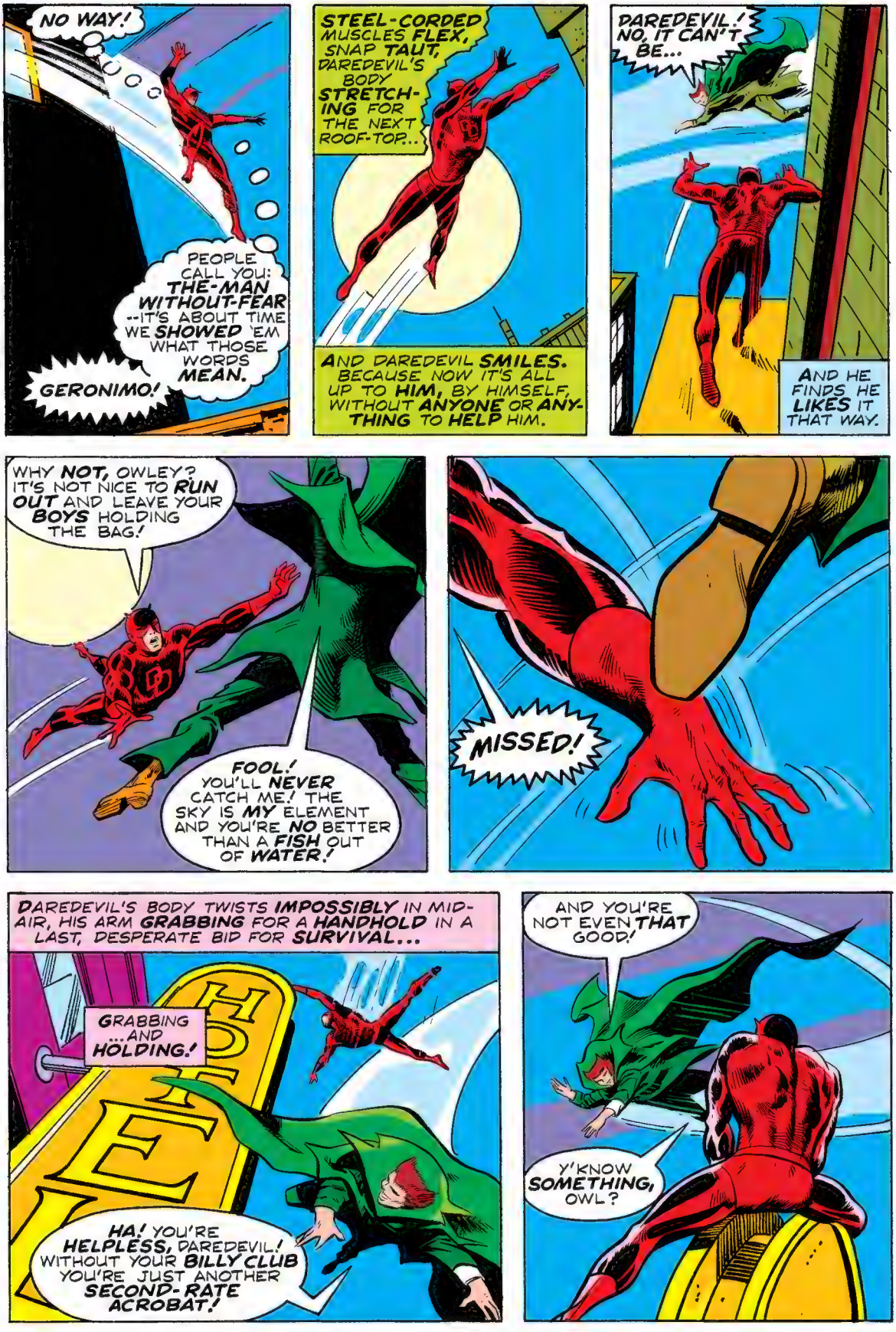

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL...

LIKE SO...!

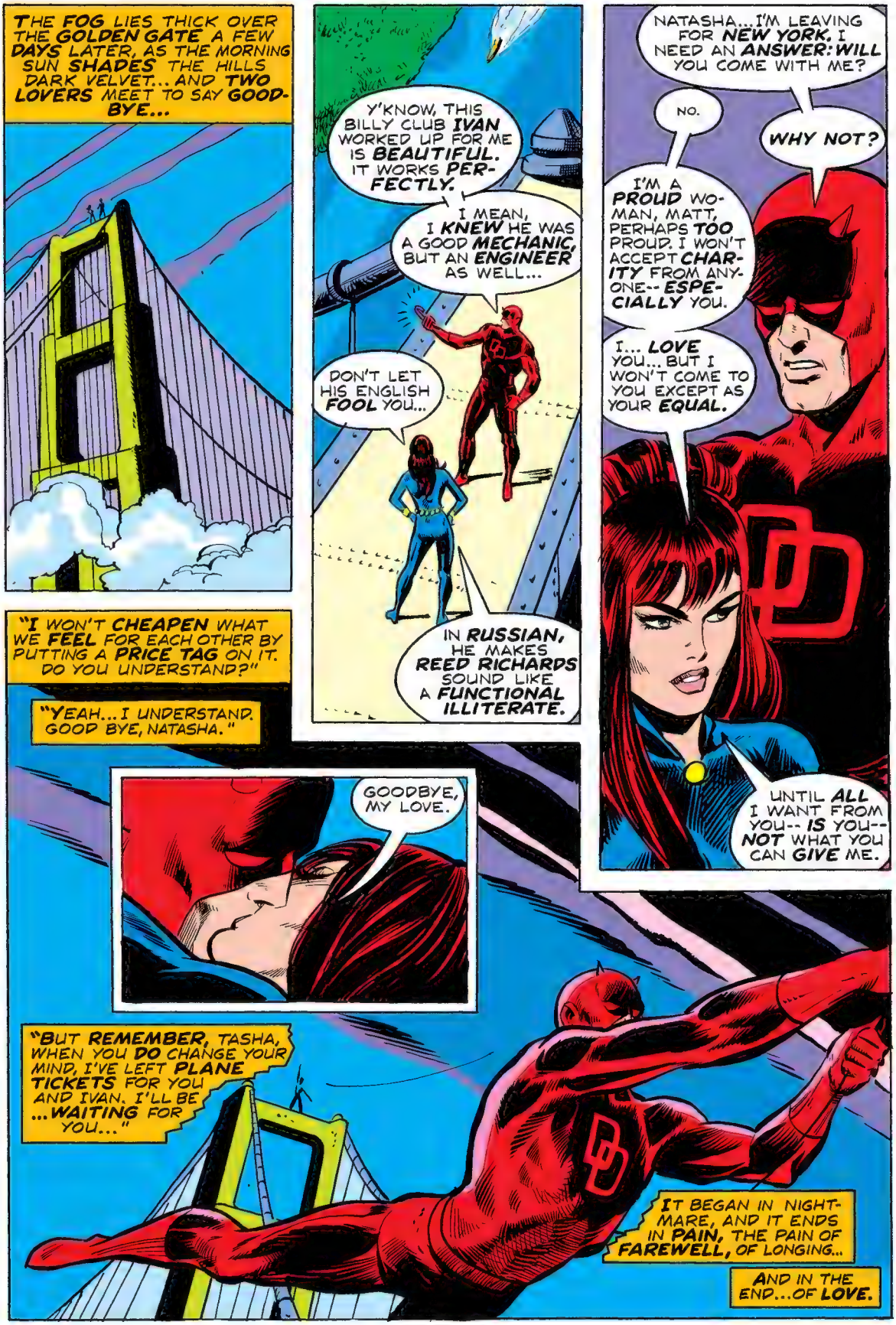
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME--DR. O'HARA IS A VETERINARY, NOT SOME SUPER-HEROINE...*
*OWL WAS IN PRISON DURING SHANNA'S AFRICAN METAMORPHOSIS, CHRONICLED IN SHANNA'S OWN MAG, #'S 1-5.--ROY.


IT'S NOT FAIR ...EVERYWHERE I TURN I MEET SOME NEW BLASTED SUPERHERO...
YOU LADIES TAKE CARE OF THE OWL'S GOONS, I'LL GET OWLEY HIMSELF...
WILL YOU, DAREDEVIL? I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH!
I BEAT YOU ONCE TONIGHT--I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
WHAT THE... A SPRAY SHOOTING UP OUT OF THE FLOOR...
DAREDEVIL! MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!
YOU'RE BLIND NOW, DAREDEVIL! HELPLESS BEFORE THE POWER AND GENIUS OF THE OWL!
KEEP FAKING IT, D.D., SO NATASHA'S TIP-OFF WON'T BE WASTED...
AND YOU KEEP TALKING, OWL. TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE...
POW
SO I CAN DO... THIS!!
OWLEY, I'VE BEEN WAITING TO LET YOU HAVE IT ALL NIGHT... THANKS FOR INDULGING ME.

NICE SHOT, D.D.... SOUNDS LIKE THE OWL'S JUST CREAMED WHATEVER TASHA'S STING LEFT INTACT ON HIS MIND MACHINE...
MY ESCAPE LADDER... I CAN'T LET THEM GET ME... NOT WHEN I WAS SO CLOSE TO SUCCESS...
BLAST! I MISSED HIM!
ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE FROM THE OWL'S MACHINE IS SCRAMBLING MY RADAR SENSE... NOTHING WILL STAY IN FOCUS...
COSTUMED FOOLS! THEY THINK ME BEATEN. BUT I'VE BEEN BEATEN BEFORE AND I'VE RISEN FROM THE ASHES EACH TIME LIKE A PHOENIX...
AS I SHALL RISE NOW...
THEY'VE ONLY DESTROYED MY MIND MACHINE... THE FORMULA TO CREATE OTHERS--BETTER ONES--IS STILL IN MY HEAD...
I'LL FIND ANOTHER BASE ...BUILD ANEW...
AND THIS TIME, NO ONE WILL STOP ME!
NO ONE!
BEAUTIFUL! HE'S GETTING AWAY. AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FOLLOW A MAN WHO CAN GLIDE, WITHOUT YOUR BILLY CLUB? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE.
BUT WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU, MATTHEW. A MAN DEPENDANT ON A GADGET, A CRUTCH?


NO WAY!
PEOPLE CALL YOU: THE-MAN WITHOUT-FEAR --IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SHOWED 'EM WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN.
GERONIMO!
STEEL-CORDED MUSCLES FLEX, SNAP TAUT, DAREDEVIL'S BODY STRETCH-ING FOR THE NEXT ROOF-TOP...
AND DAREDEVIL SMILES. BECAUSE NOW IT'S ALL UP TO HIM, BY HIMSELF, WITHOUT ANYONE OR ANY-THING TO HELP HIM.
DAREDEVIL! NO, IT CAN'T BE...
AND HE FINDS HE LIKES IT THAT WAY.
WHY NOT, OWLEY? IT'S NOT NICE TO RUN OUT AND LEAVE YOUR BOYS HOLDING THE BAG!
FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME! THE SKY IS MY ELEMENT AND YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN A FISH OUT OF WATER!
MISSED!
DAREDEVIL'S BODY TWISTS IMPOSSIBLY IN MID-AIR, HIS ARM GRABBING FOR A HANDHOLD IN A LAST, DESPERATE BID FOR SURVIVAL...
GRABBING ...AND HOLDING!
HA! YOU'RE HELPLESS, DAREDEVIL! WITHOUT YOUR BILLY CLUB YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER SECOND-RATE ACROBAT!
AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN THAT GOOD!
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, OWL?

YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
WHA --OH NOOOo!
WE'RE FALLING! YOU MADMAN, YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!
RELAX, OWLEY, NO ONE'S GOING TO DIE JUST YET...
FRUMP!
POW!
LEAST OF ALL YOU!
HIS UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN DRAPED ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS, DAREDEVIL HOOFS IT BACK TO THE OWL'S HEADQUARTERS... ONLY TO FIND THE SITUATION THERE WELL IN HAND...
DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! BUT WEREN'T YOU AFFECTED BY THE GAS?
THE GAS? I'M... NOT SURE, REALLY. I SUPPOSE THE POISON THE OWL GAVE ME ACTED AS A KIND OF ...DETERRANT.
FUNNY, ISN'T IT? THE OWL TRIPPED HIMSELF UP THIS TIME.


THE FOG LIES THICK OVER THE GOLDEN GATE A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE MORNING SUN SHADES THE HILLS DARK VELVET... AND TWO LOVERS MEET TO SAY GOOD-BYE...
Y'KNOW, THIS BILLY CLUB IVAN WORKED UP FOR ME IS BEAUTIFUL. IT WORKS PER-FECTLY.
I MEAN, I KNEW HE WAS A GOOD MECHANIC, BUT AN ENGINEER AS WELL...
DON'T LET HIS ENGLISH FOOL YOU...
IN RUSSIAN, HE MAKES REED RICHARDS SOUND LIKE A FUNCTIONAL ILLITERATE.
NATASHA... I'M LEAVING FOR NEW YORK. I NEED AN ANSWER: WILL YOU COME WITH ME?
NO.
WHY NOT?
I'M A PROUD WO-MAN, MATT, PERHAPS TOO PROUD. I WON'T ACCEPT CHAR-ITY FROM ANY-ONE-- ESPE-CIALLY YOU.
I... LOVE YOU... BUT I WON'T COME TO YOU EXCEPT AS YOUR EQUAL.
UNTIL ALL I WANT FROM YOU-- IS YOU-- NOT WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME.
"I WON'T CHEAPEN WHAT WE FEEL FOR EACH OTHER BY PUTTING A PRICE TAG ON IT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"
"YEAH... I UNDERSTAND. GOOD BYE, NATASHA."
GOODBYE, MY LOVE.
"BUT REMEMBER, TASHA, WHEN YOU DO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'VE LEFT PLANE TICKETS FOR YOU AND IVAN. I'LL BE ...WAITING FOR YOU..."
IT BEGAN IN NIGHT-MARE, AND IT ENDS IN PAIN, THE PAIN OF FAREWELL, OF LONGING...
AND IN THE END... OF LOVE.

DAREDEVIL
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
YOU'VE HAD IT, HERO-MAN! TODAY BELONGS TO BLACKWING AND THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!
THE MOST OFF-BEAT D.D. THRILL-FEST OF ALL!
"CIRCUS SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DEATH!"
WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T THE MARVEL AGE OF MIND-BENDING MAYHEM?

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! ™

GERRY CONWAY SCRIPTER / DON HECK ARTIST / VINCE COLLETTA INKER / KAREN POCOCK, letterer P GOLDBERG, colorist / ROY THOMAS EDITOR

CIRCUS SPELLED SIDEWAYS IS DEATH!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: FOR OUR BLIND HERO, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE'S NEVER **LEFT** IT... AND IN A SENSE HE NEVER **HAS.**

IT'S **HIM,** BOSS-- JUST LIKE YA **SAID,** IT'S **HIM!**

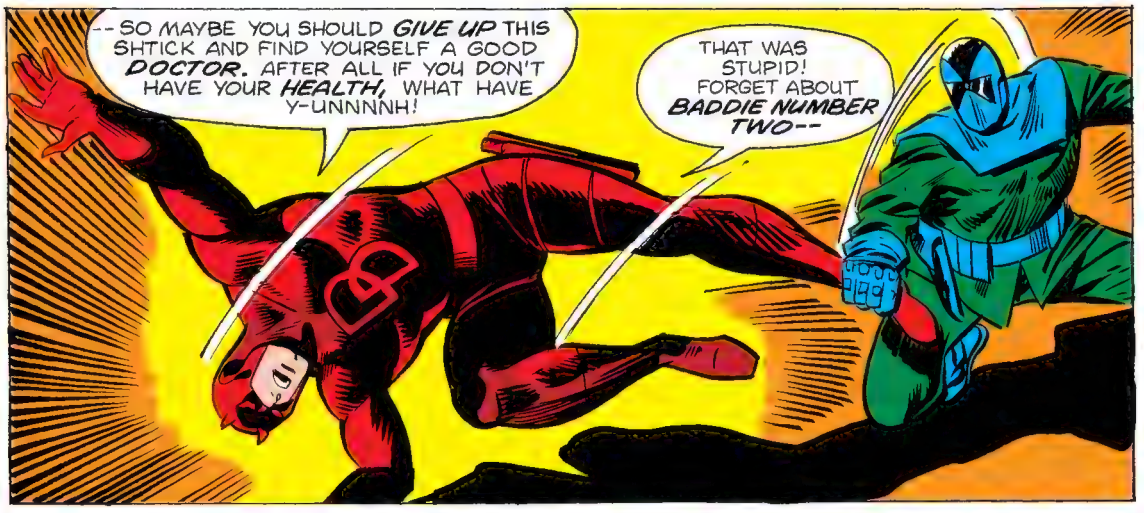
SPIDER-MAN?

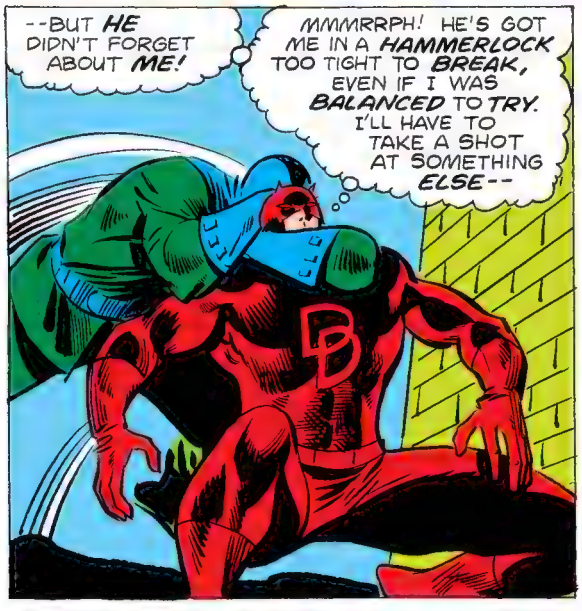
THOUGH HE'S BEEN BACK FOR SEVERAL **MONTHS,** IT STILL SEEMS **FRESH** TO TO HIM--IF A CITY LIKE MANHATTAN CAN **EVER** BE FRESH--

--STILL FRESH-- AND ALWAYS STILL DEADLY!

NAH-- DAREDEVIL!

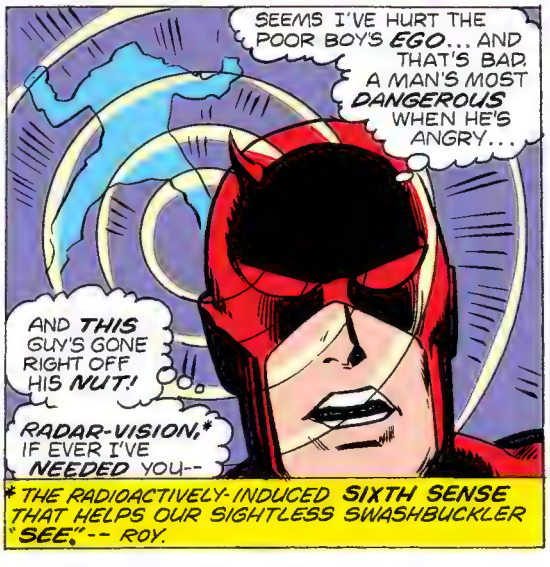
C'MON, FELLAS -- I HAVEN'T BEEN GONE THAT LONG! AND BESIDES -- I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS THE KIND OF GUY WHO'S HARD TO FORGET --
--KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
EEEEYOW
HEY, YOU'RE A REAL HOTSHOT, AIN'TCHA, HORN-HEAD? A REGULAR HENNY GOODMAN.
DUDES LIKE YOU MAKE ME SICK -- WITH ALL YER JOKIN', YER SMART-MOUTH BUNK.
ME, I DON'T BELIEVE IN RAPPIN' WITH A PUNK --
--ME, I LET MY FISTS DO ALL MY TALKIN' -- AND MISTER, THEY TALK REAL FINE!
SON, SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR ATTITUDE BOTHERS ME. IT SEEMS DECIDEDLY SCHIZOPHRENIC.
ON THE ONE HAND, YOU TELL ME YOU DON'T LIKE TO TALK -- AND ON THE OTHER --
--YOU JAW YOUR MOUTH OFF!
THAT STRIKES ME AS BEING A BIT SICK --

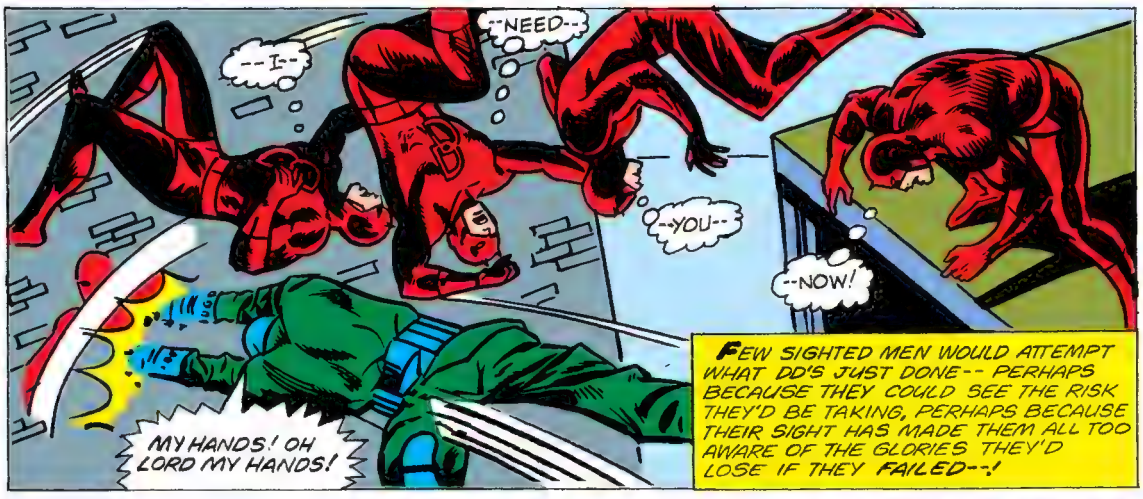

--SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD GIVE UP THIS SHTICK AND FIND YOURSELF A GOOD DOCTOR. AFTER ALL IF YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR HEALTH, WHAT HAVE Y-UNNNNH!
THAT WAS STUPID! FORGET ABOUT BADDIE NUMBER TWO--


--BUT HE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME!
MMMRRPH! HE'S GOT ME IN A HAMMERLOCK TOO TIGHT TO BREAK, EVEN IF I WAS BALANCED TO TRY. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SHOT AT SOMETHING ELSE--

THIS!
WHAT THE HEY--? UMMPPHH!

THAT GOON ALWAYS WAS AN IDIOT-- DIDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TA TIE HIS OWN SHOELACES BEFORE HE MET ME!
I WAS THE ONE WHO THOUGHT UP THESE COSTUMES-- ALL THIS WAS MY PLAN, MINE--
--AND NOBODY'S GONNA RUIN IT-- NOT YOU, NOT NOBODY!


SEEMS I'VE HURT THE POOR BOY'S EGO... AND THAT'S BAD. A MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS WHEN HE'S ANGRY...
AND THIS GUY'S GONE RIGHT OFF HIS NUT!
RADAR-VISION,* IF EVER I'VE NEEDED YOU--
* THE RADIOACTIVELY-INDUCED SIXTH SENSE THAT HELPS OUR SIGHTLESS SWASHBUCKLER "SEE." -- ROY.


--I--
--NEED--
--YOU--
--NOW!
MY HANDS! OH LORD MY HANDS!
FEW SIGHTED MEN WOULD ATTEMPT WHAT DD'S JUST DONE-- PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY COULD SEE THE RISK THEY'D BE TAKING, PERHAPS BECAUSE THEIR SIGHT HAS MADE THEM ALL TOO AWARE OF THE GLORIES THEY'D LOSE IF THEY FAILED--!

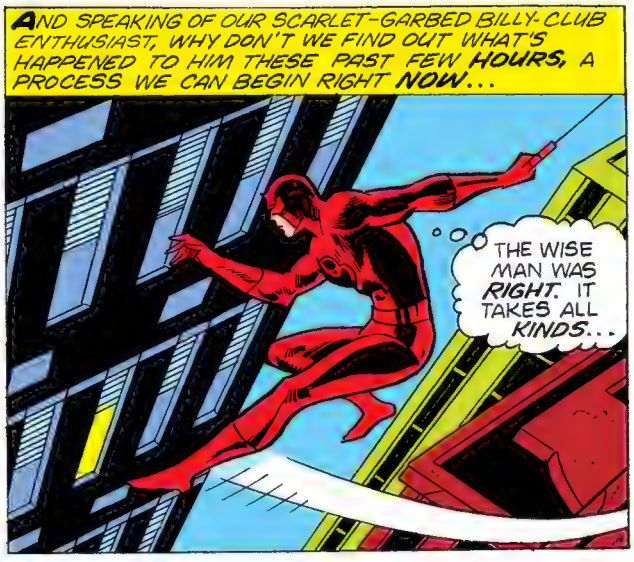
WHATEVER THE REASON, HE IS WHAT HE IS -- HE DOES WHAT HE DOES-- AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
YER GONNA HURT FER THIS, MISTER-- YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL BROKEN AN' BLEEDIN' WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU!
YER FRIENDS AIN'T GONNA KNOW YA, THEY AIN'T--

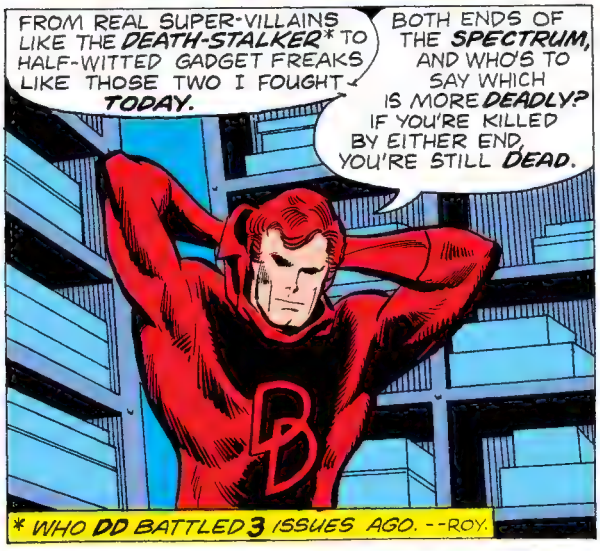
SPRAAYNNGG

KTV
BLAST HIM! BLAST THAT COSTUMED FOOL!
HE'LL DISRUPT EVERYTHING--

EVERYTHING! FOR MONTHS WE'VE HELD A LOW PROFILE, PLAYING BACKWATER TOWNS, BIDING OUR TIME FOR A TRULY MAGNIFICIENT SCORE-- AND NOW THIS!
IS THERE NO JUSTICE? NO DECENCY? MUST THE RINGMASTER ALWAYS BE DEFEATED BEFORE HE'S BEGUN?
FRIENDS! YOUR ATTENTION, IF I MAY-- I'VE A SMALL ANNOUNCEMENT. IT APPEARS WE HAVE YET ANOTHER MATTER TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE WE STRIKE!
DAREDEVIL!
DAREDEVIL? BUT WHY, RINGMASTER-- WHY HIM?
NO, I WON'T HAVE IT... SOMEHOW, WE'LL DESTROY THAT HORNED FOOL... IN A WAY ONLY THE CIRCUS OF CRIME CAN!
WE'VE FOUGHT HIM BEFORE,* WE KNOW HIS WEAKNESS-- IF ANY TEAM CAN DEFEAT HIM, WE SHOULD BE THAT TEAM-- AND WE ARE, AND WE WILL!
*SPIDER-MAN #16-- ROY.
BECAUSE OF THE NEW MEMBER OF OUR CIRCUS, PRINCESS PYTHON-- THE MAN CALLED BLACKWING!
I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE DAREDEVIL IS IMPERVEOUS TO MY HYPNOTIC POWERS* --WHICH PUTS OUR TEAMMATE IN CONSIDERABLE JEOPARDY!
*NATCH--BECUSE HE CAN'T SEE THE RING-MASTER TO BE ENTRANCED BY HIM!--ROY.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT COSTUMED BLUNDERER, RING-MASTER... NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE MY BATS.
YOUR FEARS--OR LACK OF THEM-- DO NOT CONCERN ME, BLACKWING. THE SUCCESS OF OUR "CAPER" DOES. DAREDEVIL IS A DANGER--

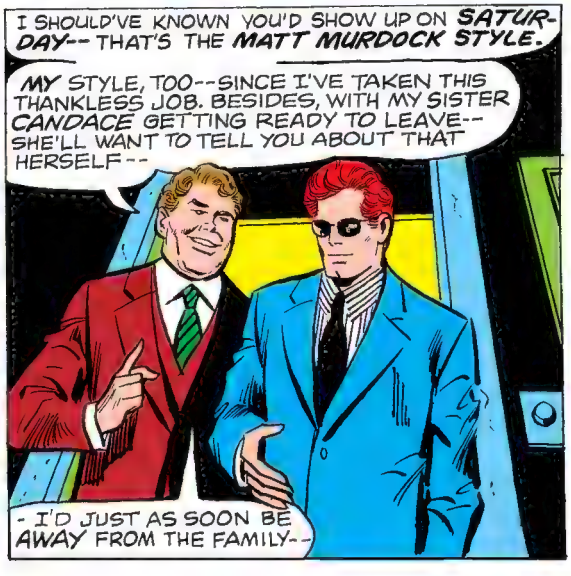
--AND MUST BE ELIMINATED--ONCE AND FOR ALL!

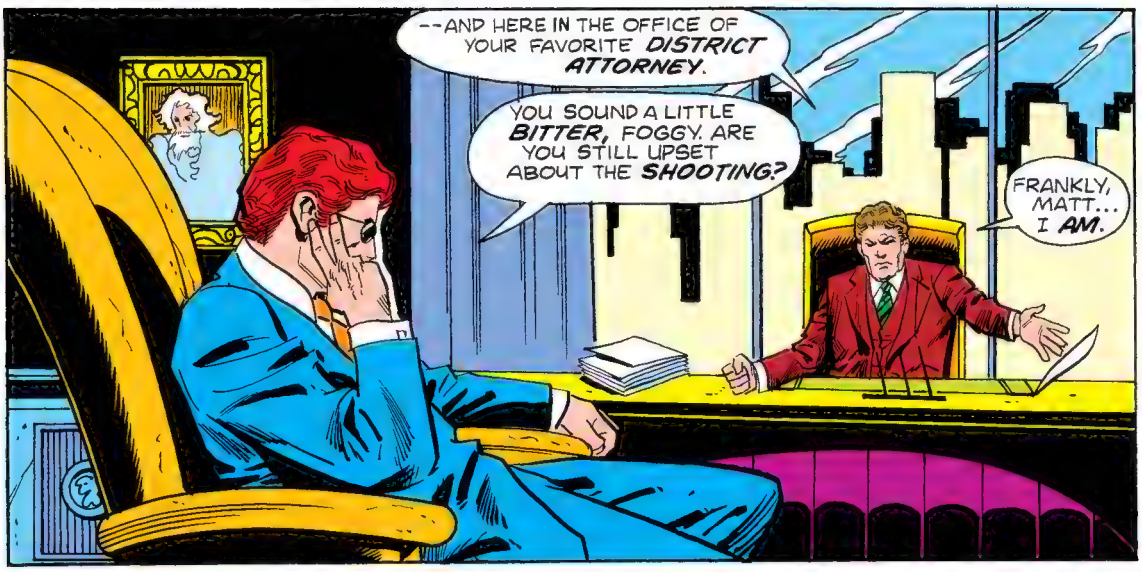

AND SPEAKING OF OUR SCARLET-GARBED BILLY-CLUB ENTHUSIAST, WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM THESE PAST FEW HOURS, A PROCESS WE CAN BEGIN RIGHT NOW...
THE WISE MAN WAS RIGHT. IT TAKES ALL KINDS...

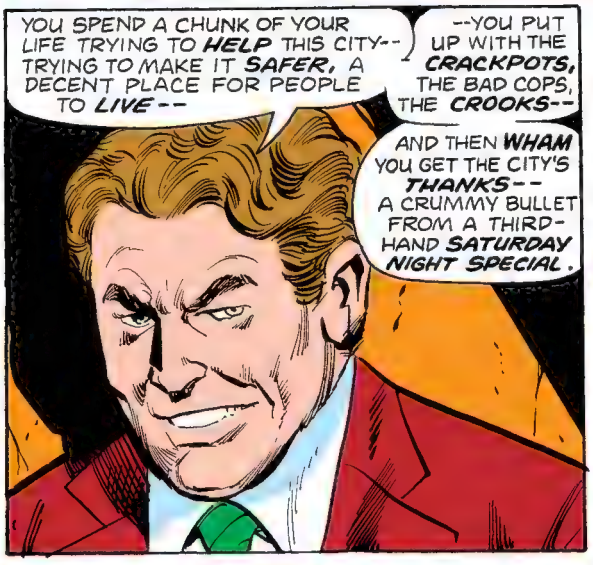

FROM REAL SUPER-VILLAINS LIKE THE DEATH-STALKER* TO HALF-WITTED GADGET FREAKS LIKE THOSE TWO I FOUGHT TODAY.
BOTH ENDS OF THE SPECTRUM, AND WHO'S TO SAY WHICH IS MORE DEADLY? IF YOU'RE KILLED BY EITHER END, YOU'RE STILL DEAD.
* WHO DD BATTLED 3 ISSUES AGO. --ROY.

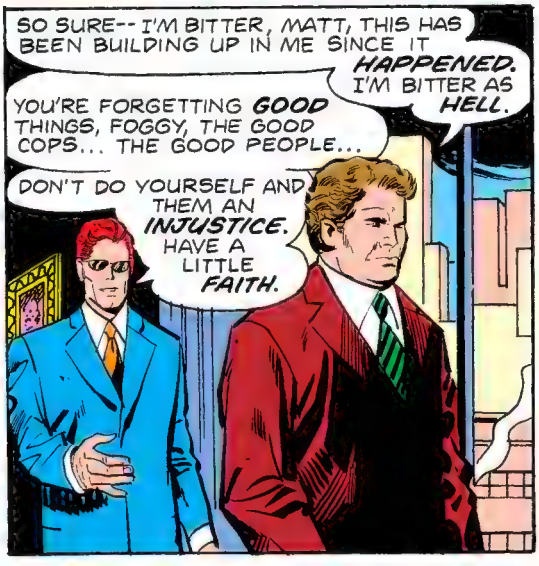
STILL AND ALL IT'S BEEN A QUIET DAY... AN INTROSPECTIVE DAY. I KEEP WONDERING HOW THE BLACK WIDOW IS DOING IN SAN FRANCISCO.
...AND WHETHER I SHOULD BE THERE, OR HERE WITH MY OLD SCHOOL BUDDY, FOGGY. IT'S HARD TO SAY...
STOCK

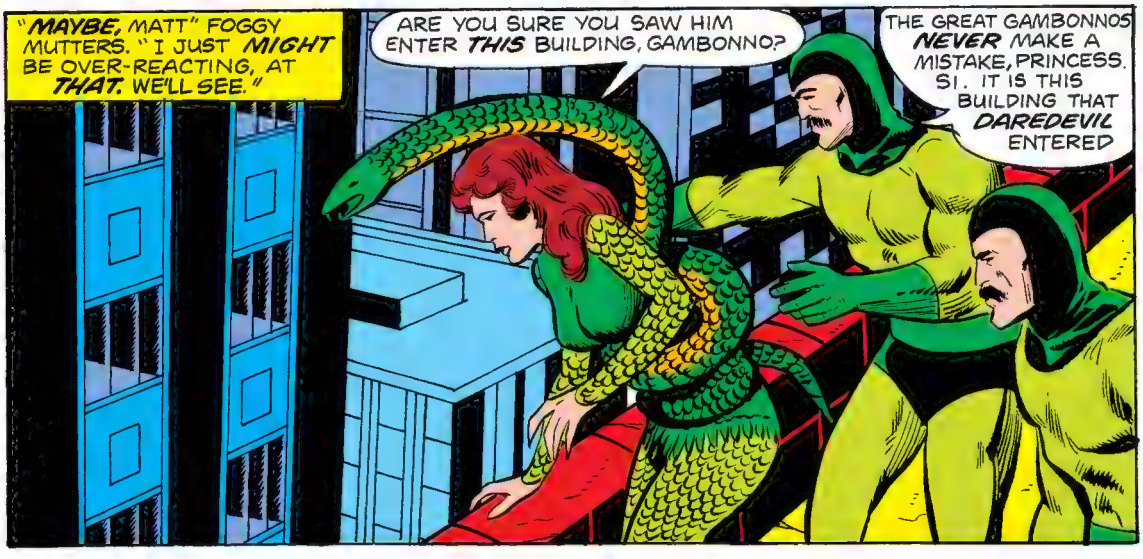
SOMETIMES YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUR LOYALTIES LIE. SPEAKING OF LOYALTIES, THERE'S MR. NELSON NOW.
HELLO? IS ANYONE HERE?
WHAT--? OH, MATT, IT'S YOU!


I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D SHOW UP ON SATURDAY--THAT'S THE MATT MURDOCK STYLE.
MY STYLE, TOO--SINCE I'VE TAKEN THIS THANKLESS JOB. BESIDES, WITH MY SISTER CANDACE GETTING READY TO LEAVE--SHE'LL WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT HERSELF--
- I'D JUST AS SOON BE AWAY FROM THE FAMILY--


--AND HERE IN THE OFFICE OF YOUR FAVORITE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
YOU SOUND A LITTLE BITTER, FOGGY. ARE YOU STILL UPSET ABOUT THE SHOOTING?
FRANKLY, MATT... I AM.

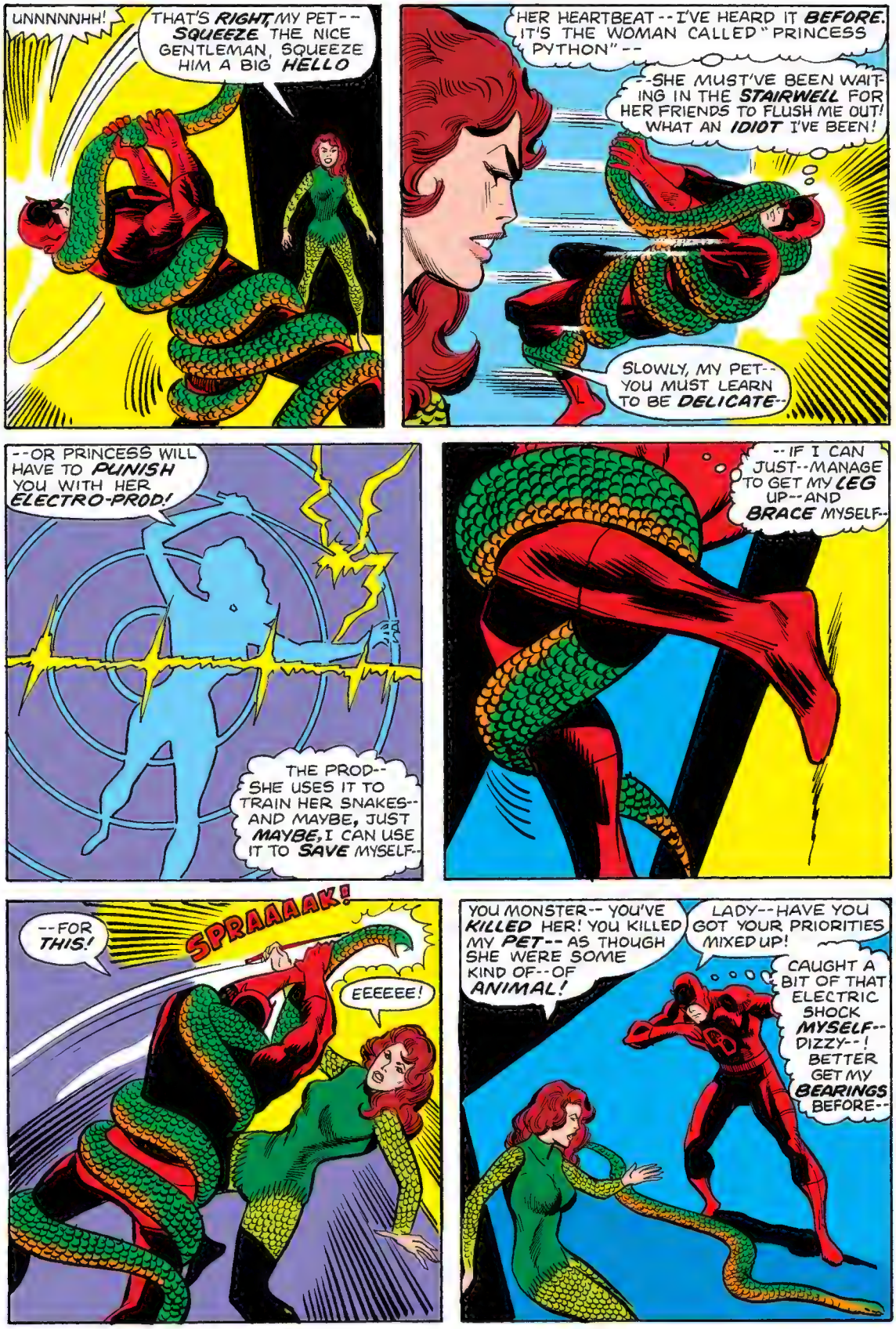

YOU SPEND A CHUNK OF YOUR LIFE TRYING TO HELP THIS CITY-- TRYING TO MAKE IT SAFER, A DECENT PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE--
--YOU PUT UP WITH THE CRACKPOTS, THE BAD COPS, THE CROOKS--
AND THEN WHAM YOU GET THE CITY'S THANKS-- A CRUMMY BULLET FROM A THIRD-HAND SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL.

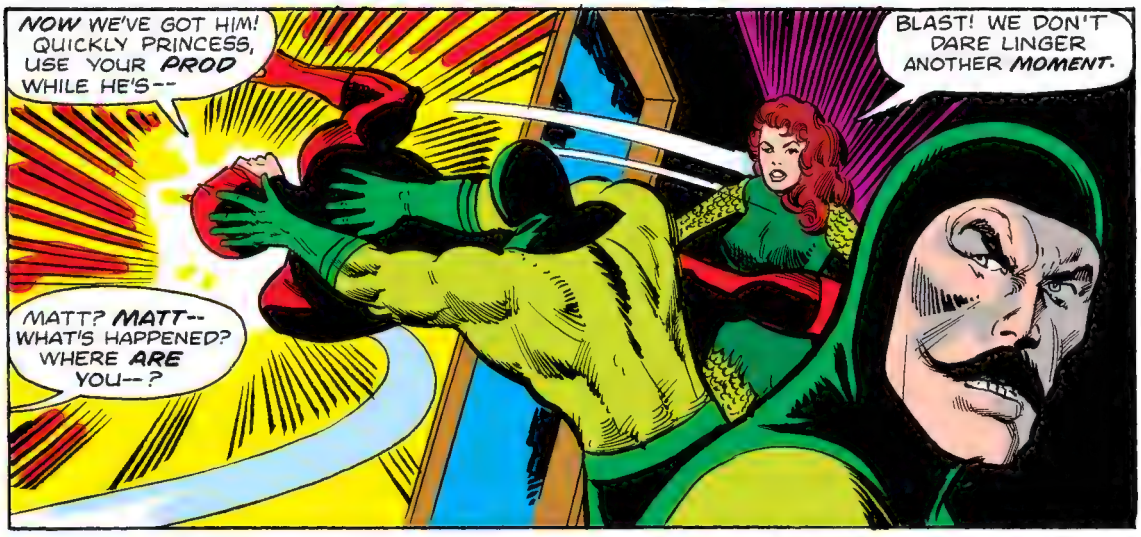

SO SURE-- I'M BITTER, MATT, THIS HAS BEEN BUILDING UP IN ME SINCE IT HAPPENED. I'M BITTER AS HELL.
YOU'RE FORGETTING GOOD THINGS, FOGGY, THE GOOD COPS... THE GOOD PEOPLE...
DON'T DO YOURSELF AND THEM AN INJUSTICE. HAVE A LITTLE FAITH.


"MAYBE, MATT" FOGGY MUTTERS. "I JUST MIGHT BE OVER-REACTING, AT THAT. WE'LL SEE."
ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW HIM ENTER THIS BUILDING, GAMBONNO?
THE GREAT GAMBONNOS NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE, PRINCESS. SI. IT IS THIS BUILDING THAT DAREDEVIL ENTERED

THEN WE HAVE NO CHOICE. RINGMASTER ORDERED US TO FIND HIM--AND DESTROY HIM.
SINCE ONLY ONE WINDOW IN THAT BUILDING IS LIT, IT'S THAT OFFICE WE MUST ATTACK!
HIIIIIIIIIII YO!
GOOD LORD! MY RADAR SENSE IS SCREAMING AT ME--THOSE TWO MEN, SMASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW--I'VE FOUGHT THEM BEFORE--
THEY'RE PART OF THE CIRCUS OF CRIME! BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
DAREDEVIL'S NOT HERE--HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! TRY THE OUTER OFFICE--TRY THE CORRIDORS--
--BUT FIND HIM! FIND HIM!
THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'VE ALREADY FOUND DAREDEVIL--BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M JUST A BLIND MAN. WE'LL "SEE" ABOUT THAT--

--WHEN THEY MEET THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
A FEW SECONDS LATER, IN THE HALL OUTSIDE THE D.A.'S OFFICE...
NOTHING! BUT I COULD'VE SWORN THAT I'D SEEN HIM-- IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM!
AU CONTRAIRE, MON AMI--
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT FIND ME, SINCE I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!
GET THE PICTURE?
WELL, THAT WAS QUICK, I'VE HEARD OF QUITTERS, BUT YOU FELLOWS TAKE THE PRIZE.
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH, OR SOMETHING-- I COULD'VE SWORN I DIDN'T HIT YOU THAT HARD!
I MEAN, IT'S AS THOUGH YOU WANTED ME TO--


UNNNNNHH!
THAT'S RIGHT, MY PET-- SQUEEZE THE NICE GENTLEMAN, SQUEEZE HIM A BIG HELLO
HER HEARTBEAT--I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE. IT'S THE WOMAN CALLED "PRINCESS PYTHON"--
--SHE MUST'VE BEEN WAITING IN THE STAIRWELL FOR HER FRIENDS TO FLUSH ME OUT! WHAT AN IDIOT I'VE BEEN!
SLOWLY, MY PET-- YOU MUST LEARN TO BE DELICATE--
--OR PRINCESS WILL HAVE TO PUNISH YOU WITH HER ELECTRO-PROD!
THE PROD-- SHE USES IT TO TRAIN HER SNAKES-- AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, I CAN USE IT TO SAVE MYSELF--
--IF I CAN JUST--MANAGE TO GET MY LEG UP--AND BRACE MYSELF--
--FOR THIS!
SPRAAAAK!
EEEEEE!
YOU MONSTER-- YOU'VE KILLED HER! YOU KILLED MY PET-- AS THOUGH SHE WERE SOME KIND OF--OF ANIMAL!
LADY--HAVE YOU GOT YOUR PRIORITIES MIXED UP!
CAUGHT A BIT OF THAT ELECTRIC SHOCK MYSELF-- DIZZY--! BETTER GET MY BEARINGS BEFORE--

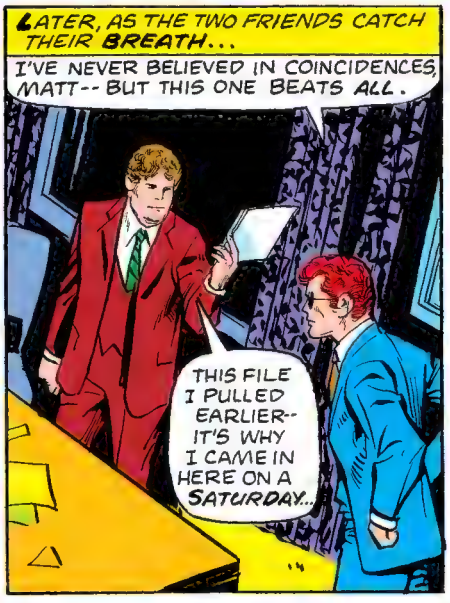

NOW WE'VE GOT HIM! QUICKLY PRINCESS, USE YOUR PROD WHILE HE'S--
BLAST! WE DON'T DARE LINGER ANOTHER MOMENT.
MATT? MATT-- WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE YOU--?

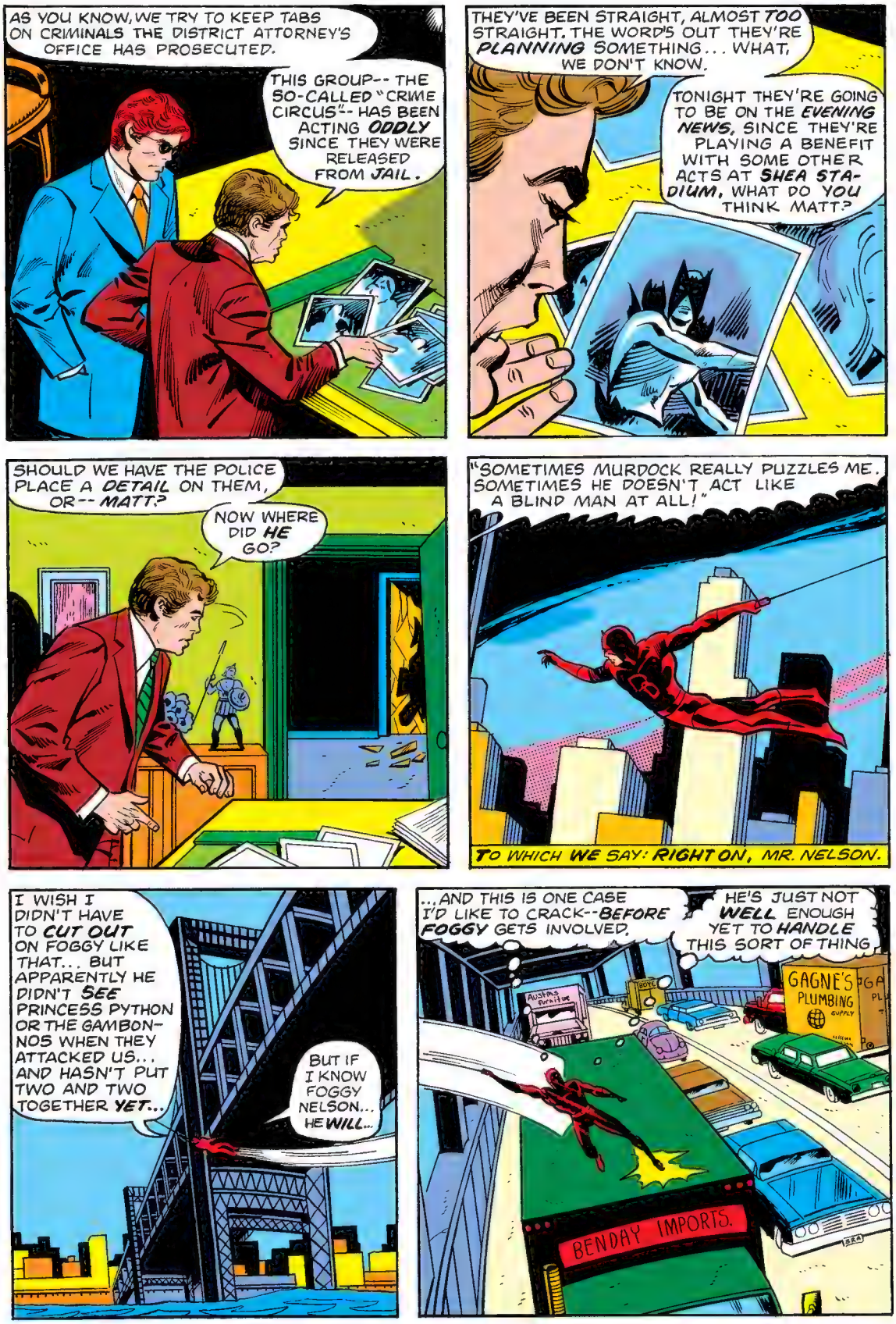
BEING DISCOVERED WITH DAREDEVIL WOULD BE PREMATURE--
--AND AT THIS POINT, WE CAN AFFORD NO SET-BACKS--FOR WITHIN THE HOUR--
--WE ACT.

MATT--ARE YOU OUT HERE? ANSWER ME, MATT...
LORD IN HEAVEN ... WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

FOGGY NELSON MAY NEVER RECEIVE AN ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION... AND AT THIS MOMENT, HE MAY NOT REALLY WANT ONE...
DEAR LORD... NO.
FOGGY?

THERE YOU ARE! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEEN HURT WHEN THOSE KOOKS CRASHED IN HERE--YOU HAD ME WORRIED, FELLA.
I HAD YOU WORRIED?
NEVER MIND, IT'S OVER NOW-- WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAPPENED.


LATER, AS THE TWO FRIENDS CATCH THEIR BREATH...
I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN COINCIDENCES, MATT-- BUT THIS ONE BEATS ALL.
THIS FILE I PULLED EARLIER-- IT'S WHY I CAME IN HERE ON A SATURDAY...


AS YOU KNOW, WE TRY TO KEEP TABS ON CRIMINALS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE HAS PROSECUTED.
THIS GROUP-- THE SO-CALLED "CRIME CIRCUS"-- HAS BEEN ACTING ODDLY SINCE THEY WERE RELEASED FROM JAIL.
THEY'VE BEEN STRAIGHT, ALMOST TOO STRAIGHT. THE WORD'S OUT THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING... WHAT, WE DON'T KNOW.
TONIGHT THEY'RE GOING TO BE ON THE EVENING NEWS, SINCE THEY'RE PLAYING A BENEFIT WITH SOME OTHER ACTS AT SHEA STADIUM. WHAT DO YOU THINK MATT?
SHOULD WE HAVE THE POLICE PLACE A DETAIL ON THEM, OR-- MATT?
NOW WHERE DID HE GO?
"SOMETIMES MURDOCK REALLY PUZZLES ME. SOMETIMES HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE A BLIND MAN AT ALL!"
TO WHICH WE SAY: RIGHT ON, MR. NELSON.
I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO CUT OUT ON FOGGY LIKE THAT... BUT APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T SEE PRINCESS PYTHON OR THE GAMBONNOS WHEN THEY ATTACKED US... AND HASN'T PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER YET...
BUT IF I KNOW FOGGY NELSON... HE WILL...
...AND THIS IS ONE CASE I'D LIKE TO CRACK--BEFORE FOGGY GETS INVOLVED.
HE'S JUST NOT WELL ENOUGH YET TO HANDLE THIS SORT OF THING
GAGNE'S PLUMBING
BENDAY IMPORTS.

LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FAMOUS MARVEL TIME PARADOX, AND **LEAP AHEAD** A FEW HOURS TO THE EARLY EVENING...

...AND PICK UP OUR STORY IN **QUEENS, NY,** IN FLUSHING MEADOWS, THE LOCATION OF **SHEA STADIUM**...

...WHERE THE PIECES OF OUR STORY-PUZZLE ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE...

WE'RE ON IN **FIVE MINUTES.** TRY TO **REMEMBER,** YOU FOOLS...DAREDEVIL WILL BE THE GREATEST **THREAT** TO OUR SUCCESS.

ABOVE ALL, **DON'T** GET COCKY...

...WE'VE COME **TOO FAR,** PLANNED **TOO HARD,** TO HAVE IT ALL END BECAUSE WE TOOK TOO MUCH LUCK FOR **GRANTED!**

SURE, RINGMASTER, **SURE.**

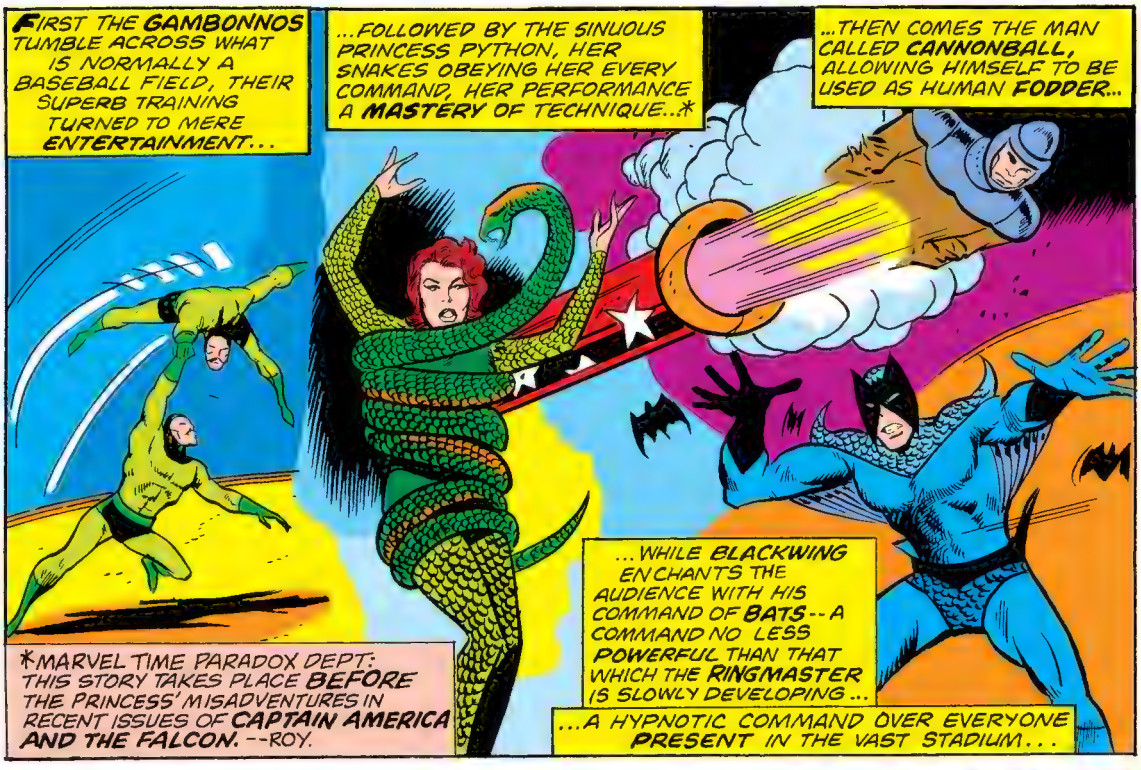
LET'S JUST GET THIS SHOW ON THE **ROAD.**

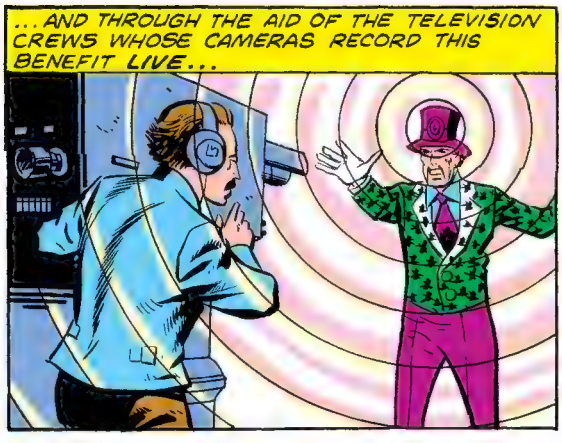
"THE SMELL OF THE GREASEPAINT, THE ROAR OF THE **CROWD**"--WORDS WHICH HAVE FORMED THE BASIS OF **MANY** POPULAR SONGS, AND THE EXPRESSION OF AN IDEA WHICH STIRS THE SPIRITS OF MILLIONS OF CHILDREN, AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF MAGIC: **THE CIRCUS!**

BUT, ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, THOSE WORDS MAY COME TO MEAN SOMETHING MORE... SOMETHING **EVIL.**

FOR, **TONIGHT**... THIS EAGER AUDIENCE WILL MEET...

...THE CIRCUS OF CRIME!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!
IN THIS RING FOR YOUR DELIGHT AND EDIFICATION--STARTING WITH THE DEATH-DEFYING GYMNASTICS OF THE GREAT GAMBONNOS!


FIRST THE GAMBONNOS TUMBLE ACROSS WHAT IS NORMALLY A BASEBALL FIELD, THEIR SUPERB TRAINING TURNED TO MERE ENTERTAINMENT...
...FOLLOWED BY THE SINUOUS PRINCESS PYTHON, HER SNAKES OBEYING HER EVERY COMMAND, HER PERFORMANCE A MASTERY OF TECHNIQUE..*
...THEN COMES THE MAN CALLED CANNONBALL, ALLOWING HIMSELF TO BE USED AS HUMAN FODDER...
...WHILE BLACKWING ENCHANTS THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS COMMAND OF BATS--A COMMAND NO LESS POWERFUL THAN THAT WHICH THE RINGMASTER IS SLOWLY DEVELOPING...
...A HYPNOTIC COMMAND OVER EVERYONE PRESENT IN THE VAST STADIUM...
*MARVEL TIME PARADOX DEPT: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE PRINCESS' MISADVENTURES IN RECENT ISSUES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON. --ROY.

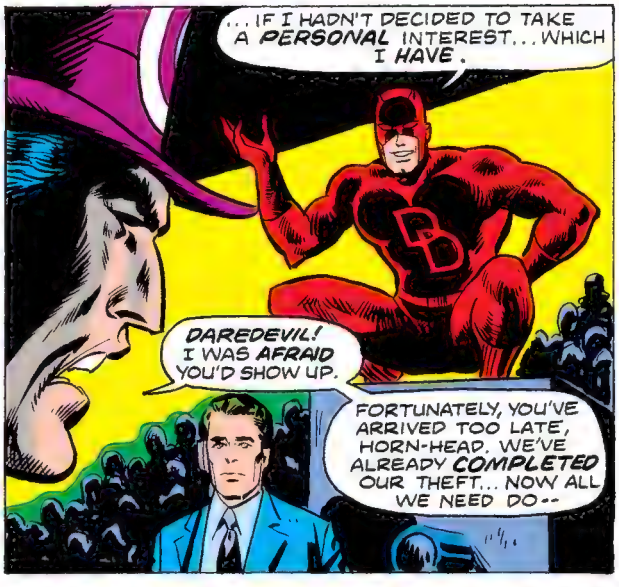

...AND THROUGH THE AID OF THE TELEVISION CREWS WHOSE CAMERAS RECORD THIS BENEFIT LIVE...

...OVER PEOPLE NOT PRESENT IN THE STADIUM AS WELL!
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--YES... A CIRCUS TO DELIGHT YOU... A CIRCUS TO COMMAND YOU...

...AND YOU ARE IN OUR COMMAND, AREN'T YOU,
YOU HAVE NO WILL OF YOUR OWN...
... NO DESIRE BUT TO PLEASE US, TO GIVE US YOUR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSIONS IN PAYMENT FOR THE JOY WE BRING YOU...
AND YOU WILL GIVE US YOUR VALUABLES... YOUR JEWELS... YOUR MONEY.
YOU WILL GIVE THEM TO BLACKWING'S PETS, WHO EVEN NOW FLY TO YOU...
"YES, THEY WILL COME TO YOU, ALL ACROSS THE CITY..."
AND YOU WILL GIVE THEM WHAT I ASK... YOU WILL...
"YOU WILL.
"AND YOU WILL NOT QUESTION...
"...YOU WILL MERELY DO AS I COMMAND...
"...NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE IN THE CITY."

AND IN DROVES THE BATS FLY OUT, AND IN DROVES THEY RETURN, THEIR GRIM AND FANTASTIC MISSION ACCOMPLISHED... AND EVEN THE MEN BEHIND THIS INCREDIBLE THEFT FIND THEMSELVES BOGGLING AT THE SUCCESS...
...GAPING AT THE WEALTH WHICH NOW IS THEIRS.

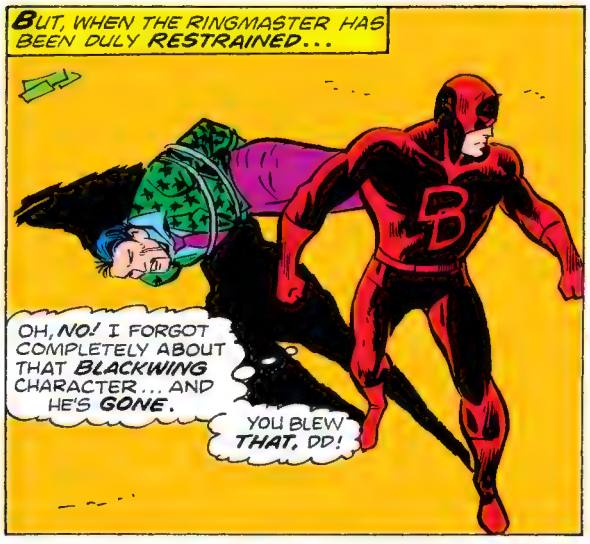
OR IS IT?
NOT BAD FELLAS. YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO...

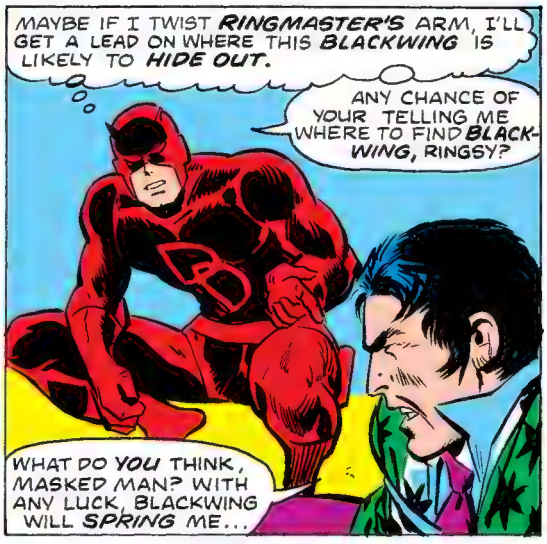

...IF I HADN'T DECIDED TO TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST... WHICH I HAVE.
DAREDEVIL! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SHOW UP.
FORTUNATELY, YOU'VE ARRIVED TOO LATE, HORN-HEAD. WE'VE ALREADY COMPLETED OUR THEFT... NOW ALL WE NEED DO--

--IS DISPOSE OF YOU!
TSK, TSK, GANG. WHY DO YOU THINK I WAITED THIS LONG TO DROP IN?

ONCE I REAIZED WHAT YOU WERE UP TO, I HAD TO SEE ABOUT ALERTING THE POLICE!
I DROPPED OFF AT THE NEAREST PRECINCT-- JOGGLED THE DESK SERGEANT OUT OF THE TRANCE YOUR TRICKS PUT HIM INTO--
--THEN HEADED ON BACK HERE, TO KEEP YOU JOKERS BUSY--

--UNTIL THE CAVALRY ARRIVES. GET THE PICTURE, CHUMPS?
HUHH!
KRUMP!
WHAP!
MUMMPH!
YA THINK HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH, RINGMASTER?
DOES IT MATTER? IF WE GET RID OF HIM, WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN THREE MINUTES-- ALONG WITH OUR LOOT!
SMASH HIM, CANNON-BALL!
WITH PLEASURE!
ACCORDING TO MY RADAR-SENSE, PRINCESS PYTHON HAS SICKED ONE OF HER SNAKES ON ME--SO IF I CAN TIME THIS RIGHT, AND SIDE-STEP CANNONBALL--
SMAP!
--HA! TALK ABOUT KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
AFTER SEEING TO THE PRINCESS HERSELF, OUR FAVORITE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO OTHER MATTERS...
PRINCESS PYTHON'LL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING OUT FROM UNDER THOSE TWO.
ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS CAPTURE THE RINGMASTER, AND I'M HOME FREE.
UNNNNH!
GOTCHA! FACE IT, FRIEND-- THE PARTY IS OVER.
YOU HAD YOUR BIG CHANCE, AND BUSTER-- YOU BLEW IT!


BUT, WHEN THE RINGMASTER HAS BEEN DULY RESTRAINED...
OH, NO! I FORGOT COMPLETELY ABOUT THAT BLACKWING CHARACTER... AND HE'S GONE.
YOU BLEW THAT, DD!


MAYBE IF I TWIST RINGMASTER'S ARM, I'LL GET A LEAD ON WHERE THIS BLACKWING IS LIKELY TO HIDE OUT.
ANY CHANCE OF YOUR TELLING ME WHERE TO FIND BLACK-WING, RINGSY?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MASKED MAN? WITH ANY LUCK, BLACKWING WILL SPRING ME...

...SO THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, AND WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF... THE BETTER IT IS FOR ME, SEE?
THANKS A LOT, PAL.
SAY, DAREDEVIL ...LOOKS LIKE YOU SAVED THE DAY!

REALLY? I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, OFFICER. PROBLEM IS-- ONE OF THE CROOKS GOT AWAY.
I'VE GOT A FEEL-ING HE'S GOING TO SHOW UP AGAIN...
...ONLY NEXT TIME-- NOT AS SOME-ONE'S JUNIOR PART-NER.

DON'T BET ON IT, FRIEND, THESE PUNK HOODS COME AND GO, Y'KNOW?
HEY-- WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? HOWCUM YOU'RE LEAVIN'?
I'VE DONE MY JOB, OFFICERS, NOW YOU'VE GOT TO DO YOURS. AND FRANKLY, I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT...

...AFTER ALL, SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO SORT OUT THAT LOOT AND RETURN IT TO ITS OWNERS...
...AND FRIENDS, I'M GLAD IT WON'T BE ME!
NEXT ISSUE: THE CRUSHER!

DAREDEVIL
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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
™
™
CO-STARRING THE DEADLY BLACK WIDOW!
I PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE COUNT, HERO-MAN--
--AND THIS TIME, YOU'RE NOT GETTING UP!
CHAOS IS THE CRUSHER!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TONY ISABELLA	BOB BROWN	DON HECK	DAVE HUNT, LETTERER S. GOLDBERG, COLORIST	LEN WEIN
WRITER	ARTIST	INKER		EDITOR

THEY'RE TEARING DOWN FOGWELL'S GYM!

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME MATT MURDOCK, A.K.A. DAREDEVIL, HAD A GOOD DAY?

WELL, THIS IS IT!

CONSIDER: IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, HE'S SEEN D.A. FOGGY NELSON, HIS FRIEND AND PARTNER, RECOVERED COMPLETELY FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, AND CANDACE NELSON, THE D.A.'S SISTER, RESCUED FROM POSSIBLE CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST HER.

ON A SOMEWHAT LARGER SCALE, HE'S JUST SAVED THE WORLD.*

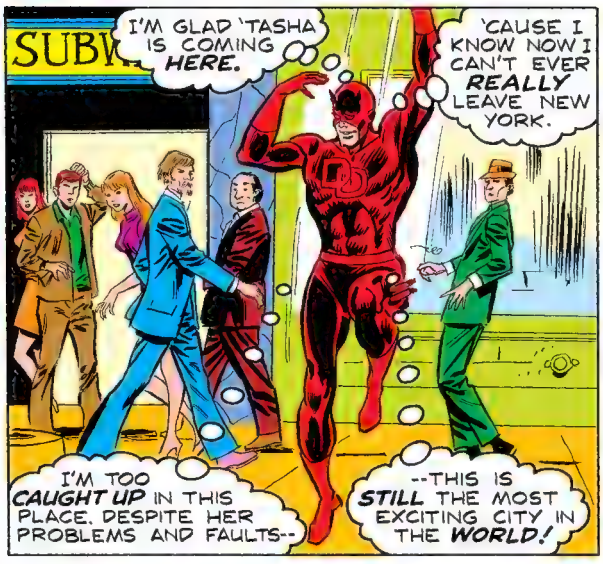
BUT, MUCH MORE IMPORTANTLY, A SAN FRANCISCAN-BORN TELEGRAM HAS JUST INFORMED HIM THAT...

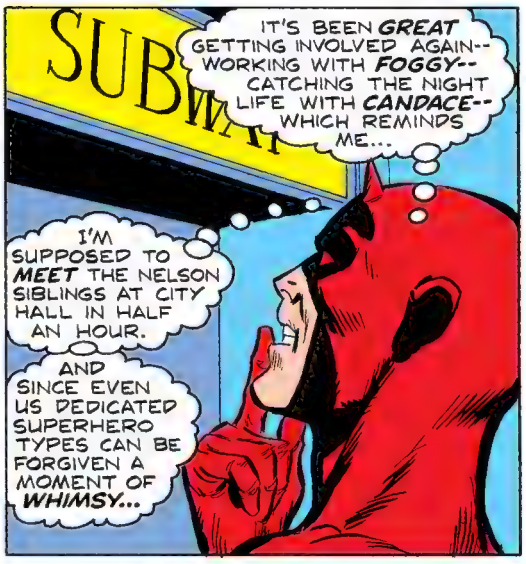
THE BLACK WIDOW'S COMING BACK TO NEW YORK!

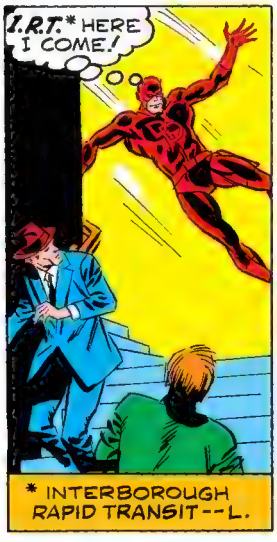
*GIANT-SIZE DEFENDERS #3 -- LEN W.

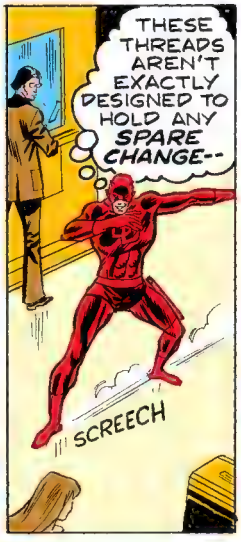
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT GUY? HE MUST BE INSANE!
YEAH...
SHOOT! HE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A JIVE COP IN LONG-JOHNS!
THAT "JIVE COP" --HE SAVE MY BROTHER LAST WEEK, MEESTER.
SO MAYBE YOU BETTER SHUT UP, NO?

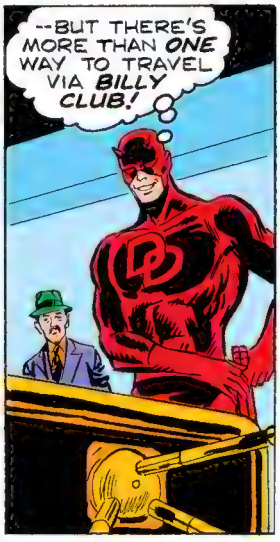
WHILE FAR ABOVE THE TIMES SQUARE CROWD...
IT'S BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE FOGGY WAS SHOT* AND I HAD TO LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO --FOUR MONTHS SINCE NATASHA AND I FOUGHT THE OWL** AND SHE TOLD ME:
*DD#108. **DD#116-117. --L.W.
"I... LOVE YOU... BUT I WON'T COME TO YOU EXCEPT AS YOUR EQUAL.
"UNTIL ALL I WANT FROM YOU IS YOU-- NOT WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME."
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MANAGED IT-- LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE AND IVAN WERE LIVING OUT OF HER ROLLS-- BUT SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS A FEW MONTHS TO STRAIGHTEN OUT HER DEBTS AND THEN SHE'LL BE HERE--
--IN TIME FOR THE NEW YEAR!
1975, YOU JUST MIGHT BE THE YEAR OF THE HORNHEAD!


I'M GLAD 'TASHA IS COMING HERE.
'CAUSE I KNOW NOW I CAN'T EVER REALLY LEAVE NEW YORK.
I'M TOO CAUGHT UP IN THIS PLACE, DESPITE HER PROBLEMS AND FAULTS--
--THIS IS STILL THE MOST EXCITING CITY IN THE WORLD!


IT'S BEEN GREAT GETTING INVOLVED AGAIN--WORKING WITH FOGGY--CATCHING THE NIGHT LIFE WITH CANDACE--WHICH REMINDS ME...
I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET THE NELSON SIBLINGS AT CITY HALL IN HALF AN HOUR.
AND SINCE EVEN US DEDICATED SUPERHERO TYPES CAN BE FORGIVEN A MOMENT OF WHIMSY...

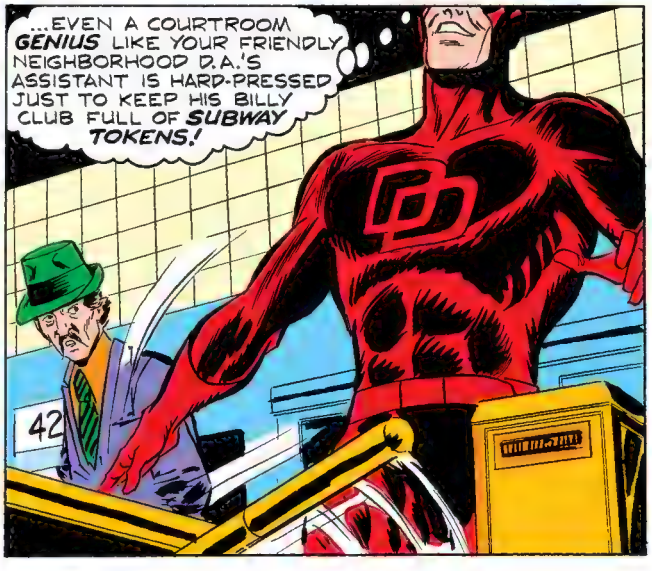

I.R.T.* HERE I COME!
* INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT--L.

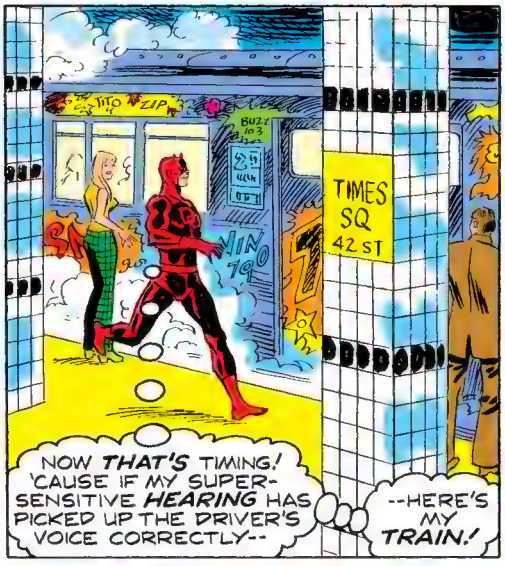

THESE THREADS AREN'T EXACTLY DESIGNED TO HOLD ANY SPARE CHANGE--
SCREECH

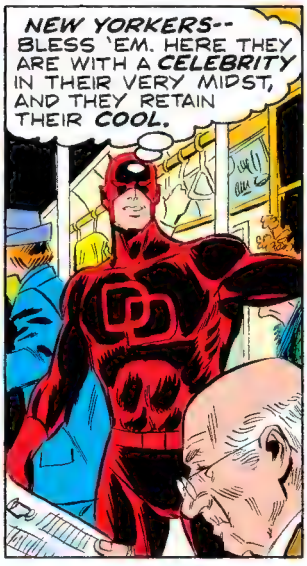

--BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO TRAVEL VIA BILLY CLUB!

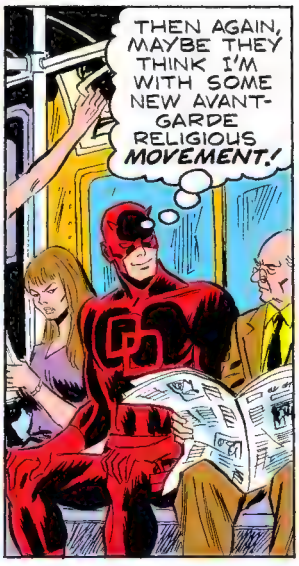
I'VE LOST TRACK OF ALL THE THINGS THIS HAS HELD IN THE PAST...

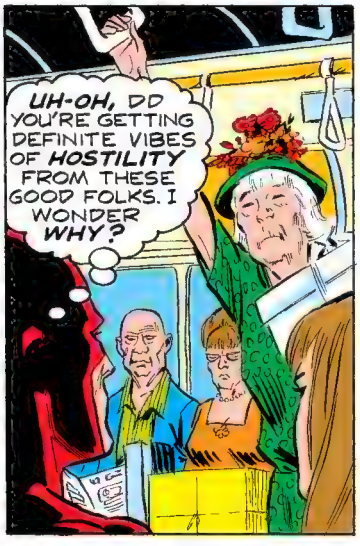
TAPE RECORDERS, SMOKE PELLETS, VITAMIN TABLETS, ETC. BUT IN THESE DAYS OF PRE-DEPRESSION INFLATION...
NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY

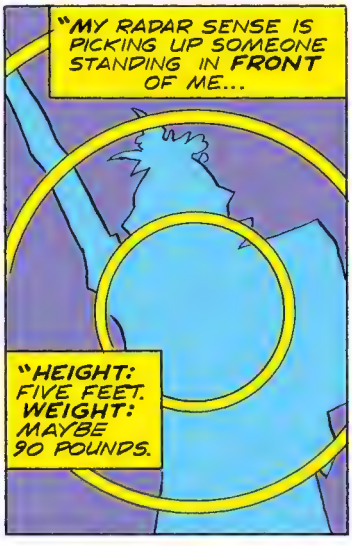

...EVEN A COURTROOM GENIUS LIKE YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD D.A.'S ASSISTANT IS HARD-PRESSED JUST TO KEEP HIS BILLY CLUB FULL OF SUBWAY TOKENS!
42

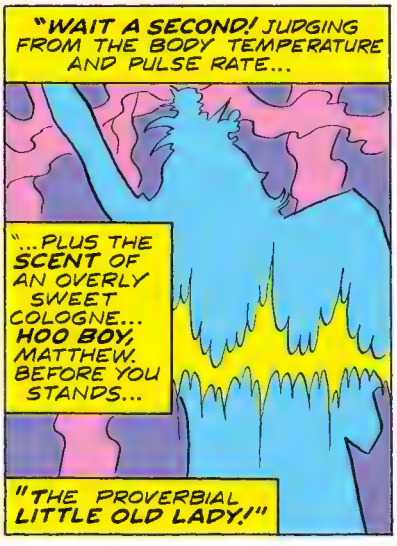

TIMES SQ 42 ST
NOW THAT'S TIMING! 'CAUSE IF MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING HAS PICKED UP THE DRIVER'S VOICE CORRECTLY--
--HERE'S MY TRAIN!

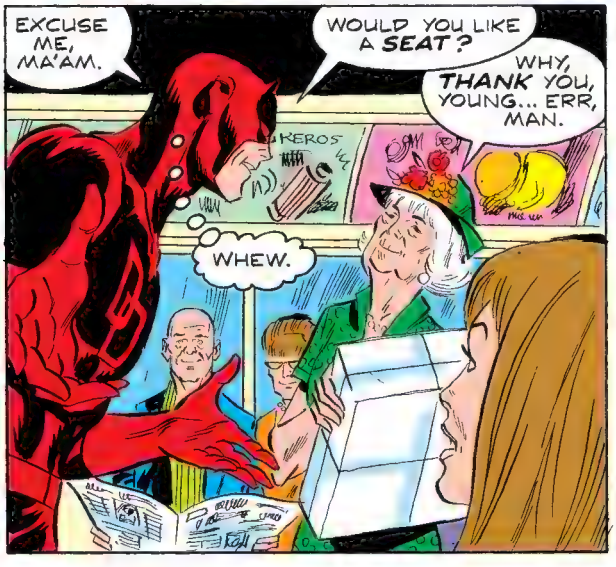

NEW YORKERS-- BLESS 'EM. HERE THEY ARE WITH A CELEBRITY IN THEIR VERY MIDST, AND THEY RETAIN THEIR COOL.


THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THEY THINK I'M WITH SOME NEW AVANT-GARDE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT!


UH-OH, DD YOU'RE GETTING DEFINITE VIBES OF HOSTILITY FROM THESE GOOD FOLKS. I WONDER WHY?


"MY RADAR SENSE IS PICKING UP SOMEONE STANDING IN FRONT OF ME...
"HEIGHT: FIVE FEET. WEIGHT: MAYBE 90 POUNDS.

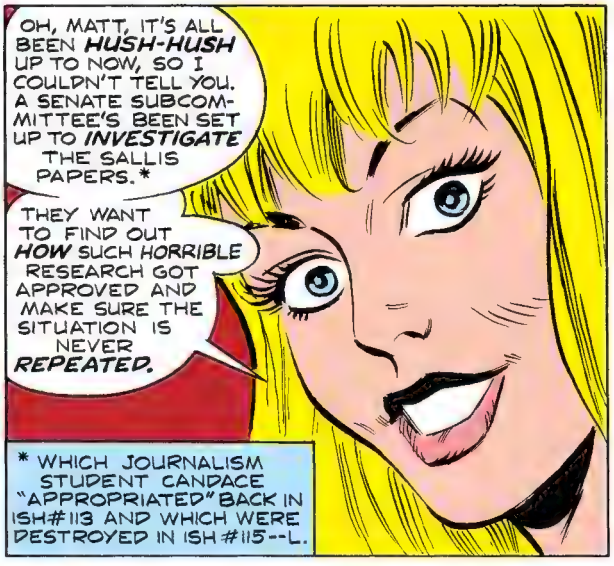

"WAIT A SECOND! JUDGING FROM THE BODY TEMPERATURE AND PULSE RATE...
"...PLUS THE SCENT OF AN OVERLY SWEET COLOGNE... HOO BOY, MATTHEW. BEFORE YOU STANDS...
"THE PROVERBIAL LITTLE OLD LADY!"

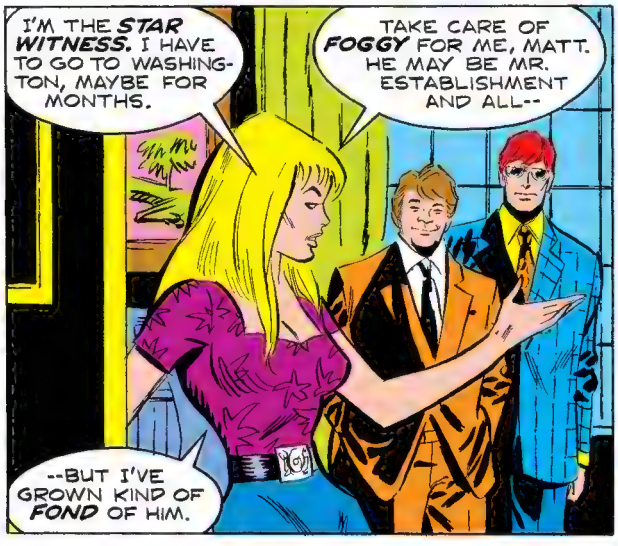

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM.
WOULD YOU LIKE A SEAT?
WHY, THANK YOU, YOUNG... ERR, MAN.
WHEW.

I WONDER IF THOR EVER CAME THAT CLOSE TO BLOWING HIS WHOLE SUPERHERO IMAGE THAT WAY.

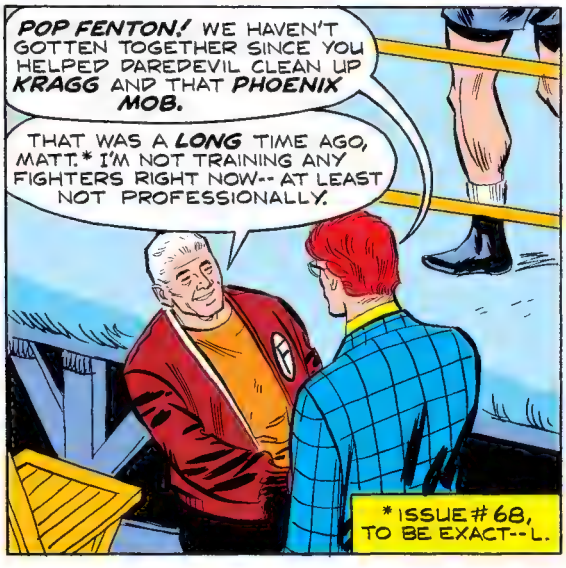
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER:
YOU KNOW, MR. DAREDEVIL, I FIGURED YOU STRAIGHT AWAY AS A RIGHT-THINKING SUPERHERO.
ALL I SAID WAS THAT D.A. NELSON WAS...
SOME OF THESE COSTUMED PUNKS ...EXCUSE ME... AREN'T ANY BETTER THAN THE GUYS THEY FIGHT.
PARDON ME, SIR, BUT I HAVE AN APPOINT...
YOU TAKE SPIDER-MAN, FOR EXAMPLE. ALWAYS TORMENTING A FINE, UPSTANDING CITIZEN LIKE J. JONAH JAMESON. OR SOME OF THOSE FREAKS THE AVENGERS HAVE TAKEN IN...
NOPE, YOU'RE MY KIND OF SUPERHERO. WORKING WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY --SHOWING THOSE ANIMALS OUT THERE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.
SAY, DID YOU EVER THINK OF RUNNING FOR OFFICE OR-- HEY, WHERE'D YOU GO?
WOW-- WAIT'LL I TELL BLANCHE THAT I TALKED TO DAREDEVIL HIMSELF!
GIVE 'EM ONE FOR ME, DD!
OH, BROTHER!
A FEW MORE CHEERLEADERS LIKE THAT WALKING SOAP BOX COULD GIVE A GUY SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE HERO BIT.
HEY, SLOW DOWN, FELLA. NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU'VE BEEN HERE IN THE PAST, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A BLIND MAN.
DON'T WALK QUITE SO CONFIDENTLY.
"SUPPOSED TO BE?" MY OTHER SENSES COMPENSATE FOR MY LACK OF SIGHT SO MUCH THAT I ALMOST FORGET I REALLY AM BLIND.
ALMOST.
F NELSON
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MY OWN PRIVATE "RADAR" TELLS ME THE NELSON CLAN HAS PRECEEDED ME, SO...
I HEAR THE RIGHTEOUS LAUGHTER OF A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW AND THE SEXY VOICE OF A DAMSEL FAIR.
IT CAN ONLY BE DONNY AND MARIE OSMOND!
HIYA, MATT!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? I DON'T SEEM TO RECALL YOU TWO BEING ALL THAT THRILLED WITH EACH OTHER.

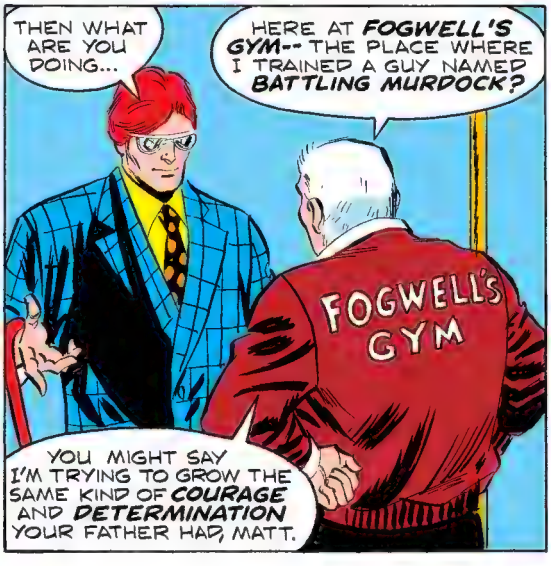
FOGGY ALWAYS ACTS THIS CHEERFUL WHEN HE KNOWS I'M GETTING READY TO LEAVE TOWN.
HOLD UP THERE! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT "LEAVING"?
BUT I COULDN'T GO WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE TO MY FAVORITE ATTORNEY. :SMACK:
AND IF MY PLANE DIDN'T LEAVE AT NOON, YOU RED-HAIRED RASCAL...

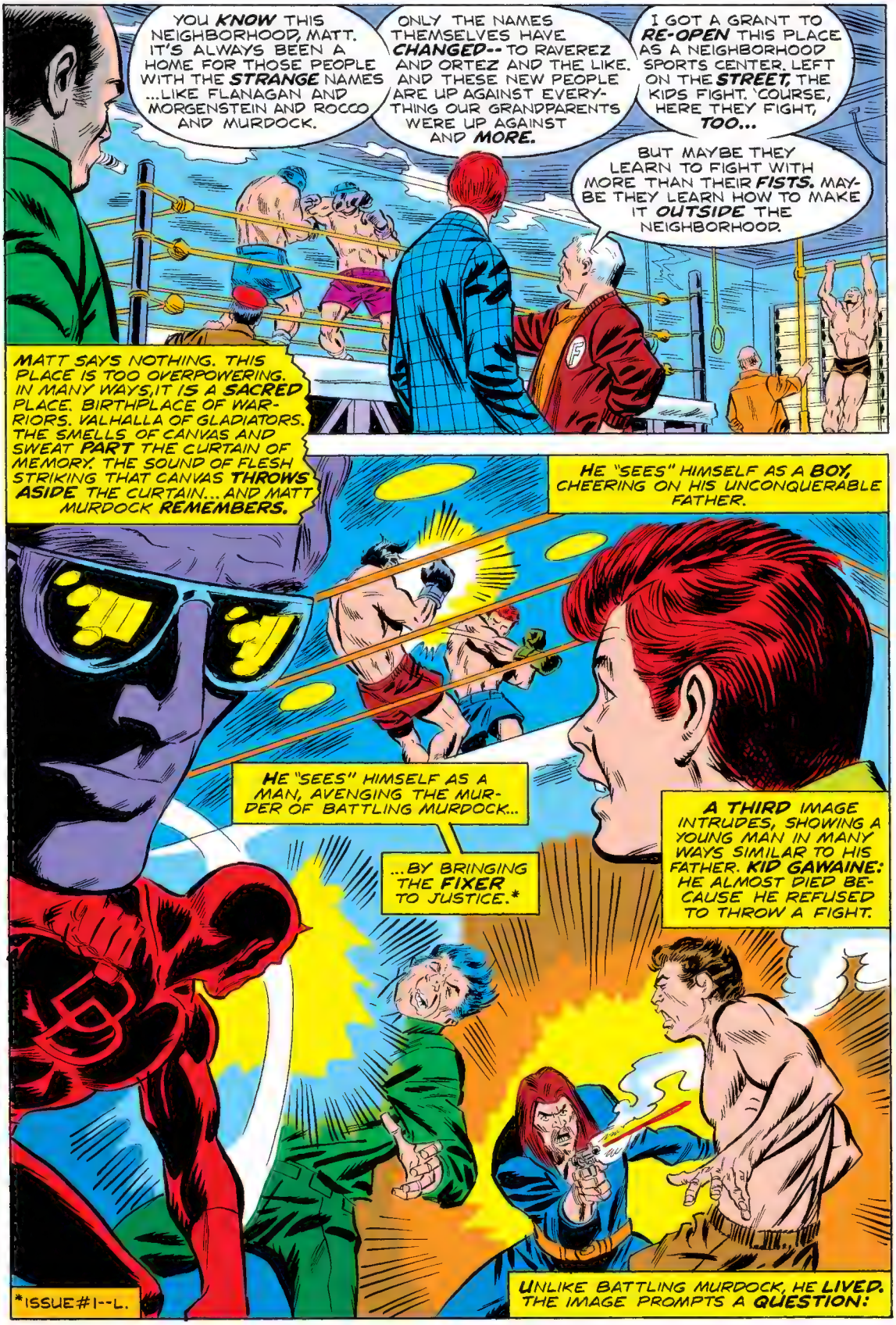

OH, MATT, IT'S ALL BEEN HUSH-HUSH UP TO NOW, SO I COULDN'T TELL YOU. A SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE'S BEEN SET UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SALLIS PAPERS.*
THEY WANT TO FIND OUT HOW SUCH HORRIBLE RESEARCH GOT APPROVED AND MAKE SURE THE SITUATION IS NEVER REPEATED.
* WHICH JOURNALISM STUDENT CANDACE "APPROPRIATED" BACK IN ISH#113 AND WHICH WERE DESTROYED IN ISH #115--L.


I'M THE STAR WITNESS. I HAVE TO GO TO WASHINGTON, MAYBE FOR MONTHS.
TAKE CARE OF FOGGY FOR ME, MATT. HE MAY BE MR. ESTABLISHMENT AND ALL--
--BUT I'VE GROWN KIND OF FOND OF HIM.

THUS DEPARTS CANDACE NELSON AS A KIND OF GENTLE SERENITY IS RESTORED TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE.
WITHOUT MY LEARNING WHY YOU NEVER MENTIONED HER--IN ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS.
FORTUNES OF WAR, MATTHEW. BY THE WAY, YOU HAD A CALL THIS MORNING FROM A...

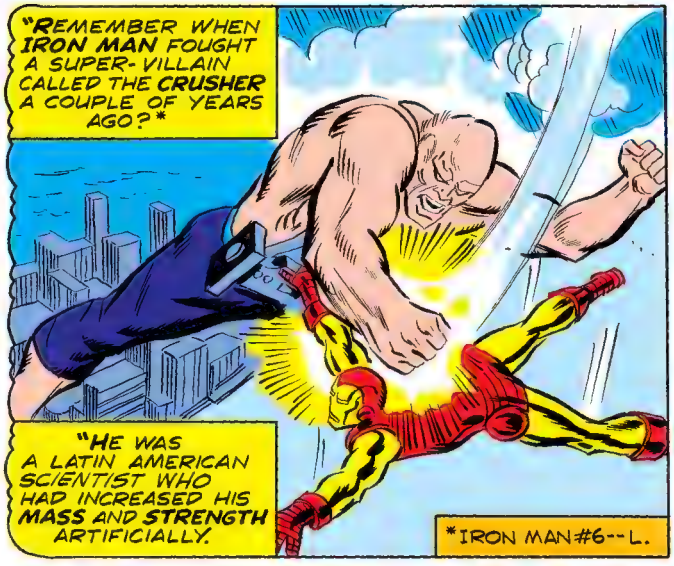

POP FENTON! WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN TOGETHER SINCE YOU HELPED DAREDEVIL CLEAN UP KRAGG AND THAT PHOENIX MOB.
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, MATT.* I'M NOT TRAINING ANY FIGHTERS RIGHT NOW-- AT LEAST NOT PROFESSIONALLY.
*ISSUE #68, TO BE EXACT--L.

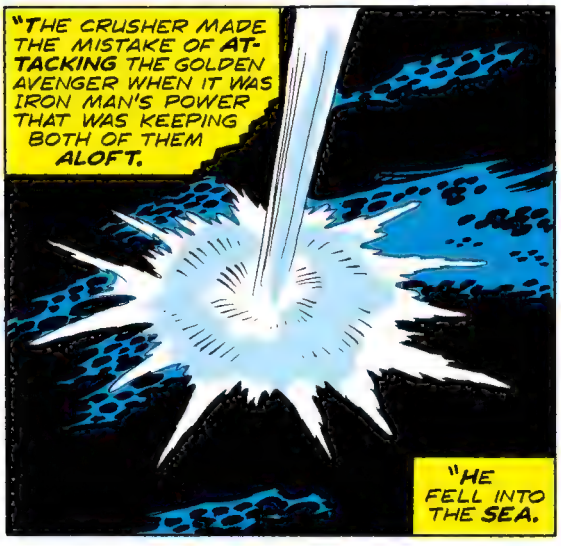

THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
HERE AT FOGWELL'S GYM-- THE PLACE WHERE I TRAINED A GUY NAMED BATTLING MURDOCK?
FOGWELL'S GYM
YOU MIGHT SAY I'M TRYING TO GROW THE SAME KIND OF COURAGE AND DETERMINATION YOUR FATHER HAD, MATT.

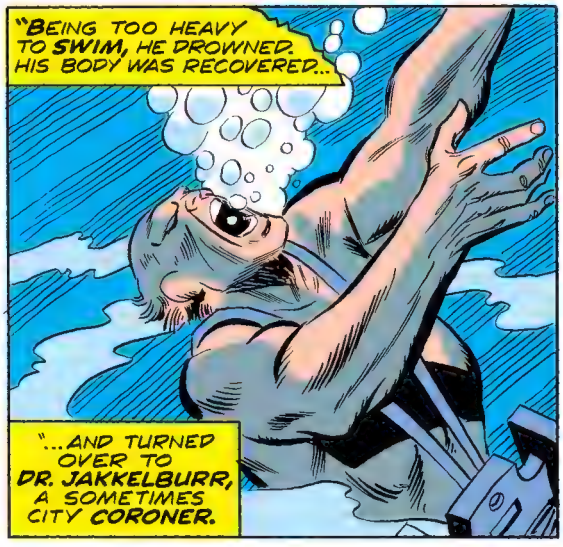

YOU KNOW THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, MATT. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A HOME FOR THOSE PEOPLE WITH THE STRANGE NAMES ...LIKE FLANAGAN AND MORGENSTEIN AND ROCCO AND MURDOCK.
ONLY THE NAMES THEMSELVES HAVE CHANGED-- TO RAVEREZ AND ORTEZ AND THE LIKE. AND THESE NEW PEOPLE ARE UP AGAINST EVERYTHING OUR GRANDPARENTS WERE UP AGAINST AND MORE.
I GOT A GRANT TO RE-OPEN THIS PLACE AS A NEIGHBORHOOD SPORTS CENTER. LEFT ON THE STREET, THE KIDS FIGHT. 'COURSE, HERE THEY FIGHT, TOO...
BUT MAYBE THEY LEARN TO FIGHT WITH MORE THAN THEIR FISTS. MAYBE THEY LEARN HOW TO MAKE IT OUTSIDE THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
MATT SAYS NOTHING. THIS PLACE IS TOO OVERPOWERING. IN MANY WAYS, IT IS A SACRED PLACE. BIRTHPLACE OF WARRIORS. VALHALLA OF GLADIATORS. THE SMELLS OF CANVAS AND SWEAT PART THE CURTAIN OF MEMORY. THE SOUND OF FLESH STRIKING THAT CANVAS THROWS ASIDE THE CURTAIN... AND MATT MURDOCK REMEMBERS.
HE "SEES" HIMSELF AS A BOY, CHEERING ON HIS UNCONQUERABLE FATHER.
HE "SEES" HIMSELF AS A MAN, AVENGING THE MURDER OF BATTLING MURDOCK...
...BY BRINGING THE FIXER TO JUSTICE.*
A THIRD IMAGE INTRUDES, SHOWING A YOUNG MAN IN MANY WAYS SIMILAR TO HIS FATHER. KID GAWAINE: HE ALMOST DIED BECAUSE HE REFUSED TO THROW A FIGHT.
UNLIKE BATTLING MURDOCK, HE LIVED. THE IMAGE PROMPTS A QUESTION:
*ISSUE#1--L.

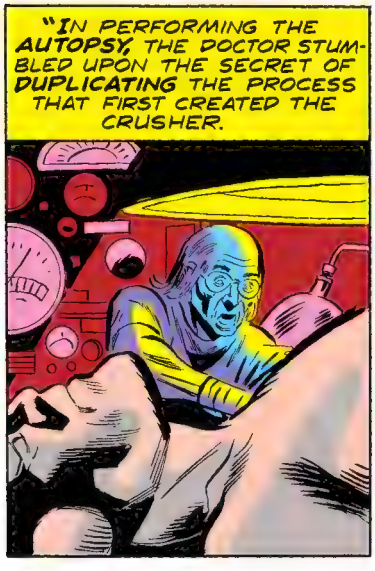
WHAT HAPPENED TO KID GAWAINE, POP? SINCE HE BEAT THE PHOENIX MOB, I HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT HIM.
COULD BE THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT, MR. MURDOCK.
BUT IT'S PROBABLY BEST SUMMED UP BY SAYING THE NAME IS NOW FATHER GAWAINE.
AFTER SEEING DAREDEVIL IN ACTION, I THOUGHT A LOT-- DECIDED THERE WERE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO BE FIGHTING AGAINST THAN OTHER BOXERS.
THIS SEEMED THE BEST WAY OF FIGHTING THEM.
SO MUCH FOR ANY SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT MY COSTUMED SIDELINE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. YOU KNOW YOU GOT TO BE TWO OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD. IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP THE CENTER?
WHEN I WAS TRAINING YOUR DAD-- AFTER YOUR MOM DIED-- ALL HE COULD TALK ABOUT WAS WHAT A GREAT LAWYER YOU WERE GOING TO BE, MATT. WELL, YOU MADE IT.
RIGHT NOW, WE NEED THAT GREAT LAWYER.
THERE'S A YOUNG MAN WHO'S BEEN COMING HERE TO TRAIN, MR. MURDOCK. HIS NAME IS JUAN APONTE. HE'S A BANTAMWEIGHT. FAST, TOUGH, GOOD WITH HIS HANDS. HE CAN GO FAR.
TROUBLE IS, HE'S AMBITIOUS. MAYBE TOO AMBITIOUS. HE SAYS THERE'S NO MONEY TO BE MADE BOXING BANTAMWEIGHT.
HE WANTS TO FIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT.

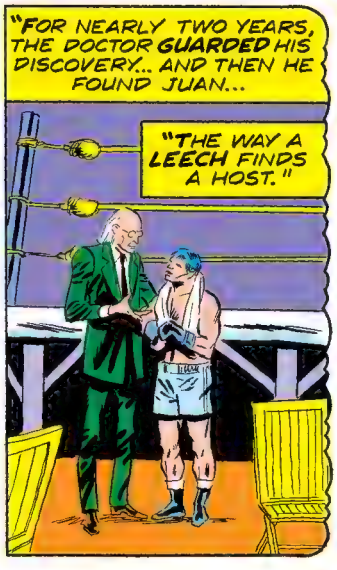
WHAT? NOW SPORTS LAW ISN'T MY SPECIALTY, BUT I DO KNOW A BANTAMWEIGHT CAN'T BOX HEAVYWEIGHT. WHAT'S HE PLANNING TO DO-- BRIBE THE SCALE?
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.


"REMEMBER WHEN IRON MAN FOUGHT A SUPER-VILLAIN CALLED THE CRUSHER A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO?*
"HE WAS A LATIN AMERICAN SCIENTIST WHO HAD INCREASED HIS MASS AND STRENGTH ARTIFICIALLY.
*IRON MAN #6--L.

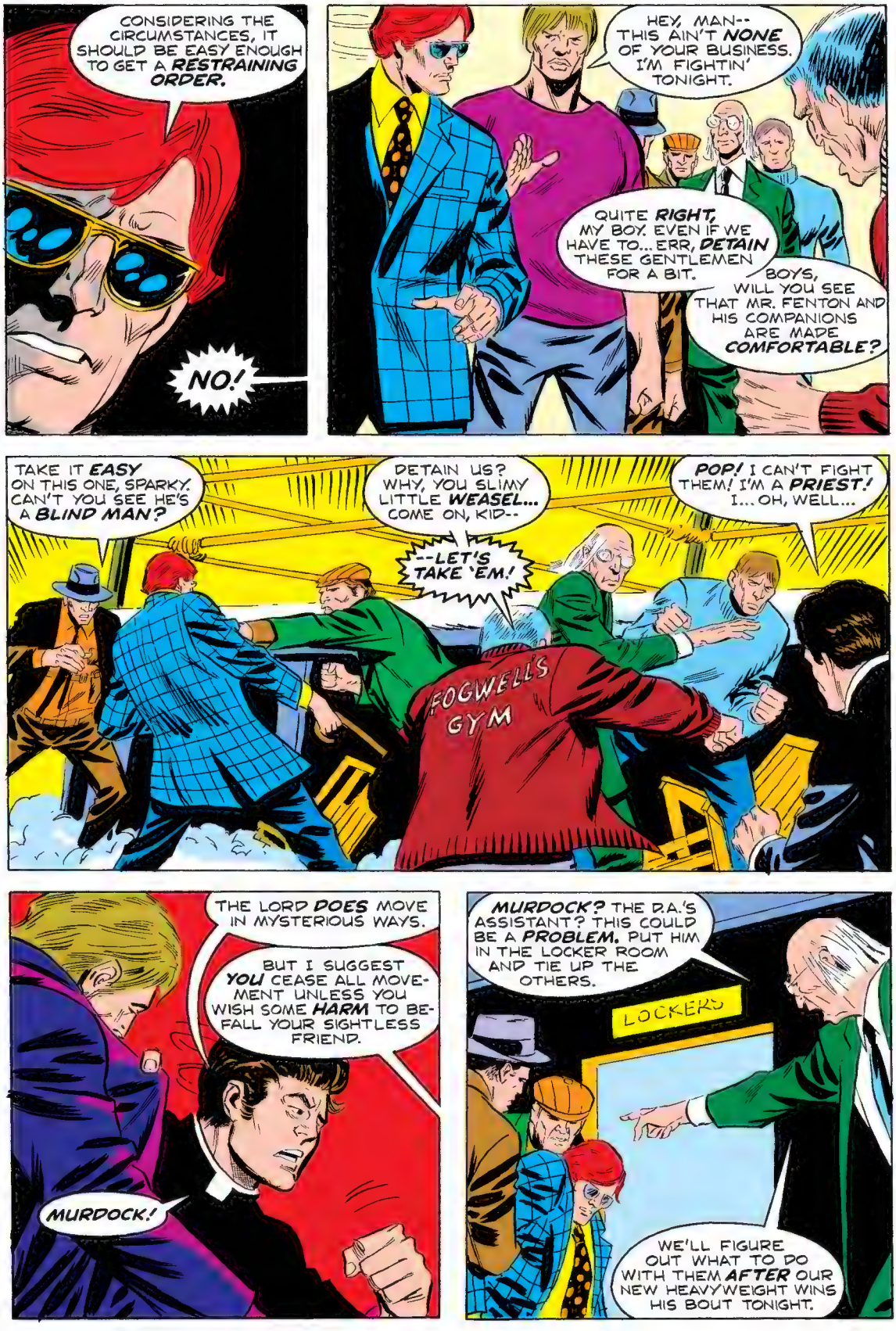

"THE CRUSHER MADE THE MISTAKE OF ATTACKING THE GOLDEN AVENGER WHEN IT WAS IRON MAN'S POWER THAT WAS KEEPING BOTH OF THEM ALOFT.
"HE FELL INTO THE SEA.

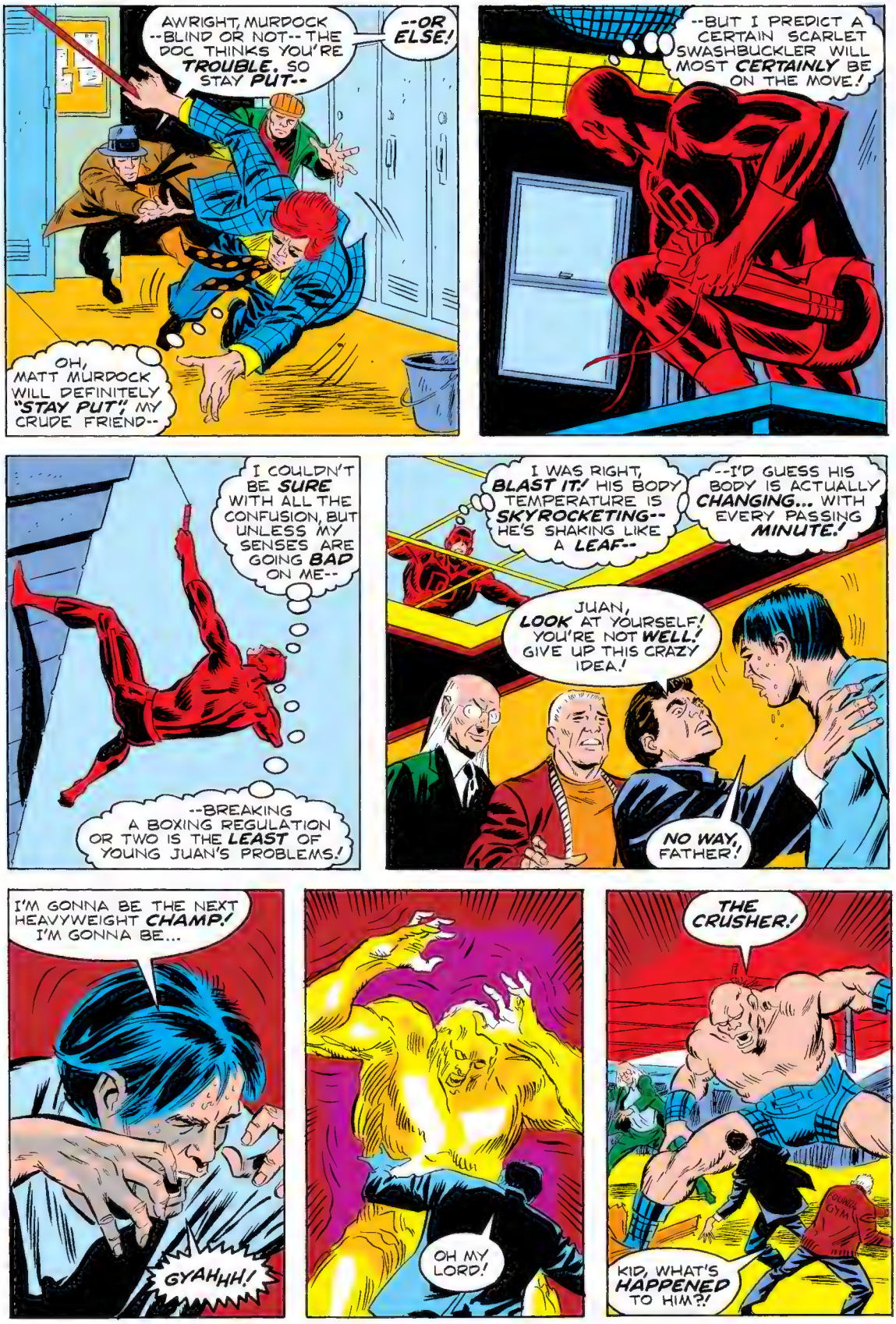

"BEING TOO HEAVY TO SWIM, HE DROWNED. HIS BODY WAS RECOVERED...
"...AND TURNED OVER TO DR. JAK'KELBURR, A SOMETIMES CITY CORONER.

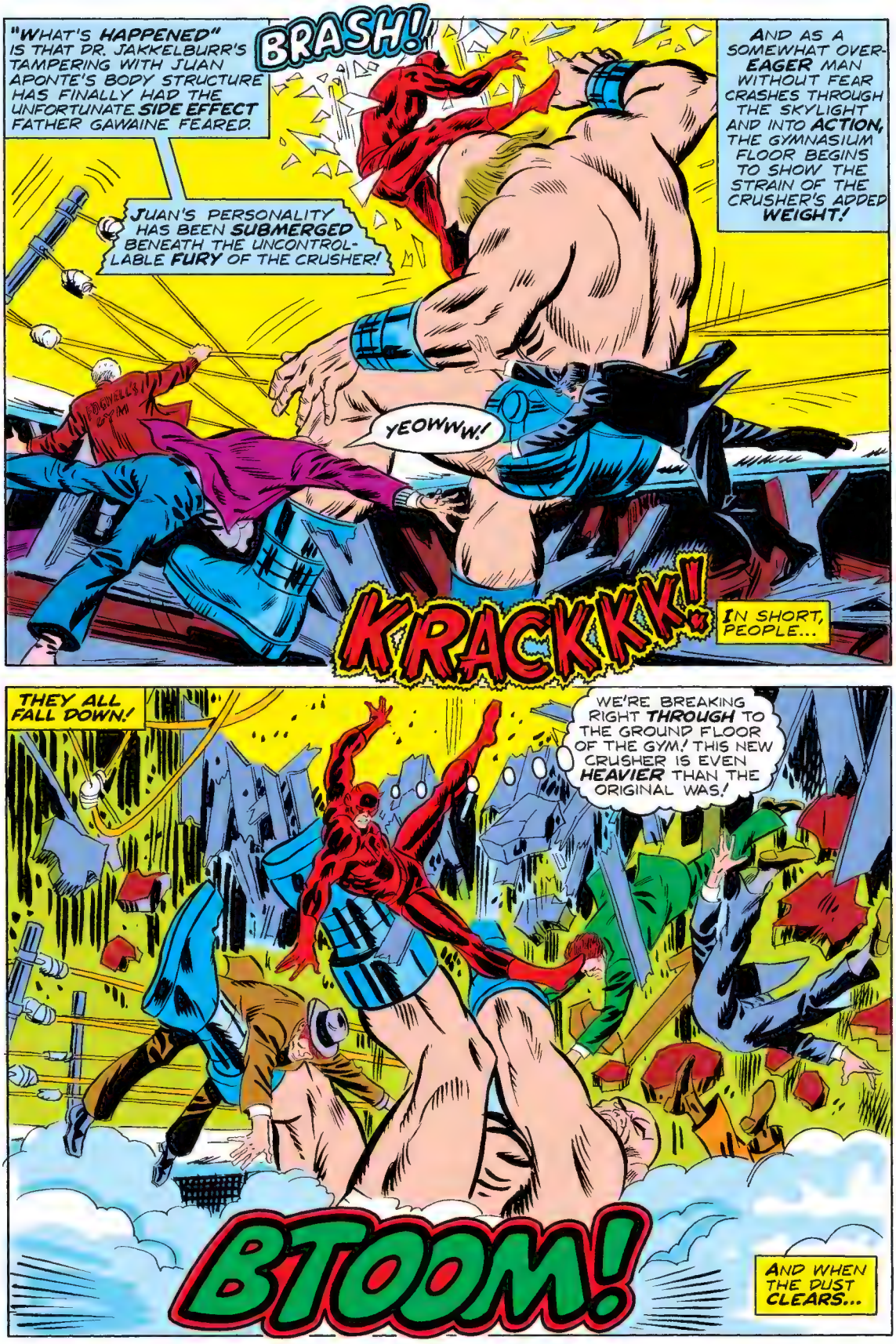

"IN PERFORMING THE AUTOPSY, THE DOCTOR STUMBLED UPON THE SECRET OF DUPLICATING THE PROCESS THAT FIRST CREATED THE CRUSHER.

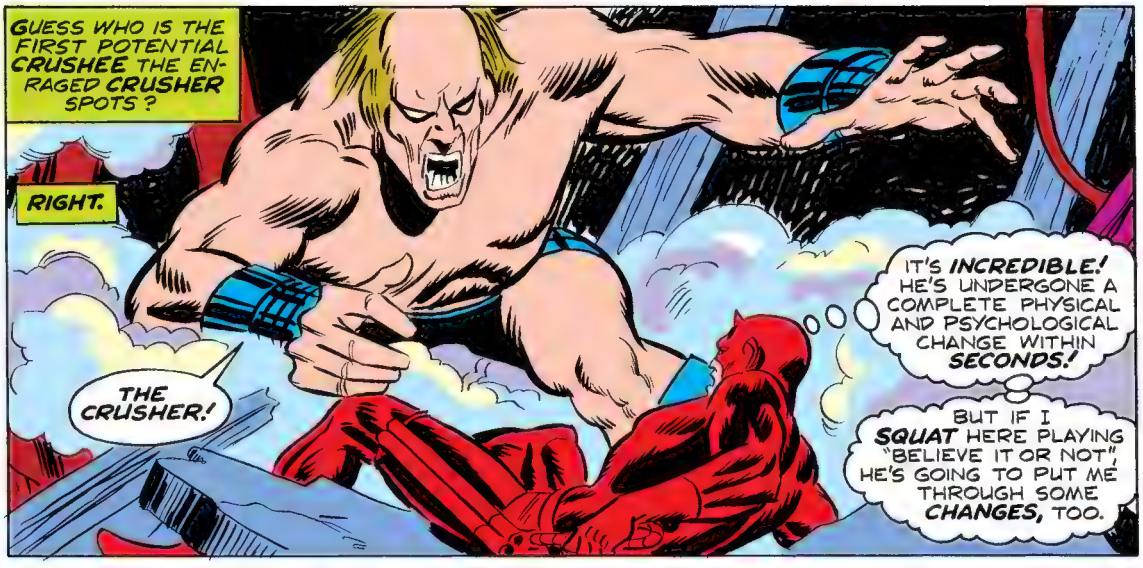

"FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, THE DOCTOR GUARDED HIS DISCOVERY... AND THEN HE FOUND JUAN...
"THE WAY A LEECH FINDS A HOST."

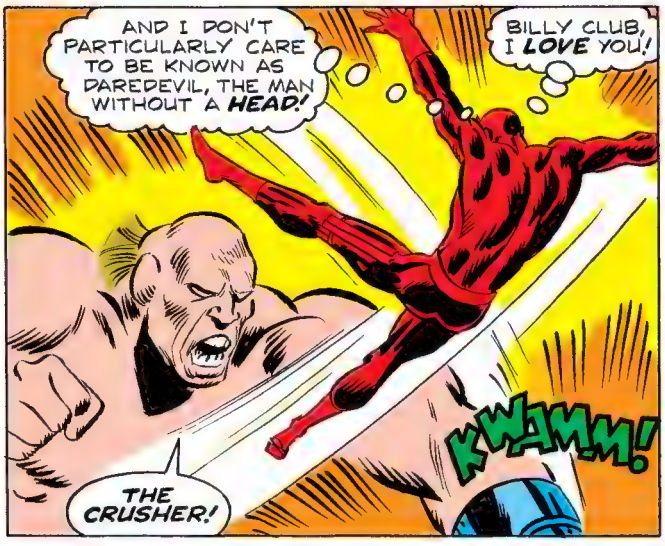
THE DOCTOR'S BEEN INCREASING JUAN'S SIZE, BUT THERE ARE ALREADY INDICATIONS OF SIDE EFFECTS.
PERSONALITY CHANGES, FITS OF TEMPER, ETC.
HE'S GOT TO BE PREVENTED FROM FIGHTING UNTIL A REPUTABLE DOCTOR CAN EXAMINE HIM.

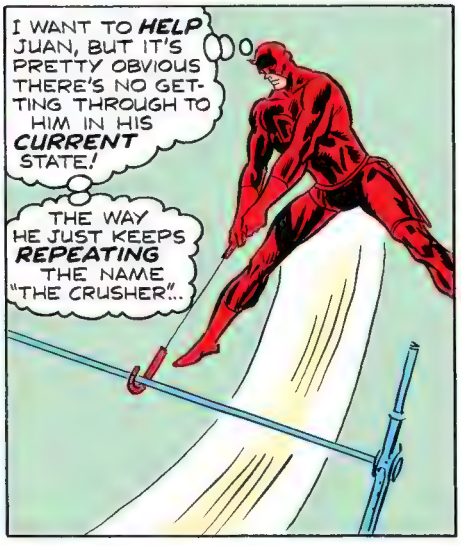

CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET A RESTRAINING ORDER.
NO!
HEY, MAN-- THIS AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. I'M FIGHTIN' TONIGHT.
QUITE RIGHT, MY BOY. EVEN IF WE HAVE TO... ERR, DETAIN THESE GENTLEMEN FOR A BIT.
BOYS, WILL YOU SEE THAT MR. FENTON AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE MADE COMFORTABLE?
TAKE IT EASY ON THIS ONE, SPARKY. CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S A BLIND MAN?
DETAIN US? WHY, YOU SLIMY LITTLE WEASEL... COME ON, KID--
--LET'S TAKE 'EM!
POP! I CAN'T FIGHT THEM! I'M A PRIEST! I... OH, WELL...
FOGWELL'S GYM
THE LORD DOES MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
BUT I SUGGEST YOU CEASE ALL MOVEMENT UNLESS YOU WISH SOME HARM TO BEFALL YOUR SIGHTLESS FRIEND.
MURDOCK!
MURDOCK? THE D.A.'S ASSISTANT? THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM. PUT HIM IN THE LOCKER ROOM AND TIE UP THE OTHERS.
LOCKERS
WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THEM AFTER OUR NEW HEAVYWEIGHT WINS HIS BOUT TONIGHT.

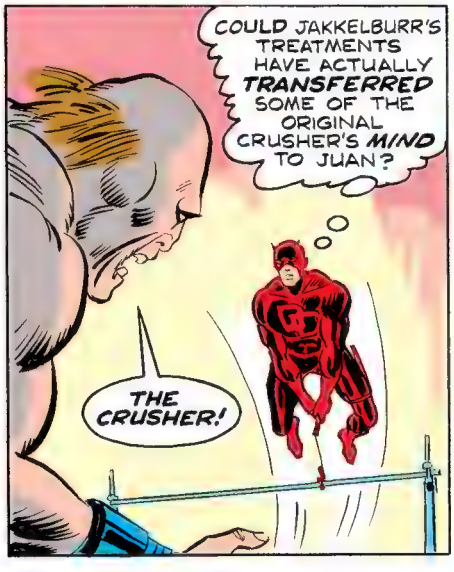

AWRIGHT, MURDOCK --BLIND OR NOT-- THE DOC THINKS YOU'RE TROUBLE, SO STAY PUT--
--OR ELSE!
OH, MATT MURDOCK WILL DEFINITELY "STAY PUT", MY CRUDE FRIEND--
--BUT I PREDICT A CERTAIN SCARLET SWASHBUCKLER WILL MOST CERTAINLY BE ON THE MOVE!
I COULDN'T BE SURE WITH ALL THE CONFUSION, BUT UNLESS MY SENSES ARE GOING BAD ON ME--
--BREAKING A BOXING REGULATION OR TWO IS THE LEAST OF YOUNG JUAN'S PROBLEMS!
I WAS RIGHT, BLAST IT! HIS BODY TEMPERATURE IS SKYROCKETING-- HE'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF--
--I'D GUESS HIS BODY IS ACTUALLY CHANGING... WITH EVERY PASSING MINUTE!
JUAN, LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE NOT WELL! GIVE UP THIS CRAZY IDEA!
NO WAY, FATHER!
I'M GONNA BE THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP! I'M GONNA BE...
GYAHHH!
OH MY LORD!
THE CRUSHER!
KID, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?!

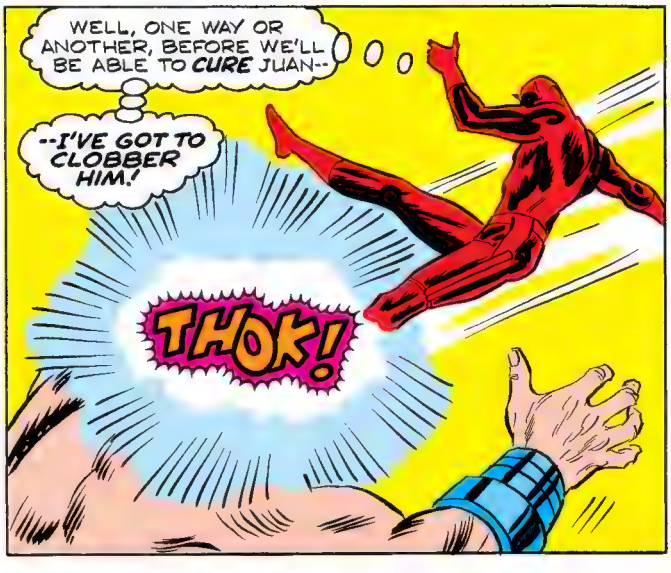

"WHAT'S HAPPENED" IS THAT DR. JAKKELBURR'S TAMPERING WITH JUAN APONTE'S BODY STRUCTURE HAS FINALLY HAD THE UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT FATHER GAWAINE FEARED.
BRASH!
AND AS A SOMEWHAT OVER-EAGER MAN WITHOUT FEAR CRASHES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT AND INTO ACTION, THE GYMNASIUM FLOOR BEGINS TO SHOW THE STRAIN OF THE CRUSHER'S ADDED WEIGHT!
JUAN'S PERSONALITY HAS BEEN SUBMERGED BENEATH THE UNCONTROLLABLE FURY OF THE CRUSHER!
YEOWWW!
KRACKKK!
IN SHORT, PEOPLE...
THEY ALL FALL DOWN!
WE'RE BREAKING RIGHT THROUGH TO THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE GYM! THIS NEW CRUSHER IS EVEN HEAVIER THAN THE ORIGINAL WAS!
BTOOM!
AND WHEN THE DUST CLEARS...

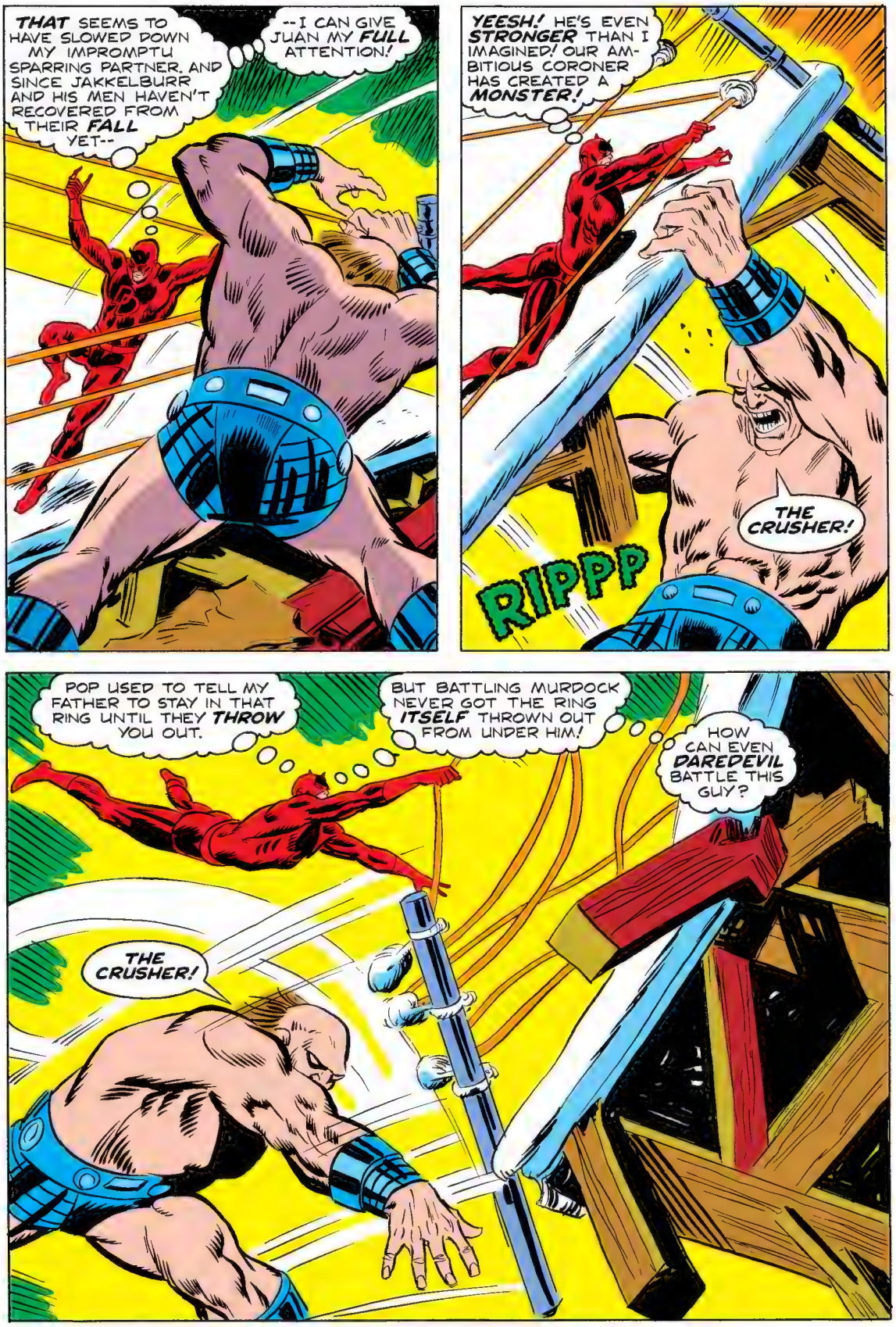

GUESS WHO IS THE FIRST POTENTIAL CRUSHEE THE ENRAGED CRUSHER SPOTS?
RIGHT.
THE CRUSHER!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! HE'S UNDERGONE A COMPLETE PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CHANGE WITHIN SECONDS!
BUT IF I SQUAT HERE PLAYING "BELIEVE IT OR NOT", HE'S GOING TO PUT ME THROUGH SOME CHANGES, TOO.

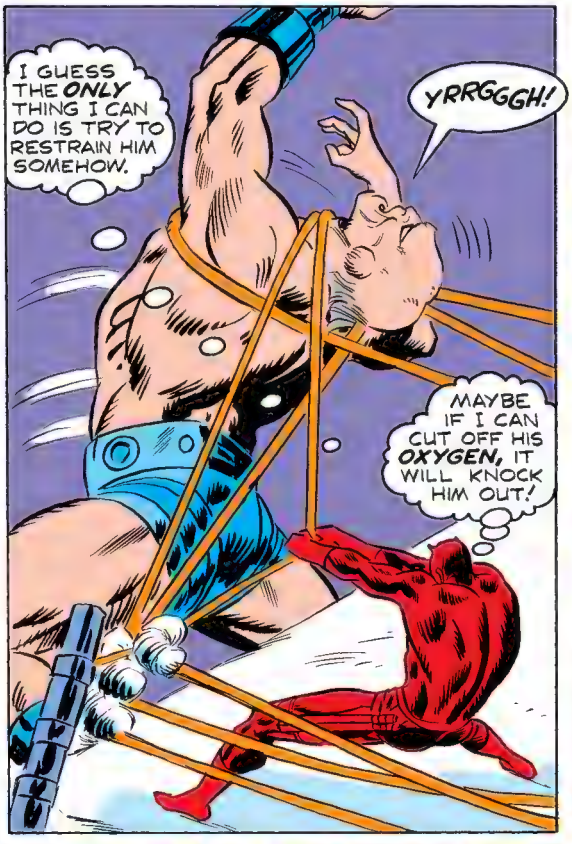

AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY CARE TO BE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT A HEAD!
BILLY CLUB, I LOVE YOU!
KWAMM!
THE CRUSHER!

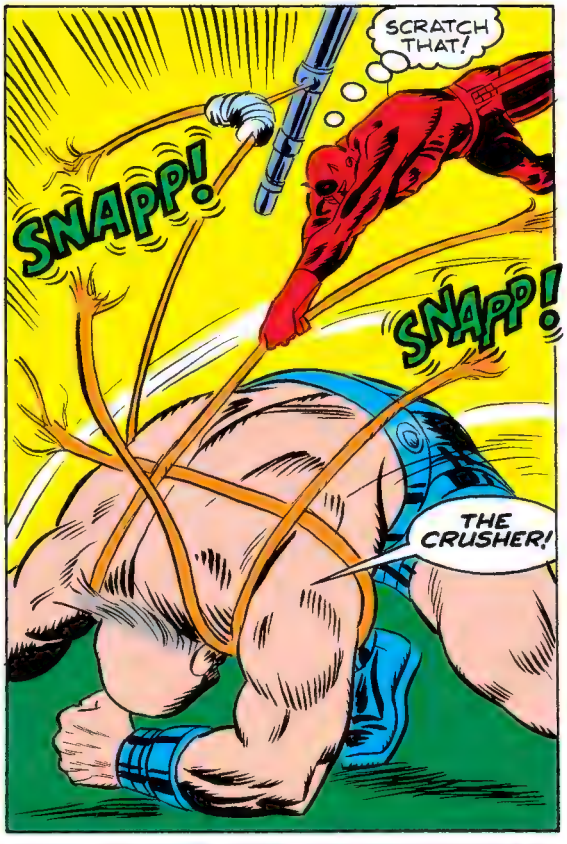

I WANT TO HELP JUAN, BUT IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THERE'S NO GETTING THROUGH TO HIM IN HIS CURRENT STATE!
THE WAY HE JUST KEEPS REPEATING THE NAME "THE CRUSHER"..


COULD JAKKELBURR'S TREATMENTS HAVE ACTUALLY TRANSFERRED SOME OF THE ORIGINAL CRUSHER'S MIND TO JUAN?
THE CRUSHER!

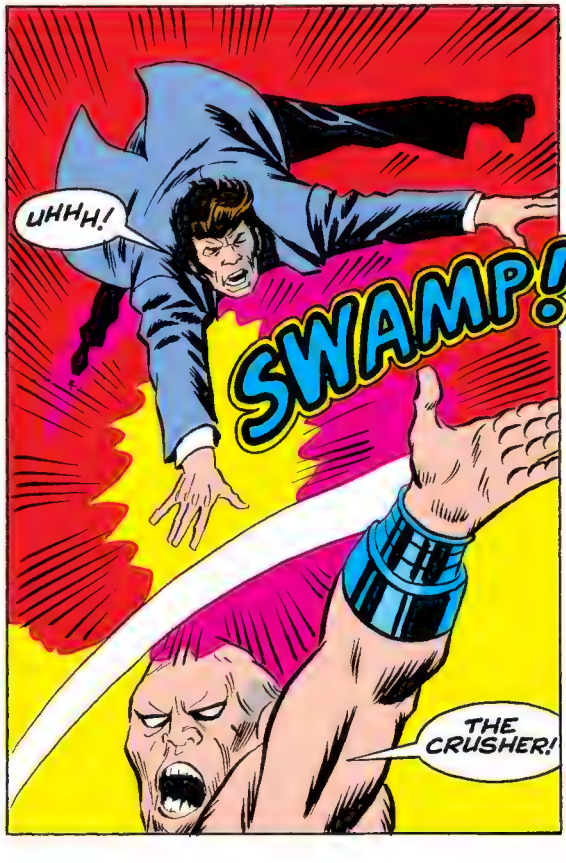

WELL, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BEFORE WE'LL BE ABLE TO CURE JUAN--
--I'VE GOT TO CLOBBER HIM!
THOK!


THAT SEEMS TO HAVE SLOWED DOWN MY IMPROMPTU SPARRING PARTNER. AND SINCE JAKKELBURR AND HIS MEN HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THEIR FALL YET--
--I CAN GIVE JUAN MY FULL ATTENTION!
YEESH! HE'S EVEN STRONGER THAN I IMAGINED! OUR AMBITIOUS CORONER HAS CREATED A MONSTER!
RIPPP
THE CRUSHER!
POP USED TO TELL MY FATHER TO STAY IN THAT RING UNTIL THEY THROW YOU OUT.
BUT BATTLING MURDOCK NEVER GOT THE RING ITSELF THROWN OUT FROM UNDER HIM!
HOW CAN EVEN DAREDEVIL BATTLE THIS GUY?
THE CRUSHER!


I GUESS THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS TRY TO RESTRAIN HIM SOMEHOW.
YRRGGGH!
MAYBE IF I CAN CUT OFF HIS OXYGEN, IT WILL KNOCK HIM OUT!


SCRATCH THAT!
SNAPP!
SNAPP!
THE CRUSHER!

THE CRUSHER!
NO, JUAN! DON'T! THAT MAN IS YOUR FRIEND-- HE ONLY WANTS TO HELP YOU!
WHAP!
KID-- STAY BACK! HE'S TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL!


UHHH!
SWAMP!
THE CRUSHER!

FOGWELL'S GYM WAS CONSTRUCTED IN 1904.
CRUMP!
IT WAS BUILT SOLIDLY-- AS SOLIDLY AS THE BOXERS WHO WOULD TRAIN HERE FOR THE NEXT SEVEN DECADES.
BUT EVEN SOLID FOUNDATIONS AGE...
RUMBLE RUMBLE
GET UP, KID! GET UP!
THE WHOLE WALL'S COMIN' DOWN!
...AND WEAKEN...
GOOD LORD! I'LL NEVER REACH THEM IN TIME!
...AND FALL!
KERASH!

EVEN SOLID FOUNDATIONS CAN FALL.
HE MOVED SO FAST I COULD HARDLY SENSE HIM-- BUT JUAN MANAGED TO THROW HIS BODY BETWEEN THE WALL AND ITS ALMOST-TARGETS!
UH-OH! SOUNDS LIKE THE DOC AND HIS BOYS'RE TRYING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. NO--
BUT SOMETIMES WHAT IS BUILT ON THEM ENDURES FAR LONGER THAN MERE STONE AND MORTAR.
IT'S JUAN, KID! HE SAVED US!
--WAY!
WRAM!
DAREDEVIL!
THAT'S POP! SOMETHING'S WRONG! JUAN'S IN A BAD WAY--HIS BREATH IS RUSHED, HIS HEART-BEAT SLOWING.
POP, IS HE...
I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT, DD... HADDA TELL YOU... I... DIDN'T WANNA FIGHT YA... IT WAS LIKE WATCHIN' IT FROM OUT-SIDE... SOMEBODY ELSE WAS FIGHTIN' YA... NOT ME... I...
POP, IT HURTS REAL BAD.
I KNOW, JUAN.
I WANTED TO BE CHAMP ...I'M NOT CHAMP... I'M JUST A PUNK KID... THEY BEAT ME... THEY... UHHH!
NO... NO... NOT AGAIN... NOT AGAIN.
THEY DIDN'T BEAT YOU, JUAN. NOBODY BEAT YOU...
...CHAMP!
NEXT ISSUE:
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAN WITHOUT FEAR
"...and a HYDRA new year!"

Daredevil #108 house ad
from March 1974 titles

LOOK OUT, NEW YORK! DAREDEVIL'S BACK!
BUT HAS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR RETURNED ONLY TO SIT AT THE DEATHBED OF HIS OLDEST FRIEND--D.A. FOGGY NELSON? YOU'LL LEARN THE AGONIZING ANSWER WHEN...
"THE BEETLE STRIKES BY NIGHT!"
THE EXCITEMENT'S WAITING IN ISSUE #108--ON SALE NOV. 20!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
DAREDEVIL
20¢ 108 MAR 02459
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Daredevil #108, page 4 original art
by Bob Brown & Paul Gulacy

DAREDEVIL 108
6
LAY INTO 'EM! DON'T LET 'EM MAKE A MOVE! AN' DON'T HOLD BACK ON THE BROAD! SHE'S STRONG AS A MOTHER OX!
NOW, NOW--DON'T PUSH, DON'T SHOVE! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR TURNS!
SURPRISE, MASKED MAN--WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO TURNS! WE WORK AS A TEAM, SEE?
OH! YOU MEAN YOU FIGHT DIRTY! SURE, I SEE!
I PREFER HITTING ABOVE THE BELT, THOUGH--'WAY ABOVE!
UNKH!
AND THAT WRAPS UP THE "TEAM"! BUT I'D BETTER CHECK ON THE--
--WIDOW!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP--YOU'LL KILL THAT MAN!
YOU'VE BEATEN HIM ALREADY! THERE'S NO NEED TO--
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, DO YOU HEAR? LET ME GO!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME! NO ONE CAN! LET ME GO!!
HE'S SCUM--HUMAN FILTH! HE DESERVES TO BE HURT--TO FEEL PAIN FOR--
N-NO... PLEASE... NO MORE...!
NATASHA--I SAID STOP!
THWAK
NAMOR VS. THE MAN CALLED FORCE— IN SUB-MARINER #69!
Bob Brown
6

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #109, page 15 original art
by Bob Brown & Don Heck

109
26
AH! THEN I WAS EXPECTED?
MORE THAN THAT! WE HOPED YOU WOULD COME--SO WE COULD ENLIST YOU!
WE ARE THE MOST SUPERBLY-TRAINED ARMY ON EARTH, DAREDEVIL!
YOU SHOULD BE DEEPLY HONORED--
--THAT WE WOULD INVITE YOU TO--
-UNNGH-
OH, COME ON!
IF THE AVENGERS COULDN'T SIGN ME UP--
CLID!
--WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D RUN WITH A THIRD RATE OUTFIT LIKE YOURS?
HOPE I SOUND CONFIDENT ENOUGH. 'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'M HOLDING MY OWN--SO FAR--
--THESE CLOWNS ARE GOOD! THEY MOVE LIKE JUNGLE CATS!
IN FACT, THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT...
THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING STRANGE HERE....
Bob Brown
26

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #110, page 14 original art
by Gene Colan & Frank Chiaramonte

DAREDEVIL 110
Gene Colan
26
"--STRENGTH I'D HAD TO CONCEAL FOR FEAR OF BEING BRANDED AS MORE THAN A FREAK--A MONSTER!
"THAT STRENGTH--AND MY UNCANNY ENDURANCE SAVED ME. I MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE JOURNEY. BUT I NEVER WENT BACK TO THAT HATEFUL TOWN. FOR, SCANT MILES FROM MY PARENTS' HOME--A FATEFUL MEETING OCCURRED.
"SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY...FROM THE SAME HATRED THAT HAD PLAGUED ME.
"SHE OFFERED ME WATER--AND THE FIRST HONEST EMPATHY I'D EVER KNOWN. AND WE BECAME PARTNERS ON THE SPOT.
"OUR PLAN: TO KEEP FOREVER ON THE MOVE. TO PROTECT ONE ANOTHER AND SHUN ALL...HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP. WE WOULD BE GYPSIES---WANDERERS--AND LIVE BY OUR WITS AND STEALTH.
"WE EDUCATED OURSELVES BY LISTENING TO LESSONS FROM OUTSIDE SCHOOL WALLS...AND READING STOLEN BOOKS. AND IT WENT ON THAT WAY UNTIL ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE A TINY MISSOURI TOWN--
"--SOME SIX YEARS AFTER OUR FIRST MEETING--
"--WHAT WE HAD ALWAYS DREADED FINALLY CAME TO PASS. WE'D BEEN DISCOVERED.
SNAP
26

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #111, page 1 original art
by Bob Brown & Jim Mooney

111, JULY
MARCH SHEET.
1
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
STEVE GERBER WRITER / BOB BROWN ARTIST / JIM MOONEY INKER / TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETT'G L. LESSMANN, COLORIST / ROY THOMAS EDITOR
SWORD OF THE SAMURAI!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD REASON FOR COMING TO MY NIECE'S ROOM AT THREE A.M., HORN-HEAD!
GOOD ENOUGH! I'VE JUST MET THE LEADER OF BLACK SPECTRE!
WHAT? WAS IT WHO WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE?
COLOR: SHANNA'S HAIR — CHANGE-RED. CHAKA'S HAIR WHITE.

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #112 cover production photostat with the original poses for the Mandrill's henchwomen

Daredevil #115, page 1 original art
by Bob Brown & Vince Colletta

DAREDEVIL 115 1

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Steve Gerber WRITER | Bob Brown ARTIST | Vince Colletta INKER | CHARLOTTE JETTER, LETTERER; PETRA GOLDBERG, COLORIST | Roy Thomas EDITOR

DEATH STALKS THE CITY!

HIS FACE IS A FIELD OF SHADOW--HIS EYES, SLITS OF WHITE LIGHT GLEAMING FROM THE BLACKNESS. HIS TOUCH CAN MAKE MEN TREMBLE AND DIE.

HE IS THE DEMONIC DEATH-STALKER--AND HIS MISSION IS MURDER!

BUT THAT MISSION IS ABOUT TO BE ABORTED--BY ONE OF ITS INTENDED VICTIMS: THE MAN IN THE WINDOW OF D.A. FOGGY NELSON'S NEW YORK APARTMENT.

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #118, page 10 original art
by Don Heck & Vince Colletta

DAREDEVIL (c) 118 16
--WHEN THEY MEET THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
A FEW SECONDS LATER, IN THE HALL OUTSIDE THE D.A.'S OFFICE...
NOTHING! BUT I COULD'VE SWORN THAT I'D SEEN HIM-- IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM!
AU CONTRAIRE, MON AMI--
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT FIND ME, SINCE I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!
GET THE PICTURE?
WELL, THAT WAS QUICK, I'VE HEARD OF QUITTERS, BUT YOU FELLOWS TAKE THE PRIZE.
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH, OR SOMETHING-- I COULD'VE SWORN I DIDN'T HIT YOU THAT HARD!
I MEAN, IT'S AS THOUGH YOU WANTED ME TO--
16

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #119, page 1 original art
by Bob Brown & Don Heck

DAREDEVIL 119

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club,* his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TONY ISABELLA	BOB BROWN	DON HECK	DAVE HUNT, LETTERER S. GOLDBERG, COLORIST	LEN WEIN
WRITER	ARTIST	INKER		EDITOR

THEY'RE TEARING DOWN FOGWELL'S GYM!

ISN'T IT ABOUT **TIME** MATT MURDOCK, A.K.A. DAREDEVIL, HAD A **GOOD** DAY?

WELL, THIS IS **IT!**

CONSIDER: IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, HE'S SEEN D.A. **FOGGY NELSON,** HIS FRIEND AND PARTNER, RECOVERED COMPLETELY FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, AND **CANDACE NELSON,** THE D.A.'S SISTER, RESCUED FROM POSSIBLE CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST HER.

ON A SOMEWHAT **LARGER** SCALE, HE'S JUST SAVED THE WORLD.*

BOND CLOTHES

CRITERION

BUT, MUCH MORE **IMPORTANTLY,** A SAN FRANCISCAN-BORN TELEGRAM HAS JUST INFORMED HIM THAT...

THE **BLACK WIDOW'S** COMING BACK TO **NEW YORK!**

*GIANT-SIZE DEFENDERS #3 -- LEN W.

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

BIOGRAPHIES

STEVE GERBER

If he had only been known for his work on *Howard the Duck*, Steve Gerber would still have been renowned as one of comics' most iconoclastic creators. After an unrewarding start as a copy writer in his native St. Louis, Gerber reached out to a fellow comics fan from his youth, Roy Thomas, and shortly thereafter began editing and writing for Marvel. He started on titles like *Iron Man*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Daredevil*, but it was his runs on *Man-Thing*, *The Defenders*, *Omega the Unknown* and *Howard the Duck* that defined his Marvel tenure as one of creative boundary pushing.

In *The Defenders* and *Omega the Unknown*, Gerber turned standard super-heroics upside down with his irreverent and sometimes inscrutable take on the genre. He took over Man-Thing shortly after the character's premiere as part of Marvel's early-'70s wave of monster titles, turning the tales of the shambling mass into a cult classic. And it was in *Man-Thing* that Gerber debuted Howard the Duck, the semi-autobiographical waterfowl that became an industry sensation and gave the writer a platform to share his sophisticated sense of humor and satire, gently and sometimes not-so-gently skewering politics, pop culture, and especially the comics industry.

A dispute over Howard with Marvel caused him to leave the company. It didn't stop him from returning to the character later in his career, but from the '80s on, his writing was mostly in animation and television, where he created *Thundarr the Barbarian* and won a Daytime Emmy as part of the team behind *The Batman/Superman Movie: World's Finest*. He also scripted *G.I. Joe*, *Transformers* and *Yu-Gi-Oh!*, as well as the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode "Contagion." Gerber passed away in 2008 after a battle with pulmonary fibrosis. His career accomplishments won him posthumous induction into the 2010 class of the Eisner Hall of Fame and the 2013 Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing.

BOB BROWN

An artist with a career reaching back to comics' Golden Age, Bob Brown has the respect of many longtime comic fans and fellow artists, with due consideration for being a sturdy, reliable craftsman who always delivered the goods. In the 1950s Brown freelanced across the industry on Western, spy, war, horror and romance titles. His most notable Atlas/Marvel work of the period was the 1955 debut of the original Rawhide Kid. At DC, he helped introduce Space Ranger in *Showcase* #15 (July 1958) and drew every one of the character's stories until its end in *Mystery In Space* in 1965. He also picked up the torch on DC's *Challengers of the Unknown* after Jack Kirby exited the series and turned in a run just as remarkable for its craft and consistency. In the 1970s his extended runs on *The Avengers* and *Daredevil* included the blockbuster Avengers/Defenders War and the first appearance of Daredevil's nemesis Bullseye. Besides these titles, you will find Bob Brown's name on dozens of stories in nearly every genre known to comics, a true everyman in the medium. While employed as an artist for both Marvel and DC, Brown died in 1977.

GENE COLAN

Gene "The Dean" Colan spent his life as a comics artist perfecting a unique style that relied on realistic figure drawing and moody shadows. At a time when the norm lent itself to more abstract cartooning, Colan helped broaden the aesthetic range of what comics could look like.

Born in Brooklyn in 1926, Colan always had an interest in drawing, and he took up studies at the Art Students League of New York. Colan served his country during World War II in the Philippines, and though this delayed his art career, it eventually paid off with a solid acumen at drawing realistic scenes of warfare for DC Comics (*Our Army at War*, *All-American Men at War*) and the Atlas/Marvel titles (*Battle*, *Marines in Battle*, *Navy Combat*). Over the next 15 years, Colan would continue to work on war, romance, horror and sci-fi comics, as well as licensed titles like *Hopalong Cassidy*.

But when the super-hero genre broke wide open again in the '60s, Colan was ready to take it on with gusto. Under the pseudonym Adam Austin, he first drew Marvel Comics super heroes, including Namor, the Sub-Mariner in *Tales to Astonish* and Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense*. Colan then moved on to a celebrated run on *Doctor Strange* with Roy Thomas, and a stint on *Captain America*, but the Marvel character he is most often associated with is Daredevil. Colan's *Daredevil* pages were steeped in fluid, athletic grace for nearly every issue across an 80-issue run leading to #100. He also drew a handful of issues right before Frank Miller would come on board, Miller's *Daredevil* naturally owing a great debt to the already established visual precepts of the Colan era.

During the rest of the '70s, Colan displayed the diversity of his talents drawing the satirical *Howard the Duck* and the horror series *Tomb of Dracula*. The latter was drenched in the mysterious and shadowy style that Colan had evolved over the years, which reached its zenith in the service of Marvel's version of Count Dracula. He drew the entire 70-issue run.

Colan worked steadily into the '80s, once again drawing *Doctor Strange* for Marvel and also doing work for DC, including *Night*

Force, *Silver Blade* and an extended run drawing Batman. In 2005, Colan was ushered into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame, earning well-deserved acclaim for his life's work. In 2009, Colan returned to the pages of *Captain America* to draw a World War II-based epic that would win the 2010 Eisner Award for Best Single Issue. It would prove to be his last major work in comics, as he passed away in 2011 at the age of 84.

SAL BUSCEMA

Without a doubt one of comics' most prolific artists, "Our Pal" Sal Buscema joined Marvel in 1968 shortly after his elder brother, John. Tackling inking duties on *Silver Surfer* and *Fantastic Four*, including the all-time classic *Silver Surfer* #4, Buscema quickly graduated to penciling. He was an anchor of the Marvel line in the 1970s with long runs on books like *Captain America*, *Marvel Team-Up* and *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and a 100-plus issue run on *The Incredible Hulk*. Buscema was also behind defining the tone on early issues of *The Defenders*, *Rom* and *The New Mutants*. His career as one of Marvel's most versatile artists lasted throughout the '70s and into the '90s. In 1988, he returned to *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and over the next ten years penciled every issue but two from #134 through #238 (and inked the vast majority as well!) Although he retired in the late '90s, readers can still see his name on comics credits from time to time, including inking work on the cult hit *Spider-Girl*.

CHRIS CLAREMONT

It is hard to remember a time when the word "mutant" didn't correspond with the largest and most ardently followed franchise in comics, but in the mid-'70s the X-Men were naught but a forgotten team of misfits. Chris Claremont and his collaborators took this moribund property and issue by issue transformed it into a phenomenon now known the world over.

Claremont began his career in comics in the early '70s pitching in on issues of *Avengers*, *Daredevil* and *Incredible Hulk*, while also delivering several text stories to Marvel's black-and-white magazines. His first regular writing gig was *War Is Hell*, a "weird war" title that came to a close just as his run on *X-Men* and *Iron Fist* began. *Iron Fist*, which rolled out of the pages of *Marvel Premiere*, was done in concert with artist John Byrne, forming a key partnership that would pay big dividends later. Other high-profile projects from Claremont's first full decade in comics included *Marvel Preview*'s Starlord, *Ms. Marvel*, *Marvel Team-Up* (again with Byrne) and *John Carter: Warlord of Mars*.

But it was in the pages of *X-Men* where Claremont would change comics history. In tandem with artists Dave Cockrum and John Byrne, Claremont helped build a cornerstone franchise for Marvel. After writer Len Wein launched the newly updated series in 1975 with *Giant-Size X-Men* #1, Claremont was tasked with guiding the new adventures of the mutant misfits, and he did so by crafting layered stories that balanced crisp dialogue with high-octane action. Claremont placed a premium on characterization, a lofty goal in a team book with many players, but he did so deftly enough to spin a wide-ranging tapestry of characters, each of whom became fan favorites.

Leading breathless fans down the path of classics including "The Dark Phoenix Saga," "Days of Future Past," and *God Loves, Man Kills*, he helped build such an intense loyalty that it only made sense to spin-off the X-Men's success into new books. The first such spin-off was *The New Mutants*. Later in the decade, Claremont launched *Excalibur* with Alan Davis and established a regular series for Wolverine with John Buscema.

In 1990, he launched a new sister title for the main team of mutants with Jim Lee; *X-Men* #1 premiered to numbers that made it the highest-selling comic ever. After a long break from the company, Claremont returned to Marvel in 2000, and over the next ten years wrote the novelization of Bryan Singer's X-Men film, took on the Fantastic Four, and charted the adventures of Marvel's mutants across a variety of titles. He was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame with its 2015 class.

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, 16-year-old Gerry Conway was shopping short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books. By 1976, Conway had worked his way up to Marvel's editor in chief. In between, he logged highlight after highlight as writer for both companies.

After establishing a pedigree with horror short stories, Conway quickly became the regular writer of *Daredevil*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Iron Man*. He also began runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor*, picking up both titles from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both for nearly 50 issues, writing controversial and classic tales including "The Death of Gwen Stacy," the first appearance of the Punisher, and the introduction of Harry Osborn as the Green Goblin. Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Conway took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning line of horror comics, launching *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing*, as well as writing the first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*.

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*. Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy & The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman*. He also introduced Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key

Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman*, and continued his run on *Justice League of America*, a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the infamous JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three Spider-Man titles: *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man*.

During this period, Conway was asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer*. By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had expanded, and he left comics to pursue writing and producing for *Matlock*, *Father Dowling Mysteries*, *Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*.

Today, Conway continues writing and producing for television and has recently returned to script the occasional comic. He resides in California with his wife and their daughter.

DON HECK

A native New Yorker and artist's artist, Don Heck began his comics career at Harvey Comics in 1949, but it was his dramatic covers for the Comic Media horror and war titles of the early '50s that got the attention of Stan Lee. Heck's future employer at Atlas/Marvel was engrossed by his stark images of battle-worn war heroes, creepy shrunken heads, gunshot victims, vampires and bristling cowboy action. In 1954 when Stan was searching through the list of free agent artists to hire for Atlas, Heck was extended an immediate offer.

Don attacked his Atlas assignments with aplomb, turning in page after page of work across all genres, including science fiction, jungle adventure, Westerns and romance. In fact, it was while toiling as a romance artist that Heck's reputation for stunning renderings of female beauty took hold.

Heck's most lasting contributions to the field came after the 1957 Atlas implosion. First as a member of the select cadre of artists Stan Lee brought back in 1958, and later as the artist who first defined Iron Man in the pages of *Tales of Suspense* #39, Heck's talents added a debonair flash to the Marvel line. He also earned renown for introducing the Black Widow and Hawkeye in *Tales of Suspense* #52 and #57 respectively and for his long tenure as artist on *The Avengers* with writers Stan Lee and Roy Thomas.

Heck worked throughout the '70s on titles including *The Flash*, *Justice League of America*, *Dial H for Hero* and Batgirl in *Detective Comics* and then intermittently through the early '90s for both Marvel and DC Comics. He passed away from lung cancer in 1995 at the age of 66.

TONY ISABELLA

Like many writers who emerged in the early '70s, Tony Isabella's first "official" writing for Marvel was as a fan in its letter pages. His comprehensive knowledge of the Marvel Universe and its characters, combined with his gift for writing, made him a natural for a job as an editorial assistant in 1972. Eventually working his way up to a job as a staff writer, Isabella carved out a niche in Marvel's horror titles with "It! The Living Colossus" in the pages of *Astonishing Tales*, the Living Mummy in *Supernatural Thrillers* and scribing a variety of stories across the black-and-white magazines line, including *Dracula Lives!*, *Tales of the Zombie*, *Vampire Tales* and *Monsters Unleashed*.

Isabella's most familiar contributions to Marvel readers were in a long run of *Ghost Rider* stories and the introduction of Tigra to Marvel's stable of female heroines. His twelve-issue spin with the demonic alter ego of Johnny Blaze included a controversial tale featuring Ghost Rider's redemption with Jesus Christ, a milestone moment of the era. And after Tigra's first appearance, Isabella led her to a team-up with Thing in *Marvel Two-In-One*, and ongoing adventures in *Marvel Chillers*.

His other credits included Iron Fist in *Marvel Premiere*, *Hero for Hire/Power Man* and a fill-in story that ran over two issues of *Avengers*, featuring the Assassin's unrelenting pursuit of Earth's Mightiest Heroes. Isabella also wrote the first seven issues of *The Champions*, the '70s super-hero team featuring Hercules, Black Widow, Ghost Rider, Angel and Iceman.

At DC Isabella introduced Black Lightning and revamped Hawkman and Hawkgirl in the early '80s. Since then, Isabella has been writing for indie publishers, running his own comic store and writing an online column for *Comic Buyer's Guide* called Tony's Tips.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

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THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

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THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

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